

Floyd Kong: Fentanyl Island

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Conrad, I am an Ex-British Special Air Service Captain who served in the Vietnam war. I've recently been tasked on a mission to the Indian Ocean by Billy Randa who is the head of the US government organization Monarch.

Hidden in an everlasting storm in the Indian Ocean is a newly discovered Island dubbed Skull Island because it is shaped like a nigger skull. The reason why the US government is so interested in Skull Island is because two World War 2 fighter pilots disappeared in the Indian Ocean around where Skull Island is located in 1944.

It is currently 1973, along with myself, there was a battalion of US troops commanded by Lieutenant Rittenhouse who would lead us to the Island along with a war photographer hippie Ronnie McNutt, a pajeet guide Hardeep Singh and seismologist Andy KiggerNack. It was a warm day in September 1973 when we left in a massive submarine that carried a fleet of helicopters onboard to Skull Island. Since the raging storm would be too dangerous for any ship or aircraft.

"We'll be arriving near the shore in about 20 minutes," Lieutenant Rittenhouse said. "The fleet of helicopters should be operational once we reach land."

"Will we really find anything on that island?" Hardeep Singh chimed in with his unbearable pajeet accent.

"Our elders warned our people to stay away from that island, it is taboo!" Hardeep said.

"Shut up street shitter," Andy KiggerNack said.

It was nice to know that the crew were all **based** racist chads. However Hardeep stank up the entire submarine with the stench of curry so I wanted to get onto land as soon as possible.

"We're here!" Lieutenant Rittenhouse exclaimed.

Once we docked, we boarded the helicopters to scout out the island. The sun was beginning to set so the island looked very beautiful from below, the greenery was unlike anything I had seen anywhere else. It was a breathtaking sight. Suddenly, a giant log struck one of the helicopters to our left.

“What the fuck!” Lieutenant Rittenhouse yelled.

“Look!” Hardeep said, pointing in the direction of the sun.

There was a massive shadow in the shape of a monkey.

“That’s the neegro bandar!” Hardeep said.

“English please, you shitskin,” I said.

“It means nigger monkey sir!” Hardeep explained.

The choppers began firing shots at the massive monkey however they had little to no effect. “We need to land!” Lieutenant Rittenhouse said to the other chopper pilots. We landed in a clearing as night began to descend. We noticed that half of the choppers were nowhere to be seen. That’s when we saw the remaining choppers falling to the mountainside causing a loud explosion.

“What do we do now my friend?” Hardeep asked.

“First of all, I’m not your friend and second, we need to make our way back to the beach where the submarine is, that’s our only chance of leaving this place.” Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

“We’ll just have to set up camp here for the night, it’s too dangerous with that nigger monkey roaming around!” Rittenhouse said.

Along with Lieutenant Rittenhouse, Andy KiggerNack, Hardeep, Ronnie McNutt and I there were also two men from Rittenhouse’s division. A tiny man let of a spic named Beano and a Jap named Watanabe. While Beano was struggling to set up the tent because he’s retarded, the rest of us discussed on how to make our way back to the submarine.

“We’re about a few miles away from the beach judging by Hardeep’s map,” Andy KiggerNack said.

“How do you even have a map of this island if this was taboo among your poop skinned people?” I asked.

“Stop picking on Hardeep, make love not war!” Ronnie McNutt the hippie said as he lit a joint.

“Shut the fuck up McNutt and throw that joint away, you’re supposed to be a photographer not a race traitor,” Rittenhouse said.

“Bruh help bruh, not da shmoke, I can’t breathe nigga!” Beano cried as he was being suffocated by the tent.

“Watanabe, go help Beano,” Rittenhouse ordered.

“Hai Rittenhouse-san,” Watanabe said.

Hearing a spic, pajeet and jap talk within such a short period of time really made me want to blow my face off with a rifle. That night, I had to sleep on the ground as Beano couldn’t set up a tent. When morning came, we headed out up the mountains to see if we could see the beach from there. When we made it up to the tallest mountain, Ronnie noticed two massive skulls in the ground. They were apelike skulls.

“What the hell is this place, something like this could have never existed!” Andy said starstruck at the sight of the massive skulls.

They were about 15 meters in height with a diameter of 7 meters.

“Those are the remains of his parents.” A voice said.

Our group turned around, and Watanabe and Beano had their guns drawn.

“What, who said that?” Ronnie said.

An older looking man with a grey beard walked from the eye hole of the larger ape skull.

“Bruh who the fuck is you?” Beano said, pointing his gun at the man.

“I’m Marlow Higerson, I was stranded on this island in 1944 after my craft was shot down.” The man said.

“I’m Lieutenant Kyle Rittenhouse and this is my crew, we were tasked to find you along with another pilot,” Rittenhouse said.

“I see, explain the rest to me after we arrive at my safe house, it isn’t safe out here in the open with Floyd Kong and other threats lurking around,” Marlow said while ushering us to his safe house.

“Who or what is Floyd Kong?” I asked.

"I'm sure you've seen him, the giant nigger ape Floyd Kong, although he is a retarded nigga monkey, he is the protector of this island."

"Protecting the island from what?" I asked.

"The native inhabitants of this island, they are the descendants of an ancient race of hominids that I've named Homo Floydian, the natives are called the Floyd." Marlow explained.

"What other creatures inhabit this island, my friend?" Hardeep asked.

"I'm not your friend but there are dangerous creatures such as the knee crawlers who are giant reptilian creatures, they are the natural enemy of Floyd Kong's species." Marlow said.

"So you've been on Skull Island for all this time sir?" Hardeep asked. "Skull Island?" Marlow said, confused.

"That's what we've named the island since it looks like the skull of a nigger," Andy said.

"Haha, good one!" Marlow said.

"But this ain't no Skull Island, this is Fentanyl Island!"

"What, what is fentanyl sir?" Hardeep said.

"It's a powerful opioid used as a pain medication, however it can be super dangerous to us if exposed due to our Aryan DNA," Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

"Only the primitive minds of a negro can handle such a powerful opioid, not even a spic like Beano can handle it," Rittenhouse explained.

"Das Rite, I don't want no shmoke!" Beano said as he began to blast his unbearable Spanish covers of anime songs.

"Stop that!" Marlow yelled as he ripped the boombox Beano was carrying in half.

"You'll get their attention!"

"Attention of who?" Ronnie said but he was quickly cut off as a massive arm swiped his head clean off.

“Bruh what the fuck bruh!” Beano yelled as he loaded round after round with his shotgun into the air.

“Holy fuck, what the fuck is that thing sir?!” Hardeep said.

“Those are the knee crawlers, now run!” Marlow said sweat dripping down his face.

I turned around to see Beano and Watanabe firing off their guns, however since they were minorities, they had shit aim. The knee crawler fully emerged from the ground and placed its right knee on Beano’s neck, crushing him to death immediately. Watanabe on the other hand followed the path of his ancestors, rather than die this pathetic death, Watanabe committed ritual suicide otherwise known as Seppuku and disemboweled himself with an army knife.

“I rove anime and tentacle hentai and eating whales!”

Those were Watanabe the Jap’s last words. The Knee crawler then moved its attention to our posse as it began to give chase. The knee crawler was quickly catching up to Hardeep since he is an un athletic pajeet. However before the Knee crawler could place its knee on Hardeep’s neck, something grabbed its tail. It was Floyd Kong the nigger ape! As a typical nigger creature, Floyd Kong raped the knee crawler to death and then began to eat it despite the crawler being made almost entirely out of bones.

“Why is it eating that thing like that?” Andy asked.

“That’s because the Knee crawlers have fentanyl in their bones, that’s Floyd Kong’s source of food.” Marlow said.

“Where did that thing come from in the first place?” Lieutenant Rittenhouse asked.

“From deep underground, millions of years ago, all titans lived underground, that’s how they managed to survive the extinction of the dinosaurs, I call it the Hollow Earth theory,” said Marlow.

“That was also a small one, Floyd Kong can take care of them easily but if the big one awakens then everyone on this Island will die.” Marlow said.

“The big one?” I said.

“It’s the one that killed off Floyd Kong’s species, the natives call it Derek Chau vin,” Marlow said.

"I really couldn't give two shits about the nigger natives or that giant nigger ape, I just want to go home to my wife and kid," Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

"Please guide us to the beach, we might as well be dead either way," Rittenhouse said.

"I'll do what I can, I also have a wife who has been waiting for me for the last 29 years, I also want to get off here but it might already be too late," Marlow said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Your expedition to this Island most likely woke the big one, even I heard the helicopters explode from miles away," Marlow said.

"We need to hurry up then and make it in time," Andy said.

Our posse of **based** chads and Hardeep armed ourselves with the last remaining guns and ammunition left. We made our way out of the forest and came to a river.

"Follow the river south and we'll make it to the beach," Marlow said.

Just then, the ground began to shake violently, throwing us off balance.

"Earthquake?!" Hardeep said.

"No, it's the big one!" Andy replied.

We looked to our left and saw the massive knee crawler emerge from the ground. It was at least 5 times bigger than the previous one we encountered. The big knee crawler let out a deafening noise. Seconds later, Floyd Kong the nigger titan charged out of the forest and attacked the Knee Crawler. However the Knee Crawler was not the least interested in Floyd Kong as it quickly pushed the giant nigger ape away causing the ground to shake.

"What, why is it targeting us?!" I said.

"It must be because of your pajeet friend," Marlow said pointing to Hardeep.

"Knee crawlers are racist chads, that's why they hunted Floyd Kong's species to extinction."

The Knee crawler was right on our tail so in order to slow it down, I pushed Hardeep. He immediately fell down and was crushed by the Knee Crawler. Serves that pajeet right however the Knee Crawler did not stop pursuing us.

"The fuck, why the fuck is it still chasing us?!" Andy and I yelled.

That's when it hit me.

"Marlow, how have you survived on this island for nearly 30 years?" I asked.

"The native Floyd gave me food and shelter, I even had some fun time with a female," Marlow said.

"Oh god, you fucking race mixer and here I thought you were a racist chad!" Andy and I said in unison.

"Oh come on, don't tell me you wouldn't pleasure yourself if you were stranded on an island for as long as I have," Marlow said.

"No, I still would not fuck a nigger, niggers are the least attractive race," I said.

While we were discussing the looks of niggers, Floyd Kong jumped back up and tackled the Knee Crawler.

"I can't believe I'm saying this but we have to help that nigger monkey if we want to live," Lieutenant Rittenhouse said.

Andy and I agreed so we armed up and began firing at the Knee Crawler. It didn't have much of an effect however it was annoying the Knee crawler since Floyd Kong managed to land a good punch on its face. The knee crawler fell to the floor not moving.

"Is it dead?" Rittenhouse said.

The creature quickly got up and swiped its tail at Rittenhouse, leaving a massive cut around his torso. Lieutenant Rittenhouse gave me a look and I knew at that moment that it was already too late for him. However Kyle Rittenhouse did not go down without a fight as he strapped some grenades around his body and jumped into the Knee Crawlers mouth causing a massive explosion which destroyed the Knee Crawler's jaw. While the Knee Crawler was distracted, Floyd Kong jumped on the Knee Crawler's neck, breaking it. The crawler let out one last gut wrenching roar before being penetrated by Floyd Kong's BBC. After the Knee Crawler was raped to death, Floyd Kong pounded his chest like the ape that he was and began to consume the fentanyl within the knee crawler.

"He is the King of Fentanyl Island!" Marlow said.

We made our way to the submarine which was luckily unharmed by the creatures on the island. It's been 3 weeks since then. We were able to return to the mainland. Marlow Higgerson was questioned for what he went through, the most interesting thing he explained was the Hollow Earth Theory. After Monarch was done questioning him, we lynched Marlow for being a race mixer. Andy KiggerNack and I were also questioned but not by Monarch. Andy and I sat down in an interrogation room.

"We're not like that dirty race mixer, we're **based** chads!" Andy said, throwing a pen at the one way mirror.

Suddenly, the door opened and a man in a suit walked in.

"Who're you?" I asked.

"My name is Nate Higgers and I work for an organization called Golden Nigger Corp," the man introduced himself.

"I know that the two of you have been through a lot recently but that Island is just the beginning," the man said as he played a film reel.

There were what looked like cave paintings showing a giant lizard holding a shotgun, a three headed monster with nigger shaped heads, a giant moth and more.

"Floyd Kong is not the only king!"

I Served With George Floyd in Vietnam

By BuckFlackPeople

War. It changes a man. And I don't mean getting your dick turned inside out into an impossible whopper equivalent of a pussy change, as in turning a man into a tranny. I mean it changes a man into a warrior. War brings out the best and worst in men. But when I was deployed to Vietnam, I saw things that went beyond what was worst in human beings. I saw the worst of niggers. And arguably worse, I realized my government had been taken over by Jews who only cared for their own

preservation and wellbeing, and would sacrifice countless gallons of White blood to preserve themselves.

Let me begin by introducing myself. My name is Siggers Nuck, formerly Staff Sergeant Siggers Nuck. For those of you wondering why I have such a strange name, it's Italian. I grew up in Detroit, good ol Motor City. My grandfather fought in World War One, and my father fought in World War Two, both in Europe. I carried on the tradition, however I shook things up a bit. I joined the Marine Corps as opposed to the Army. I enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1965. I excelled in training and was transferred to officer school, where I was made an NCO. I was put in charge of two fire teams of four men each. Although the army had long since been racially integrated, all the men in my unit were White. They did this because at the time, racial tensions were hot, and thus high brass did not want to compromise unit efficiency with infighting. At the time, I could not understand why we as Americans couldn't all just get along. I supported segregation, as although I was from a state with no segregation, I felt no two races should be forced to live together. Just like a military unit, integrating the races makes everything worse, because we will all simply see in terms of color. It is our nature as humans. However, I could not understand why blacks were so insistent on access to White society, the society of the people who supposedly hated them so much and did everything they could to put them down. I still respected them as my fellow man, and I assumed they felt the same about me. Boy, would I find out how wrong I was.

In late nineteen sixty six, my unit and I were sent overseas to Vietnam. We landed at Da Nang Airbase. Now, the Jew media would have you believe that niggers served disproportionately in the war. However, when I touched down at Da Nang, there wasn't a shoe shiner in sight. Some basic research would show that about 10% of troops in Vietnam were black, which makes sense as that coincided with their makeup of the US population at the time. We were assigned to a base near the border with North Vietnam, so we were transported via truck to our base. When we finally got there after a cold and wet ride through the rain, we settled in and received our armaments. I was given a new M16, which looked sleek with its carry handle, plastic furniture, and triangular handguard. The rest of my squad were issued M14's, M60's, and shotguns. We were given a briefing for our first mission, which didn't sound very exciting or adventurous. We would simply be conducting a peace mission with a local village. We would be making sure they weren't harboring any Viet Cong, but also we would try to show them that we were the good guys. I was beside myself, I was there to blow gook faces in with 5.56 NATO, not give them candy bars. But off we went, assuming a pretty easy mission. However, we weren't sent alone. Command thought as new recruits, we weren't capable of a mission dealing with locals on our own, so they sent another eight man team with us. However, when we saw the squad, we were extremely let down. They were all black, and not like polite rural black. Like urban nigger black. The entire walk to the village, they spoke their ebonics so loud, I was worried a squad of VC would hear us and ambush us.

"Ay yo man you think these yellow bitches got that cake mane."

"Nah nigga all these bitches starving and shiet, they aint like them nigga bitches we got back home, dey all thick as hell you know what im sayin."

He wasn't wrong, still to this day haven't met a black bitch that wasn't fat as fuck. Still, I was terrified of getting ambushed. It was if each and every one of these shitskins had a megaphone built into their throat, with their fat nigga lips flopping like a manta ray on land whenever they talked. When I told their black NCO to quiet them down, he simply just told me he would in a bit, then never did. Since I wasn't their NCO, I couldn't give them the orders to shut their loud nigger mouths myself.

We made it to the village, and man, that place was a fucking shithole. It smelled as if Seth Rogen's gooch had been smeared with cow shit and then George Soros fucked it. The villagers were ugly as shit, they all looked like Timmy Turner got hit with a frying pan and then were spray painted a pale yellow.

We casually started checking huts, and handing out hershey bars to the kids. As we were doing this, I noticed a difference in the behavior of our squads. My squad actually stuck to the mission, searching the huts one by one and playing with the kids. The blacks however, did no such thing. All they wanted was that sweaty Vietnamese pussy.

I heard one black private say "God damn baby girl you know I thinks I got dat yellow fever, how dat head feel with yo buck ass teeth."

The Vietnamese woman responded with what I can best recall as "Gow gah nee nee gua gee oh wa nigger le chun ba."

Between ebonics and gook, I could not understand either language. I went to get the Black NCO, as I was sick of his men acting out of line. The Marines were supposed to be the prime example of our military, and these niggers were sullyng our reputation. When I got to him, he was going through an old man's hut, moving around all of his belongings and making a mess.

"Come on old ass nigga I know you got dat weed in here niggy."

The old man just looked at me with a face of confusion and disappointment. I resisted the urge to magdump my M16 into this fucking coon and approached him. Before I could tell him to get his ass in line, a burst of AK fire shot through the weak walls of the hut and riddled both the NCO and old man. Luckily, I was standing behind the NCO, so when the bullets came through the wall Sergeant Nigga Lips took all the bullets for me.

After I pushed his body off of mine, picked up my M16, and rushed outside, I had realized that the village had been harboring Viet Cong, and they had launched an uncoordinated ambush at the expense of their own people. I joined in the fight, which was extremely close quarters. As we have seen with Japanese Banzai Charges, the Korean War, and COVID-19, Asians do not care how many casualties they take to even slightly harm their enemy. Lives are simply numbers to them.

When the dust had settled, all the black soldiers were dead. It turns out all the Vietnamese women in the village were Viet Cong in disguise and had done us a favor by killing all the blacks. However, I was furious. Not because the blacks died

(fuck them niggas). I was furious because in the ensuing firefight, I had five of my eight men die.

I saw a thirteen year old child, crying over his dead prostitute mom. As I approached, the kid pulled out a grenade, trying to blow himself up alongside me.

Stepping back, I said "Hey kid, ya mom's a ho," and then shot him in the face, killing him instantly. I took cover as the grenade blew both his and his whore mother's corpses to bits. I then did a victory dance over his body. I should have copyrighted it, as this dance would later become the Fortnite default dance.

We returned to base, licking our wounds. We had lost a shotgunner, a marksman, a pointman, a machine gunner, and a rifleman. I was upset and held it against myself so hard as I was in charge of protecting these men, even though it was not my fault as the briefing we were given had told us this village had been peaceful for a very long time. I would learn years later that the village planned to kill the blacks as they had been raping their women, stealing their drugs, and drinking their alcohol for a long time before we first showed up, and the day we went was the day they had planned to destroy the groids once and for all.

We were stationed at the base for a month or so while we awaited our new reinforcements. I swore that I would get these men home safe. They would make it back to the world, even if it meant me sacrificing myself to see them get back. This was my intent until I saw my new recruits, and how fucking completely retarded they were.

You see, our recruits were not normal recruits. They were part of Project 100,000. For those of you who don't know the history behind this program, I will try to sum it up briefly. Robert MacNamara, the Secretary of Defense responsible for many major fuck ups during the war, decided it would be a good idea to run an experiment in Vietnam. They would let soldiers with an IQ below 80 join the Marine Corps, as this would open up the Marines to new potential draftees. Basically, Uncle Sam wanted to see if he could rely on retarded niggers to bolster his ranks, as Whites were tiring of the war in Vietnam as nobody gives a fuck what some retarded rice farmers do all the way on the other side of the planet. The retarded soldiers would be assigned to me and what was left of my previous squad.

When I saw them, I pretty much told myself, "Yeah, I'm gonna fucking die here." We had a pointman, Ahmaud Arbury, a dumb looking nigger with a shitty mustache. A rifleman, Jacob Blake, an ugly ass nigga with yet again, a shitty mustache. Private Blake had a butcher's knife which I guess he brought from home, which I could already tell was gonna end badly since combat in Vietnam rarely got that close quarters. A shotgunner, Ronnie McNutt, who looked like what people today would call a "soyboy". He had glasses, unkempt hair, and a beard that looked like someone had glued pubes to his face and called it a day. His one and only redeeming quality was that he was White.

Next was a Puerto Rican marksman. He was roughly five feet tall, lightskin, with a Winchester Model 70. However, while I expected broken English, what came out of his mouth was unlike any English I had ever heard come from a spic's mouth. He

spoke ebonics far stronger than that of any nigger I had ever listened to. It was as if he spoke the language of an alien race, and an alien race of autistic niggers at that. What few words I could understand were utterly retarded and made no sense. The only phrases I could understand were "Yo nigga I want that shmoke yerrr", "Lorddess", and "Sydney." I could never catch his name, so we all just referred to him as Beano.

However, Beano paled in comparison to the most retarded, and yet most interesting member of the group. He was an enormous negro, at least 7 feet tall. He was fugly as hell. At first, I thought he had been shot in the face and the medic had done some shitty patchwork. His nose was so large it looked like it was swollen after receiving a bash from the butt of a rifle. His nostrils were so large everytime he breathed it was like I was gonna get sucked into this baboon's nose. His lips looked like two hamburger buns, only instead of a delicious burger in the middle, you had a mouth that let out words so retarded that they made what Beano said look tame. He was a menacing looking soldier. He had a flak jacket, a shirt with sleeves he had presumably removed, and standard trousers. His helmet had a band around it holding menthol cigarettes, which he reeked of. His helmet had writing on the side, reading "Born to Breathe." His M60 had a carving on the side that said "Breathaker."

He introduced himself to me.

"Yo whats good nigga you my officer n shiet. My name George Floyd niggy but all my boys call me Big Floyd the landlord. I got this big ass gun n shiet I'm yo mushine gunna nigga you know?"

Although I was pretty pissed my squad was completely retarded, I had some comfort in knowing my machine gunner was a 7 foot tall giant.

"Welcome to my fireteam," I said, shaking his leathery hand, "I'm Sergeant Nuck."

Me, My old squad members, and my new recruits all went to the mess hall to get some hot food. I sat very distant from my team, still shaken about what had happened a month ago. I was listening to the radio about the riots in Detroit, about how a black insurrection was destroying the home that I loved so much. It filled me with a deep hatred. Suddenly George Floyd sat down next to me. He must have noticed me in distress.

He said, "Man this young generation clearly lost man, clearly lost, like, like I don't even know what to say no more man." I told him about my time growing up in Detroit, and how much I loved cars. My favorite at the time was the Ford GT40 which had won Le Mans the previous year.

"Aw shit mane, I love cars. I want like an all black Dodge Charger with big ass chrome rims you know man, I wanna flex on all them bitch ass niggas in the projects."

I laughed, this George Floyd guy was alright. At least right now he was.

The next day, we were given a briefing on our next mission. Command had realized there was a Vietcong operating base nearby the village where I had lost my men a month ago. This was most likely where the Viet Cong received their supplies from, and it was our job to destroy it. We went there, the nine of us, and arrived nearby. After observing for a while, I started strategizing how we could take down the place, as there were a lot of VC in the area, and the gunshots would alert them to our presence very quickly.

Before I could even decide, George Floyd started sprinting towards the base.

"Oh my God, George went in!" Ronnie McNutt said.

We opened up and gave him cover fire, however once George Floyd reached the Viet Cong, I realized he didn't even need it. That man was a monster. He was killing all of the Viet Cong, who were stunned by his ferociousness and brutality.

After he was done, we met up with George Floyd, who saluted me and said "Objective complete sir."

However, a gook we thought dead got up and tried to stab George Floyd in the back with a machete. George Floyd turned around with superhuman-like speed, grabbing him with one hand and lifting him off the ground, strangling him. He stared at the VC directly in the eyes, watching him die.

He said, "Now, you can't breathe."

I had no idea why George Floyd was so obsessed with the notion of breathing, but I had to stop this as that VC was a potential prisoner that we could extract important info from.

"Private Floyd, stop, that's a direct order!" I yelled.

But it was no use. George Floyd was like a pitbull, once the attack starts, it was futile to attempt to stop it. The VC's body fell to the ground, dead.

"Aw sorry nigga my bad, I started thinking of my daddy who left me, similar to 57.6 percent of black children."

I was kind of weirded out on why he knew such an odd statistic for the situation we were in, but it was time to delta the fuck out of there, as the gunshots surely alerted anyone in the area to the fact that we were here. Once we got back to base, I didn't know whether to reprimand George Floyd for putting the whole squad in danger, or congratulate him for such a tremendous feat of valor. I thanked him and told him I'd put him in for a medal, but I told him not to do that again. "Aight lil nigga I see you," he said.

A few months passed. It was now January 1968. Some would think that I now respected my squad. But I didn't. They were still absolute retards. I honestly had no idea how none of them had died in battle at this point. They were nonetheless the

same, except for George Floyd. Ever since that day, George seemed like he was hiding something. And I was about to find out what.

It was a normal morning. The nigs at the mess hall were eating their daily rations of banana and mayo sandwiches with purple drank and collard greens. Suddenly mortar shells started exploding around our perimeter.

It was the Tet Offensive. My group prepared for what we didn't know at the time would be our final battle. We gathered at the frontline trench of our defenses to repel the enemy's opening attack. A wave of NVA was pushing our base, and we started to mow them down. We picked them off one by one but they got closer and closer. Our air support was going to take a bit to come so we had to hold off. George Floyd and my 3 other White squadmates went to the other side of the perimeter to defend while me. Beano, Ronnie McNutt, Ahmaud Arbery, and Jacob Blake held our end.

I was reloading when the concussive force of a mortar shell knocked me unconscious. I woke up and realized the NVA were now in the trench, and everyone thought I was dead. I was barely conscious, however I felt I couldn't move nor speak. Ahmaud Arbery tried to run up behind an NVA soldier and grab his side-by-side shotgun, but the soldier knocked him away and blew his head off, killing him instantly. Jacob Blake tried to stab a soldier with his machete, but an NVA soldier shot him 9 times with his pistol.

"Aw shieet," Blake said "I can't walk nigga I can't walk shieet."

The NVA soldier placed a follow up shot in his head, killing him. I then noticed bullets flying past the NVA soldiers. It was Beano, using his Winchester from 10 meters away or so.

I weakly called out to him, "For God sakes man just use your pistol."

To which he responded, "Bruh, shut up bruh, mind ya neck, live a day in my life bruh."

The NVA then magdumped their AK's into Beano, whose body landed right next to me.

Then, I saw the saddest, and worst thing I have ever seen in war. Ronnie McNutt, who had been wounded, was being surrounded by NVA, all pointing their guns at him.

Rather than be taken as a prisoner, Ronnie McNutt said without any emotion, "Well guys, I guess that's it," and blew his own head off with his shotgun. His exploded head looked like the demogorgon from Stranger Things. In a rage, I picked up a dead NVA's AKM and mowed down all the NVA present, then fought my way to the other side of the base in an effort to save what was left of my squad.

When I got there however, everyone was dead. Everyone except George Floyd. I heard footsteps behind me and turned around. George Floyd was standing there, beaten, bloody, and bruised. He looked pissed. I thought he'd be happy to see me.

"George, it's me," I said.

"I know," he said. "I'm glad you showed up."

I noticed something strange. "What happened to everyone? I don't see any NVA bodies over here." I said.

George Floyd stared at me.

"George. What happened?"

George said, "Wasn't supposed to be like this nigga. All you cracka ass bitches was supposed to die, and our whole squad could've been brothas. But nah, you Mayo monkeys was always up in my shit. I thought you'd all die off eventually, but I got impatient and ended their shits right here mane."

I was shocked. "George. How could you do this? We were brothers. You were my brother."

He smiled, and said, "You crackas ain't nevah gonna be our brothers nigga. Y'all are raciss as hell. Y'all don't let us rape yo women and kill your kids and shiet. Y'all don't let us rob your stores and steal yo tax money for the gimmie dats. Y'all hold us to da same standards you hold yourselves to. Y'all racis as fuck. And to me, you were never my brotha, you was jus a bitch ass nig-"

Before he could finish, I threw my gun at him in a rage. It hit him in the face, stunning him. I tried to tackle him, but even all my weight plus my gear couldn't overpower that monster of a man. He pushed me off and kicked me to the ground.

"Shiet you think you can beat a nigga like me White boy?"

He held me up with one hand by the neck and threw me into the weakened barracks wall, smashing me right through it. I landed dazed. I saw George slowly walking through the door, reloading his M60 and getting ready to kill me.

"Any last words?" he said.

I noticed something as he said this, either because he wasn't looking at his gun or just because he was a retarded coal skinned dumbfuck, George Floyd had put the ammo belt of his M60 in backwards. I clutched a M1911A in my hands and took aim.

"I'm not White. I'm Italian, bitch." I said. I shot him, putting a 45 right through his neck.

"Aw shit man, shit you fucking bitch ass nigga mane I can't breief fuck oh my fucking God nigga I can't breathe gwaaa nigga I can't breathe gah nigga mama mama I can't breathe mane!"

I tackled him with all my weight, knocking him to the ground. I picked up his M60, loaded it correctly, and emptied the entire belt into his gorilla looking ass face. By the time I had reached my last bullet, his face was unrecognizable. Maybe this was for the best, as he was ugly as shit beforehand—if anything I did him a favor.

Hueys came in to relieve us soon, and I was sent home with a Purple Heart medal. I was never convicted for the murder of George Floyd. Instead another guy, Private Derek Chauvin, took the blame for me. But I think they let him go after realizing George Floyd was a smelly ugly nigger and nothing of value was lost. But I could never forget what happened to me in Vietnam, nor could I forgive my government for running a war like that.

While I despise communism and Marxism in the west, I don't give a fuck what some brownoids do in their countries. If they want to implement communism and starve to death in bread lines, let them, who gives a shit. None of this is our problem. The war in Vietnam was run so scumbag men like Lyndon B Johnson could profit off the blood of true Americans. I was told to hate the gooks, that they were my true enemy. But the truth is while they were an enemy of mine, they were not my worst enemy. Your worst enemies are the ones right on your doorstep, not across the world. And the Vietcong were not burning down Detroit or running the US government.

There was something George Floyd said to me that I ironically agree with to this day. Whites will never be the brothers of blacks. They view us as an external pack, and they will always prioritize their own well-being over the well-being of any other race. And until Whites realize this, the fact that blacks are simply not compatible with White civilization, and the fact that Jews know both of these aforementioned facts and use blacks as a golem race to destroy Whites, we will be at a great disadvantage, and never truly reach our true civilizational heights.

One last remark. Do not join the military if you are White. You will not find adventure. You will not find joy. The Jews simply use your youth and strength to push their own agenda overseas. If you want the benefits the military gives you, go to the gym, improve yourself and be the best version of yourself you can possibly be. That is my final advice to you.

The Floydwaffen Division

By Toast Man and Elijah Smith

In the fall of 2021, it was uncovered that the infamous Atomwaffen Division was a psy-op run by the United States federal government to entrap impressionable young White boys into committing acts of violence. While Atomwaffen Division was mostly a loose collection of fourteen-year olds LARPing as Nazis on sites like Omegle, there were some serious bad faith actors who recruited those fourteen-year olds and convinced them to take narcotics and plan terrorist attacks. However, the true darkness of Atomwaffen is something that even the press has failed to report upon. And why would I know the truth about Atomwaffen Division? It is because I briefly used to be a part of it.

Although I cannot tell you my real name, my online pseudonym used to be “Standartenführer Neko-chan.” I am currently a 20 year old who likes lifting weights and spending his weekends going on hikes with his girlfriend, but just a few years back I was a teenage year old edgelord who haunted sites like Omegle and /pol/ on 8chan before it got shut down. I thank God every day now for not having been doxxed after all the Nazi LARPing and fedposting that I did on those sites. Anyhow, this background of social isolation is important because it feeds into my harrowing experience with Atomwaffen.

One day I was hanging out on Omegle searching for LGBTQ faggots and Black Lives Matter supporters to trigger. You could say that I was a forerunner to GypsyCrusader and CatboyKami, who went on to copy the style of trolling that I did back in the day. I was cruising around giving Roman Salutes to trannies and niggers with my puny, stick-like seven inch arms when I came across another guy in a skull mask and Pit Viper Sunglasses.

I raised my arm. “Heil my brother!” I said. “Sieg heil!”

The guy with the skull mask raised his hand in a similar salute. “Yeah mayne, Heil Hitler and shiet mayne.”

Now in retrospect, this manner of speech should have immediately put me off because only a nigger would speak like that. However, I was a socially awkward Zoomer teenager whose language facilities had been thoroughly damaged by years of exposure to YouTube and rap music, where the use of ebonics is ubiquitous.

I grinned behind my skull mask, overjoyed to see another guy who was saluting the Fuhrer. I was very lonely back then because I had to hide my political views from my other students at school, so any sort of social connection that I received—even if it was online—made me genuinely happy.

“Hey bro, do you want to play CS:GO together?” I asked. “We can shoot terrorists and maybe do a couple surfing maps together. It’d be awesome.”

The guy on the other side of the screen paused to think for a moment, then replied, “Hey mayne, a muthafucka like you might like playin’ video games and shit and popping niggas in dere, but whatabout in real life mayne?”

I squinted in confusion. “What are you talking about?” I asked, laughing a little. “I mean, I don’t know where you live, but if you ever want to play airsoft together that’d be cool. But I have asthma so it might be—”

“Nah mayne. I’m talkin’ ‘bout dat, uh, Atomwaffen Division and shiet,” he said, scratching his mask. “Habe you evah heard of dem?”

I shook my head. “No, who the hell are they? It sounds kinda gay and larpy, not gonna lie.”

“Don’t fuckin’ talk shit about Atomwaffen!” the guy on Omegle said, pointing a glock at the screen. “If you talk shit about Atomwaffen and shit Imma smoke yo ass niggah! You fuckin’ coward pussy mayne. You be da real larpers and shieet.”

Startled by the sudden outburst of violent energy, I raised my hands even though I was in no real danger. “Hey man, chill out. Alright alright, tell me more about Atomwaffen.” I said.

He put the gun down. “Good shit. Atomwaffen be dis here group for dem young niggas like you. Cuz you know dat our young generation is clearly lost mayne, clearly lost. I mean I don’t know what to say no more. Know what I’m sayin’?”

I nodded in agreement. Based upon how many good White kids who I had known since first grade had been corrupted into self-harming, mentally ill LGBTQ+

degenerates, I could agree with the idea that people my age led aimless lives. However, since I was a socially isolated teenager whose only notable accomplishment in life so far was getting on the honor roll at school, I honestly was not much better than them. This lack of direction in my life, coupled with my inability to socialize with anybody in real life because of my political views, would then be exploited.

“Okay mayne, so dis Atomwaffen ting mayne, it be a group where you youths do summa dat direct action and shit mayne. Evah read a book called Siege mayne? It has stuffs dat you should be doin mayne, to destroy America and stuff,” he said, taking out a bong and puffing on it. “But if you don’t wanna read or can’t like muhself, you can come and meet up with me and muh homies. We’ll teach ya da stuff to take out da Jooz an’ shit, got it mayne?”

“Alright, so where should I meet you?” I said, replying eagerly. “Also what should I bring with me?”

“Minneapolis mayne. At a shop called Cup Foods. Dat be our secret hideout,” he replied. “And as for stuff you should bring, ask your mom for pics of when she was pregnant with you mayne.”

I chuckled when he said that, thinking he was just joking. “What? Why do you need that LOL?” I said.

“It cuz we need dem for summa dem Satanic Nazi rituals mayne. White power mayne, we gotta habe dem pregnant belly pics to summon Satan Hitler.” he said. “But I gotta go so, uh, see you in Minneapolis dis weekend mayne. Lookin’ forward to seeing you and da otha lost generation and shit.”

After we unmatched, I shut off my computer and sat there at my desk, contemplating the conversation that I had just had. At the time I was too immature and lonely to notice the obvious red flags surrounding the man that I had just spoken with. In addition to the aforementioned use of ebonic nigger slang, I should have been appalled at him taking a hit from the bong.

A pro-tip about real White Nationalists and National Socialists is that they have a culture of physical fitness. If you cannot bench press your bodyweight, do a pull-up, or run a 10K, White Nationalists would force you to work out until you can meet

those basic physical requirements. Use of hard drugs would be condemned and cracked down on (that was a pun, by the way).

Another thing I should have paid more attention to was the reference to Satan and a “Satan Hitler.” As anybody who has read even a single history book about the NSDAP should know, the Nazis were anything but Satanic. The vast majority of the party were members of the Catholic church or one of the Protestant sects. The association between Satan and National Socialists is a result of Jewish propaganda targeted at Boomers. It is part of the same subversion of American christianity as the Scofield Bible, which was used to brainwash people into thinking that being a Christian is about loving Jews and defending the State of Israel.

However, neither of these now-patently obvious facts came to mind. All I could think about was how cool it would be to meet up with other guys who shared my views, people that I could speak to without constantly having to pretend that I was a libtard or a conservatard. I will also admit that I had this vague, completely unrealistic hope that I might even meet a cute Aryan girl who was **based** and redpilled. That is why that night I asked my mom for the family photo album, from which I took a photograph of my mother when she was pregnant with me. I just wanted to be accepted, and that basic human desire was utilized against me.

I then told my parents that I was going on a camping trip with my friends from school on the weekend. They seemed so happy for me when I said that. They eagerly gave me the go-ahead to use the family car to drive out there. I think that they didn’t ask any questions about where I was going or who I was going with because they were more worried about me never hanging out with anybody from school. I didn’t have a track record of getting into trouble either, so they trusted me to take care of myself.

Anyway, I waited until the weekend and then began my journey to Minneapolis. I lived about eight hours away from the city, so while the guy on Omegle had not told me to pack a change of clothes and my toothbrush, I brought those with me anyway. On the way there, I listened to the OSTs from Undertale and Minecraft because I thought that listening to music from video games was an indicator for having a unique personality. It took me a while to find the Cup Foods that the guy had been speaking about, but as I approached it on Google Maps I started getting a bad vibe from the surrounding area.

I was definitely in what normies would call “The Hood,” which is just a euphemism that non-racially aware White people use to refer to nigger enclaves in cities. As I drove around, I wondered why Atomwaffen would have their hideout in such a

degenerated place. There were young blacks on every street corner; all the males were drug dealers and all the females were prostitutes. Shivering homeless blacks were huddled in dark alleyways, some with needles stuck in their arms while asleep. When I listened closely, I could hear the echoes of gunshots in the distance.

I let out a sigh of relief when I finally found the Cup Foods. I parked, then went inside. The shop was just a dimly lit convenience store, but when I saw the cashier my jaw dropped.

"Hello, welcome to Cup Foods. How may I help you?" she said. The cashier was a super hot White girl. She was either a goth or scene chick, with a choker wrapped tight around her neck and chrome piercings in her ear. She didn't have big breasts, but those weren't and still aren't my thing.

"Hello, uh, I'm here for a..." I hesitated, but she finished my sentence for me.

"For the Atomwaffen meeting?" she said, then giggled. "Of course, soldier, just a moment

She then knelt down and opened a trap door behind the counter. "They're down here." she said, beckoning me to follow.

I was getting all hot and heavy just being around the girl, but I managed to keep my composure as I went behind the counter and began walking down the stairs. "H-hey," I stuttered. "What's your name? My name is [Redacted]."

She squeezed my shoulder, which made me blush like a turnip. "It's Christina. I'm looking forward to when we take out the Jews together, right soldier?"

I nodded eagerly, never having been complimented like this by a girl before. "Yeah, of course. Fuck the Jews," I said, then blurted out what immediately came to mind. "D-do you have a boyfriend?"

"No," Christina said, pinching my lanky bicep. "But I'll consider you as a candidate if you do well on your first training assignment, my strong, handsome soldier."

I nearly came in my pants at her touch. It was as if my wildest fantasies were coming true. Once we reached the bottom of the stairs, I entered what I presumed to be the basement of the Cup Foods. My eyes widened in excitement as I saw seven other White guys around my age, all of whom were sitting in foldable chairs. However, when I looked closely at them, I saw that they were all asleep for some reason. Every single one of them was also wearing a pair of matching headphones.

“Hey Christina, why are all those guys asleep?” I asked.

Christina shrugged. “Oh, that’s because they are undergoing the initial training assignment for Atomwaffen Division. That’s what you’ll be doing too, once you meet our commander.”

Although I was a bit put off by the sight of all those guys, I followed Christina into a separate room. There was a single desk there, and behind it was the guy with the Pit Viper sunglasses and skull mask that I had met on Omegle. When he saw me, he stood up and saluted.

“Hey mayne, nice ta see ya mayne,” the commander said. “Welcome to Atomwaffen. My name is Commander Floyd of da Atomwaffen Division, and I’ll be given ya yo first assignment and shiet.”

When I met Commander Floyd in person, he was even more suspicious than he was on Omegle. Commander Floyd was super tall and super built, but he didn’t make me think “Chad” because the scent that was coming off of him was just atrocious. It was like somebody had thrown a dead rat, bananas, and malt liquor into a blender and then let the mixture fester for a month.

“So for your first training assignment mayne, I need ya ta take dese here pills,” Commander Floyd said, handing me a bag full of medication. “It be yo, uh, battle medication.”

I glanced at the pills. My eyes widened in horror as I recognized what they were. It was fentanyl. I knew what fentanyl looked like because once in school I had once found a couple of the theater kids overdosing on it and had called the ambulance for them.

I handed the medication back to Commander Floyd. "I can't take this. This is fentanyl. It's a powerful narcotic."

"Dats why you gotta take it!" Commander Floyd chimped. "You need da fentanyl to become a real Aryan soldier mayne! To do terrorism against da government mayne!"

I felt Christina hug me from behind. "Soldier. Take it please. For me. I love you." she whispered in my ear. "And as you take it, listen to this." Christina then placed a set of headphones over my ears.

I listened as the headphones played the same phrase over and over and over again. *Serve your race and shoot up your school. Serve your race and shoot up your school. Serve your race and shoot up your school.*

"Oh...ok Christina...." I said, hesitantly. Everything was off, but I felt that if it was for Christina, I would be willing to take the fentanyl. But right as I was about to ingest the pills, there was a crashing sound, followed by a shout:

"I've FINALLY found you fucking Feds!"

I looked away from Christina and Commander Floyd and up towards the trap door entrance. There were two men there, one of them standing upright and the other in a wheelchair.

"Spectre, help me out here," the guy in the wheelchair said. "Stairs are, after Jews and criminal blacks and transexuals, my worst enemy."

"So your fourth worst enemy?" the other guy said, easily picking up the guy in the wheelchair and helping him down the stairs. "And what about federal agents?"

The guy in the wheelchair sighed. "You're right. So chairs are my...fifth worst enemy."

“Aw shieet.” Commander Floyd said, getting up from behind his desk. “We gotta deal with dem uh, infiltrators and shit. Chris, follow me and stuff,” he then pointed to me. “But you, you stay put here or else I’ll steal yo air.”

“Fine, but don’t forget that that’s not my name anymore, ok?” Christina snorted. “She” then turned to me and said, “Just wait here for us to clear up this, erm, misunderstanding. Alright? We’ll continue the training later.”

“Bring it on, you fucking Federal agents! Let these White kids go!” the guy in the wheelchair said. I could now see that he was ridiculously jacked, with arms as thick as a boa constrictor’s body and pecs larger than the breasts of any woman I knew. He was holding a steel shield, although frankly it was too big to be called a shield. Massive, thick, heavy, and far too rough. Indeed, it was a heap of raw iron.

“Your Satanic psy-op ends here and now.” the other guy said. He was almost as muscular as the wheelchair man. However, he wielded a scythe as long as he was tall, and this guy was something like six foot five.

“Eric Striker,” Christina said, stepping forward. “I should have realized you were after our operations. And I assume that the man beside you is Spectre?”

“You’re goddamn right, Fed.” Striker said, spitting on the ground. “Feeding drugs to kids then programming them into engaging in terroristic activities, all in an attempt to push the blame onto real White Nationalists like us.”

Christina began to laugh. “Fine, you might be right. But it doesn’t matter if we get away with it!” “she” said, then whistled. “Floyd, get the crackas!”

Commander Floyd tore off his disguise. As the mask fell to the floor, I saw to my shock and disgust that Atomwaffen Commander Floyd had just been a massive, gorilla-like nigger. And just like a gorilla, he began to beat his chest like a monkey.

“Ooh ooh ahh ahh ooh ahh!” he screeched, then charged at the two racist chads. Both easily dodged out of the way, with Striker propelling himself at breathtaking speeds using his wheelchair.

"Spectre, deal with the tranny! I'll handle George Floyd!" Striker said, blocking Floyd's attacks. "You know what to do!"

Spectre nodded, then began swinging at Christina with his scythe. Christina dodged around his attacks while firing back at Spectre with "her" federally-issued sidearm.

"I know who you really are, Chris. My investigations into your true identity have uncovered everything." Spectre said, deflecting the bullets with his scythe. "You know that you will never really be what you claim to be."

"Stop fucking deadnaming me!" Christina snarled. "One of the reasons why I joined the FBI was because they provided everything for me. The hormone therapy, the surgery, even the fees to legally re-register my name with the government. No matter what you say, I am a woman according to U.S. law."

Spectre chuckled. "Maybe, but what about according to the law of the Lord?" he said, swinging his scythe across Christina's chest. The scythe did not draw blood, but slashed off "her" clothes. I felt like puking when I saw what had been hidden under "her" black goth sweater.

Christina—or should I say Chris—had a chest as flat as Kansas and shoulders as wide as the Grand Canyon. There was no denying it. Chris was a tranny. I thought at that moment whether I should swallow all the fentanyl pills that George Floyd had given me so that I could die without having to admit to the two racist chads that I had nearly coomed when a tranny touched me.

"No!" Chris screamed, covering himself up. "Don't look, please don't look."

"Of course I don't want to look. I'm a normal guy with a wife and kids. Not some faggot." Spectre said, digging into a pouch. He took out a small glass bottle. "And speaking about my wife, here's a little present from her!"

Spectre opened the bottle and poured the contents all over Chris. I watched as the liquid melted the layers of foundation and eyeliner from Chris' face, revealing the masculine jawline and beard stubble that he had done everything to hide.

“No, not the make-up remover!” Chris screamed. “Please, let me just be myself! Why are you being such a bigot and denying me my humanity?”

“It’s because you deny the humanity of White people. Now, see yourself for what you truly are.” Spectre said, turning his scythe toward Chris. I noticed that the steel was so polished that it was like a mirror, and when Chris saw his reflection in the mirror he began to weep.

Chris now looked like some weak, soy-filled bugman. You know, the kind of guy who cried when he saw the ending of Avengers: Endgame. He was neither a handsome, masculine chad like Striker or Spectre nor a real woman. He was something in-between, an unnatural, deformed monstrosity.

“All these years transitioning,” Chris cried, his voice becoming deeper as his facade broke down. “And that’s what I look like. You know what, I get it now.”

Chris brought his pistol to his head. “Guys, I guess that’s it.” he said, then reduced his face to tomato ketchup. Chris’ body fell to the ground. That was all that remained of Chris. No family, no loving children, no legacy, nothing. Just a body which would eventually decay into a skeleton with unmistakably masculine features.

Meanwhile, Striker was fending off the rabid attack of George Floyd. While Floyd was a criminal nigger, he was pretty strong because of his prolific abuse of anabolic steroids. However, now that Spectre was finished dealing with the tranny FBI agent, he could help Striker defeat George Floyd.

Spectre hacked at Floyd’s ankles, bringing him to the ground. “Now’s your chance!” Spectre said.

Striker launched himself out of his wheelchair, diving through the air and elbowing George Floyd over the neck. The force of Striker’s racist chad body striking Floyd on the neck made Floyd strike the ground with striking force.

“Awwww shieet mayne. I can’t breathe and shieet mayne. Fuck mayne.” Floyd groaned.

"This is for all the White boys you've turned into drug addicts and false flag terrorists!" Striker said, then drove his elbow down into Floyd's throat. Floyd struggled, then died.

Spectre put his scythe away. He pointed to the sleeping White boys in the chairs. "Striker, I'll take all these comatose kids to the hospital. Can you deal with the one who is awake?"

I was on the verge of tears as Striker came to comfort me.

"Hey kid, are you alright?" Striker said, handing me a whey protein shake with a sippy straw in it. "Here, drink this. It'll make you feel better."

I took it and began to sip. "I, I think I should kill myself. I fell for this fed op and, even worse, I was tricked into having horny thoughts about the tranny."

Striker patted me on the back. "Hey now kid, don't beat yourself up over this. It's all going to be okay. We all did stupid shit when we were younger. And if you fall for a tranny, just remind yourself that trannies do everything they can to 'pass' as women. They'll fool you from time to time."

Striker then handed me something. I looked down at it and saw that it was a card for a gym membership. "Any White Nationalist movement that calls for open acts of terror and violence is either run by spergs or federal agents. And it's not like random acts of violence are going to do anything productive. On the contrary, they are used to further demonize White people in a country that already hates them. Not to mention that acting out in fits of violence is one of most nigger-like things you can do," he said, then gestured towards the gym card. "But I can understand why you might feel rage. Why you might feel angry at this society. But instead of joining shit like Atomwaffen or fedposting, channel the rage into the weights. Strive and struggle to be the greatest version of yourself you can be. And who knows? If you get some muscle on that frame of yours you might even find a good girl. Feminine women like masculine men."

He then paused, then added almost as an afterthought, "But make sure to train legs. In my case my upper body got so huge that it led to my spine snapping in half, and as you can see that has left me paralyzed."

With those words, Striker helped me up. Together, the three of us drove all the way back to my home. Since that incident with what I now refer to as the Floydwaffen Division, I have gone to the gym every day and have been a productive, non-violent activist on behalf of White people. After a year of lifting, I felt confident enough to ask out a cute girl to the prom and we have been together since.

Anyway bros, the message I have is that movements that advocate violence are run by federal agents, who are all either trannies or niggers. They will lure you in, then use drugs and neuro-linguistic programming to turn you into a terrorist against your will. If you ever feel like fedposting, use that energy to improve yourself. Remember that by finding a good girlfriend who you can eventually marry, you can save the White race one baby at a time.

So stop fucking sperging out online and pick up that barbell, you fag.

There is Something Wrong With the Minneapolis Water Treatment Plant

By Jordan Cleeman

Even in the most developed countries, you should never let your guard down and blindly trust corporations that are publicly managed. Many times, they are behind some of the biggest and most malicious schemes, especially when it is a Jew ran government. A good example of this is water treatment plants. That's right - the water you are drinking now is potentially adulterated. If so, it is usually not instantly fatal. Though occasionally, you may come across plants that, whether intentionally or not, will contaminate their water dangerously enough to kill you.

Before I begin my story, I need to provide some context. My name is Harry dal Bello and I live in the city of Minneapolis. We've been experiencing a very strange phenomenon for the past couple of days. It all started when I was going about my usual nightly routine, brushing my teeth before going to bed. I typically spend at least an hour doing this each time, because of how much I enjoy listening to racist music that says the word 'nigger' every ten seconds. The good tunes

entrances me into an imaginary world where niggers and jews are non existent, which makes time go by quickly.

By the time I had gone through my whole playlist, I checked the time and realized that I had already been brushing my teeth for an hour and a half already, so I began rinsing my toothbrush. However, when I turned the tap on, the color of the water looked slightly abnormal. Instead of the regular clear color, it had this cloudy tint to it. Now, tap water may occasionally be cloudy from increased pressure or higher temperatures, so I just shrugged it off.

Perhaps it was something to do with the pipes, I thought. I usually get thirsty in the middle of the night, so I casually filled a glass of water, and then placed it on my nightstand right before I went to bed.

During my sleep, I would usually get thirsty at around 2 AM, so that was when I got up to take a drink from the glass. *There is no better feeling than that first sip,* I thought. Quenching my prolonged thirst felt so good, that I overlooked the strangely sweet taste of the water. At the time, I was groggy, so my senses were worn out and I didn't think much of the peculiar taste. Assuming everything was fine, I went back to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up to an irritating sore throat. *I must have caught a cold from that one coughing homeless nigger who comes to the McDonalds I work at everyday,* I thought. The sore throat was a lot worse than an ordinary cold, so I retrieved a bottle of cough medicine from my drawer and chugged the whole thing. Hoping it would have helped somewhat, I was disappointed to find that it didn't make the sore throat any better. I hate being sick, so I cursed that homeless nigger who I thought gave me this cold. Lucky for me, it was a saturday, so that meant I didn't have to work that day. I carried on with my day and went to the washroom to brush my teeth again. I blasted that same playlist of racist music on my washroom speakers, and began to rinse my toothbrush. But when the water dispensed, my heart skipped a beat when I noticed that it was now even cloudier than it was last night. When I say cloudier, I meant it was now almost completely opaque. Almost identical to the color of milk. That was when I knew something was wrong.

The first thing I did was open the sink cabinet to inspect all the pipes, to make sure there weren't any contaminant sources throughout. Part of me was hoping not to find anything bone chilling, such as an insect nest. But at the same time, I wanted to find out what was causing the unusual hue of the water. I unscrewed and disassembled the entire network of pipelines and thoroughly peeked inside all of the individual vessels. Nothing. Didn't find anything except some rusted metal, but I knew that wouldn't cause the water to exhibit the white color.

The next thing I did was call a plumber. I thought that maybe a professional could take a more comprehensive inspection of my pipes. A half hour later, I heard a knock on my door. It was Jose the plumber. I invited him in and explained the water problems I've been having.

"Let me take a look," he said affirmatively, as I guided him to the washroom.

As we got closer, I started to hear my washroom speakers play the music I was listening to. The moment it got to the part where the nigger was dubbed repeatedly, I broke a sweat, because I was thinking that if Jose is an anti racist libtard, he would probably refuse to do the plumbing check up. Thankfully though, I lucked out on the plumber who was assigned.

"This is some **based** music you got there man," Jose said, nodding to the tune. "Keep it playing if you don't mind."

I let out a sigh of relief. I almost shot myself in the foot by forgetting to turn off the speakers, but Jose turned out to be a nigger hater just like me. Once we got to the washroom, I turned on the tap in front of him to show him how foggy the water was. It was in fact even worse than how it was when I first woke up. I didn't even want to touch it.

"I've never seen anything like this before," Jose murmured to himself.

He reached into the sink drawer and used the wrenches he brought with him to investigate the further down pipes that I didn't even know existed. He then used one of those narrow tweezers to grapple the sides of the narrower ones. After several minutes, Jose poked his head back. "

"Nope, found nothing," he said. "Your problem might be on your water company's end."

"Alright, well thanks for the heads up," I said.

Jose packed up and left after I paid the bill. A part of me was relieved that there wasn't some nasty cause of the white colored water, but at the same time, I wasn't very fond of the fact that I was going to have to call my water company to solve this problem. On top of that, I highly doubted that they were the cause of the white colored water, so it was unlikely I would ever find a solution.

I dialed their call center.

"Hello, lately, the tap water has been of very poor quality," I began.

"Ooga booga main, what do ya mean? We have the best water out there," the man on the other end responded.

"That water... it's become way too cloudy to the point where I refuse to drink it. I would like you guys to review your water treatment procedures."

"Okay main, I will do dat ASAP."

He then hung up. I thought the way the caller on the other end communicated was rather unprofessional. But for now, I was going to have to drink via bottled water for now, until all this gets sorted out. Quite an inconvenience for

me, since I've never been accustomed to going to the store regularly just to buy those massive jugs of water.

A few days had gone by and my sore throat was getting significantly better ever since I stopped drinking from the tap water. It was an obvious correlation, but I chalked it off to a coincidence. I thought that it was due to my powerful immune system after I had pneumonia. At this point, I hadn't even bothered turning the tap on at all, so I decided to see if the water company did anything about my complaint. Sure enough, the water still had a milky color. It was then I knew that I needed to take action. Something fishy was going on at the water treatment plant. It would have made sense for them to send me a follow up phone call after a water procedure review even though they wouldn't be at fault for the water problem.

I got into my car and then drove off to the water treatment plant in question. I rehearsed the possible in person conversations I would be having with the operators. In the event of them admitting to my issues, I planned on filing a lawsuit. It is completely unacceptable and neglectful for a company managed by the government.

The water treatment plant didn't have a public parking lot, so I had to rest my car a few blocks from the main site, and walked there. Looking at the signs along the way, I was clearly not supposed to trespass, but I didn't care. I needed answers, and most importantly, the restoration of high quality water.

When I entered the building, I was immediately met with a strong scent that I am not able to describe. It was similar to paint at most. My throat immediately got sore again and I started coughing like a child who's had a cold for two months. The air in here was inducing such a painful sensation for some mysterious reason I wasn't aware of at the time. The more I breathed in the scent, the louder I coughed. It eventually got so loud that someone heard me, because it was then, I heard steps headed my way. The man who came up to me snarled.

"Ayo welcome to Big Floyd's water treatment plant. How may I help ya?"

While trying to stifle my coughs, I looked up at him. He was a six foot five black nigger who seemed to have grown used to breathing in whatever smell was in this building, despite having nostrils the size of a blue whale's mouth. He was wearing this elegant suit that CEOs normally wear on the job. On the left side of his chest was a name that read, "Mr. Floyd". It was so weird to see it on such a dumb looking nigger.

"I assume you are the owner," I said in between coughs.

"Indeed I am main," Mr. Floyd said, proudly.

"Okay you dumb monkey, I demand an explanation on why my water has been the color white."

"Oh oh ee ee ah ah, how dare you insult my high quality fentanyl water."

The last couple of words startled me. Fentanyl water?

"What the fuck do you mean by fentanyl water?" I asked.

"Oh, follow me main, I will show you mah beautiful clean water," Mr. Floyd said, gesturing to me.

He led me through the building, which was dead silent minus our echoing footsteps. We were the only ones here. In front of us was a double sided door that was followed by a room partially outdoors, indicated by a breeze of wind that escaped through the slight opening. Mr. Floyd then unlocked it with a key and opened it. Just when I thought the previous odor was bad, the room we entered was ten times worse. I instantly went down to my knees and hacked nonstop, thinking I was going to cough up blood.

"Relax main, dis air ain't bad to breathe," Mr. Floyd said.

It took what felt like hours for me to regain my composure and hold back my coughs. I opened my eyes and got up to see that we were now on a network of bridges above a massive pool of water. It was cloudy, just like my tap water.

"Hehehe. What do ya think of the nice fentanyl water," Mr. Floyd said. "The perfect beverage for you all to enjoy."

Everything then all started to make sense. The severe sore throat I get from drinking the foggy tap water. The color being very similar to fentanyl. The entire water treatment center having that sour smell throughout, which I assume is from fentanyl. My tap water was being laced with that nigger drug the whole time.

"So it was you who has been messing with the water," I concluded. "And how the hell do you even own this place now?"

"Okay so basically, when I faked my death to make it look like I was killed by that White cracka Derek Chauvin, I revealed to the government that I only suffered a minor overdose on fentanyl, so they allow me to run da water plant to support da black lives matter cause, after I lost mah job. Look on the bright side doe, I be providing you all with da tasty fentanyl water," Mr. Floyd said.

"Nigger, I don't want any of your shitty poison," I yelled, pushing him back.

"Ooga booga, you hurted my feelings. I spent so much time on dis."

I was done with his nonsense at this point. I threw a punch and struck Mr. Floyd's face, which caused his massive nose to unshape for a moment.

"Oh oh ee ee ah ah, that hurt main, Grrrr," Mr. Floyd sputtered. "How dare you disrespect mah work."

“Work? What are you talking about? Nothing impressive about money you stole from pregnant women to buy all that fentanyl,” I snapped back.

Mr. Floyd then opened his mouth wide and started to regurgitate a white liquid. He must have drank so much of his fentanyl water himself. His fentanyl projectile vomit hit my right arm and it dissolved the outer layer of my skin and it burnt like hell. It was the exact same burning sensation as when my throat was sore.

“Ahh that should have done sumthin to ya main, I can’t breathe from all that puking,” Mr. Floyd said.

I took a step back, and then utilized my racist chad strength to the fullest to push Mr. Floyd over the bridge’s rail. His momentum caused him to tip and fall into the fentanyl water.

“Ahh sheet too much fentanyl on me,” Mr. Floyd screamed. “Get me outta here main!”.

He reached his hand out, hoping for me to pull him out, but there was no way in hell I was going to do that, so I stomped on his hand against the concrete bridge.

“Ooooook, ooooook, oooooook!, I can’t breathe!,” he said as he started to submerge into the fentanyl water. “Dissolved fentanyl has a lower density than regular water, so I can’t float main!”

“Haha, get a taste of your own medicine,” I chuckled.

With enough time, Mr. Floyd sank to the bottom of the one hundred meter deep pool of fentanyl water, and drowned in his own creation.

Now that he was finally dead, I needed to leave the treatment plant as soon as possible, because I could tell the toxic fentanyl residual floating in the air was destroying my lungs now. I used one of the small openings to quickly get out of the building and ran back to my car. Disregarding the toxic air, I was now more so concerned about government officials tracking me down for killing Mr. Floyd the water treatment manager, because they wouldn’t get mad at the slightest at him for poisoning our water since they are jew nigger lovers.

I am now writing this in my car, as I am driving to the countryside. I believe that all of you deserve to know the truth behind this water treatment plant that can potentially kill citizens of Minneapolis or worse, turn White people into niggers. I don’t think reporting this to the authorities is a good idea since this was ultimately due to the negligence of the jew government. I hope this reaches everyone in time before they find out I killed Mr. Floyd to save humanity.

I Matched with George Floyd on Tinder: It Almost Cost Me My Life

By AntiScienceWarmaster

My name is Nate Higgers, and I am what is known as a Sigma Male. One of my hobbies is to make fake profiles on the dating app called Tinder. If you do not know what Tinder is, it is a dating app that fat mudsharks flock to so they can disappoint their parents by running around and being BBC whores instead of marrying nice young White men and having children with them. I digress. I would usually use the app just to troll weak beta soyboys, but sometimes I would lure niggers out to my house so I could troll them. One night my roommate, Ronnie McNutt, was on vacation and I was enjoying my weekend off from my job as a teacher. If you were wondering, I am supposed to teach math, but I mostly teach kids how to prove the Holocaust never happened.

I was passing the time pleasantly by playing my favorite video game, Black Lives Splatter: Drunk Driver Edition, listening to Nazi Black metal, and jelqing. I played Black Lives Splatter for about two hours and checked my phone. I saw a notification that said I had a new like on Tinder. I hadn't gotten any new likes that day, so I opened the app instantly. I did not have Tinder Gold so I couldn't see who it was. I only had a small pixelated image to go by. This time I was using pictures of my roommate, Ronnie McNutt's ugly ass ex-girlfriend, Equinox Autumn. Goddamn that bitch is ugly.

I could instantly tell whoever liked me on Tinder was a nigger. I swiped left on everyone who wasn't a disgusting jungle gorilla. It had been about a month since I lured a nigger over to troll. I put my headphones in and started to listen to my favorite podcast from TheRightStuff, The Paranormies Present, and started swiping right on every shitskin I saw. After spending about an hour wading through the filth, I came across a profile using George Floyd as the profile picture. It was the infamous brick wall picture.

His bio read "Aw shit all these fine White bitches be takin my breath away and shit dawg."

I couldn't contain my laughter. I stared and laughed until I couldn't breathe. I felt like I was overdosing on fentanyl much like George Floyd. I swiped right on the profile just for the hell of it. I was shocked when I matched with the profile. At first I thought it was another racist chad like myself who made a trolling profile or some BLM college whore who made a tribute profile. I sat my phone down, and went back to playing Black Lives Splatter. About 5 minutes after doing so, I heard my phone's

notification tone go off. "WOLLT IHR DEN TOTALEN KRIEG?" echoed through my room. I checked to see what it was.

I was quite amused when I saw "George sent you a new message" on my screen. I instantly opened it. It read "AYO BABYGIRL WHAT DAT MOUF DO?"

At this point, I was assuming it was another racist chad, but I was committed to doing the bit. I figured best case scenario I would meet a cool new bro to hate niggers and kikes with. Worst case scenario nothing happens. Since I was so committed to the bit, I sent him my address. I replied with "Come to 1488 McNutt Street and find out."

He replied instantly, saying "Sheeeeeeeit, I be right over bitch." I stuffed my empty Glock 19 into my waistband. I kept it empty so my roommate, Ronnie McNutt, didn't kill himself while I was at work.

I sat and waited, and eventually dozed off. I awoke to the sound of someone moving around in my kitchen. I looked at my clock and saw it was almost 3AM. At first I assumed the noises outside were Ronnie. Then I remembered that Ronnie was on vacation at the Holocaust museum and wouldn't be back until the next day.

I slowly stood up, being careful to not make any noise by rustling my Bashar Al-Assad bed sheets. I slowly crept out of my bedroom and down the hallway. As I got closer to the kitchen, I could hear a deep voice. It was as if a gorilla had been demonically possessed and was talking to himself. I also began to smell the typical nigger stench.

It was the smell of Popeye's chicken, purple drank, Newport menthols, and cheap shitty weed. The stench was completely overpowering, and I felt as if I were going to vomit at any second. I reached the kitchen doorway, and hid behind the wall for a moment. Who or whatever was inside my kitchen was rummaging through my cabinets. It was still muttering to itself in a deep voice, but I could clearly make out the phrase "Big Floyd needs that fentanyl."

I poked my head out from behind the wall and saw a nigger in my kitchen. I readied myself, prepared to chalk up another victim of my trolling scheme. I drew my pistol, and quickly threw myself into the kitchen while pointing it at the nigger.

I said, "GET ON THE FUCKING GROUND, MONKEY!"

The nigger turned to face me. It wasn't just any nigger. It was actually George Floyd. We locked eyes, and I noticed his eyes were glowing red but still lacked any sign of intelligence.

"Sheeeit nigga, you gonna be the one on the ground nigga and then I'm gonna steal all yo air nigga," he said in the same deep voice.

He raised his arms in front of him, and a portal opened to his left. From the portal came 2 large Hellhounds, which looked no different than your average pitbull. They both wore collars made of pure fentanyl. He attempted to sic them on me, however, due to the pitbulls inability to be trained, they just began attacking each other

instead. I saw this as an opening to retreat to my car. I hoped I could get to the police station and have another cop kneel on his neck. I turned and ran to the bathroom, and locked myself in, intending to jump out the window. I heard him violently slamming his apelike arms into the door.

"OOH OOH EE EE AH AH LET ME IN, MAIN! BIG FLOYDS GONNA STEAL YO AIR AND SHEEEIT!"

I threw myself out the window, and heard the door shatter as soon as I got up and started running. As I ran, I fished around in my pockets for the keys to my 1994 Ford F150. I specifically only drive Ford because Henry Ford was an anti-semite like myself. My heart sank when I couldn't find them. My salvation laid right in front of me, but I couldn't get to it. I was all out of options, so I kept running.

I jogged into the construction site at the end of the road. I was in such a panic, I wasn't looking where I was going. I tripped. I tripped over a solid 30 pounds of unattended copper wire. Under normal circumstances, I would call that a jackpot, but since I was running for my life, it was the worst possible time. George Floyd caught up to me. He stopped in front of me, and he doubled over in pain.

His already deep and demonic voice got deeper. His iconic black and gray sweater was torn to shreds as a horrific shapeless mass of banana tentacles shot from his chest and abdomen, much like the character Wilbur Whateley from the H.P. Lovecraft novel, The Dunwich Horror. Each tentacle grasped either a jogging hammer or a banana mayo sandwich. I was completely out of options at this point, so in a last ditch effort, I threw my empty pistol at his fat fucking nose.

I missed, because of course I fucking missed. I was out of options, and I felt like I had no hope. That was when I heard a voice from behind George Floyd say "Hey guys. I guess that's it," followed by the blast of a shotgun. Buckshot pellets tore through George Floyd's centermass and reduced his tentacles to bits of banana gore. George Floyd fell to the ground.

Behind him stood Ronnie McNutt.

George Floyd began to squirm, and I saw white smoke rising from underneath his body. If I had to guess, I would say he was using some sort of demonic healing ability. Ronnie also noticed, and began to kneel on George Floyd's neck.

"Aw shit I can't breathe. Please man I can't breathe." he pleaded.

Ronnie didn't let up though. A ring of fire rose up around them, and they both slowly sunk into the ground. I believe it was George Floyd opening another portal to Hell so he could escape the danger he was in. He dragged Ronnie with him.

I still have no explanation for this event to this day. So many of my questions will never be answered. How was George Floyd able to gain demonic powers? Did I somehow summon him back into our world by accident? How did Ronnie know I was in danger? Why did he give his life to save mine? These thoughts keep me up at

night. That's all there is to this story. The only advice I can give you is do not match with any profile on Tinder claiming to be George Floyd, and as always fuck niggers, fuck kikes, fuck spics, and fuck jannies.

The Truth About Tornadoes

By Igot Quality

What I experienced today was so confusing, it's hard for me to explain but I will try my best. First off, I'm not going to share my name as I do not want my identity to be revealed, however I will say that we live in Northwestern Tennessee. Secondly, I'm sure all of you have heard about the deadly tornado that completely destroyed several cities in Tennessee and Kentucky. It was one of the, if not the most deadly tornadoes in all of United States history. Now let me describe what I was doing the night the tornado hit, me and my wife were cuddling in bed talking about the storm as we have a slight interest in tornados and other forms of bad weather.

We were really enjoying the soothing sounds of the rain as the storm had not really picked up speed at that time. After cuddling for a while, I felt horny so my wife got on a cosplay outfit and we started to do sexual things to each other. However, we did not have sex in the way you might think we did. Obviously, we are both **based** racist chads, so my wife started shouting out "fuck niggers" a bunch of times. Seeing a **based** hot girl say that so many times made my dick hard as fuck and within seconds, I busted a huge McNutt all over her face. I then experienced some post-nut clarity but was not able to let it sink in for long because soon afterward, me and my wife both heard a loud obnoxious beeping noise coming from both of our phones.

We checked and realised that it was a tornado warning telling us to get in our basement for the next 2 hours. We were so distracted by the racist sex that we had not even noticed how strong the storm got.

"This is our chance *censored*, should we take a closer look at this storm?" I asked my wife.

"Yes," she responded confidently.

We wanted to hurry as we didn't want to miss anything so my wife wiped all the cum off her face and we rushed out our door. Right as we were about to get in our car, our neighbour Ronnie saw us and asked to come along with us. Now we have known Ronnie for a while and he is a massive suicidal cuck, but we decided to let him go along with us anyway because we didn't have any time to think of an

answer. Ronnie got in the back seat of our car and we started driving in the storm. Ronnie then started flinching every time lightning struck the area.

“Uhh guys, this rain is really scaring me, can you guys please drive me home,” Ronnie said in a frightened voice.

I told Ronnie to shut the fuck up and that it was his idea to even come with us in the first place. After around 30 minutes of driving, we managed to see a tornado in the distance. Believe it or not, despite me being a semi-fan of storms, this was actually my first time seeing a tornado that close in person before. Since nobody was out on the road we were in, we decided to park our car and watch the tornado wind around for a bit.

But we weren’t able to enjoy the storm for very long because another panicked man who was way worse than Ronnie came sprinting to our car. He looked very upset and freaked out. He told us that the tornado was like one he had never seen before. He described that it had a face and a nose that was supposedly wider than a beluga whale. He also claimed that it had a voice, the scariest voice he’d ever heard in his light. He described that the tornado killed his wife and his future son and that the tornado shouted in a deep echoey voice: “Yooohoo mane, your wife got a nice pregnant belly, gimme dat pregnant belly please mane.”

He said that the tornado also asked him for fentanyl for some reason. After that, he told us that we needed to get as far away from the tornado as possible and then continued running in the opposite direction. Despite the desperate man’s words, me and my wife were curious and decided to drive towards the tornado again. But fuck my choice, I wish we would have listened to the man and had just home. As you could imagine as we were driving, Ronnie continued to yelp like a cuck. But we simply ignored him as we continued to drive. My wife then started scrolling through Facebook and saw that lots of other people, mainly men, were commenting on how horrifying this tornado with a face and huge nose was. My wife noticed a trend after scrolling through several of the posts, this tornado seemed to be going after pregnant women. It also seemed to be interested in fentanyl and banana sandwiches as some of the people who had encountered the tornado claimed they had those respective items in their cars at the time of the incident. This had simply made us even more interested as now we were dying to see what this tornado was like. Then my wife gasped very loudly. She claimed to have seen a video of a nigger wearing a black sweater and jeans transform into a giant tornado. We pulled over and I analyzed the video.

“What the fuck is this?” I questioned myself out loud.

How the fuck could a nigger have the intelligence to do some impossible shit like that?

But once I saw the final form of the tornado, I gasped identically to how my wife did. The tornado had the face of George Floyd. Now I really hate niggers, but I REALLY REALLY hate George Floyd. He has the typical behavior of a nigger but 10 million

times worse. After my wife looked closer at the photos of the tornado, we had confirmed that it did indeed have the face of George Floyd.

"So that explains why the tornado had such a big nose," my wife said.

Me and her chuckled a bit but we were once again interrupted by Ronnie.

"Um guys, I don't think we should be making fun of black people like that. You guys are being very racist and disrespectful right now," he said in a polite but slightly angered voice.

"Shut the fuck up Ronnie," my wife and I yelled.

Now we were extremely determined to see this tornado up close. So we continued driving at 100 MPH for another 15 minutes or so. The Highway we were driving on was straight and had no turns whatsoever which is why we were able to drive so fast in harsh weather conditions.

But then, the tornado suddenly changed directions and started coming towards us at around 200 MPH. Right at that moment, my wife noticed that all the posts that she saw on facebook about the tornado had been deleted. Right when I heard that, I knew something was up with this whole George Floyd tornado shit. At this point, I didn't even care if I died or not. I just wanted to see what all this bullshit was about. However, as soon as the tornado started heading towards us, Ronnie yelled "I CAN'T TAKE THIS SHIT ANYMORE, HEY GUYS, I GUESS THAT'S IT" as he pulled out a giant shotgun.

He put the shotgun up to his chin and pulled the trigger. Blood splattered over our car. It was like we were inside a tomato. But we got so distracted by the George Floyd tornado that before we knew it, the tornado was right in front of us. I slammed the breaks and got out of the car. Me and my wife, still in her cosplay outfit as I previously mentioned, got a close-up look at the tornado as it completely stopped at the exact same time as us.

"What the fuck are you doing George Floyd, I thought your nigger ass died a year ago," I yelled to the tornado.

The George Floyd Tornado then spoke back to me in the same deep echo voice that the man who I had come across earlier described.

"Lol you dumbass White cracka mane, I never died n sheeit mane. I've been alive fo centuries 'n shieet. Also yo wife be lookin fine in dat cosplay n sheeit, can I have some of her pregnant belly pics please mane."

I called George Floyd a dumb nigger and explained to it that my wife wasn't pregnant.

"How dare you be racist to me n sheeit mane. Prepare for both of you guys' air to be stolen 'n shieet."

The George Floyd tornado then moved towards us and sucked us into it.

I remember going unconscious and then waking up several hours later in what appeared to be a business meeting. My wife and I were tied up and couldn't move at all. We saw a bunch of niggers, jews, and faggots. I swear to god the jews had even bigger noses than the George Floyd tornado. Then another jew walked into the room with George Floyd himself.

"Well goy, it seems like you have learned the truth of tornadoes," the Jew said.

I was so confused, how could there be a hidden meaning to tornadoes. They're just natural disasters that occur during hot and rainy weather conditions. Well that was what I thought at the time.

"You dumbass cracka n sheeit mane, you literally just experienced what tornados are mane. When I don't get my fentanyl and pregnant belly pics n sheeit, I turn into a tornado and I go after cities where there are lots o pregnant woman n sheeit. That's why that White cracka town Mayfield or some shiet like that got fucked n sheeit. I detected there were fo show lots a pregnant woman n sheeit, and when I got there it was a field day for me mane. I got to torture so many pregnant woman mane, it was the best sex I've ever had in my thousands of years of existence mane."

I couldn't believe what I had heard at first. Was George Floyd really the one behind tornados? I asked them why I had never heard of George Floyd as a tornado before. Well as you could probably expect, the jews who run social media constantly monitor videos and pictures of the George Floyd tornados to hide the truth.

"Yeah mane, I been doing dis sheeit for years mane. Ever since I killed dat cracka Baker family back in 1860 and sheeit mane. Cracka whore wouldn't gimme her pregnant belly pics n sheeit so I wiped dem entire house out killin all those damn crackas n sheet."

I then realized it was true. Everything sounded right. That explained why all those damn niggers were idolizing George Floyd when he "died".

They didn't want him to destroy their cities when he turns into a goddamn tornado.

"Well now that you goys know the truth, we have no choice but to kill you. We cannot let the truth that George Floyd is an invincible god who has been behind every tornado in all of history be released." The jew said.

What happened next was a blur. When the Jew came over with a knife to stab me in my heart, I somehow managed to pick the knife up with my feet and stab the Jew in his eye, causing him to act like that autistic Holiday Inn employee. I maneuvered the knife with my feet and cut my rope so I could escape. I then ran like no tomorrow and stabbed all of the Jews and faggots. Then I dove out and stole one of the nigger guards' pistol. And then just shot all over the place. Thankfully, none of the bullets went towards my knife. After I did that, I just had to deal with

George Floyd. I managed to steal his pistol and then shot like there was no tomorrow at him, after a while he stopped moving on the ground.

But then I heard a deep creepy voice. George Floyd's spirit said, "I'll be back to get ya cracka."

But I simply ignored it for the time being as I have tons of guns in my house so I would easily be able to shoot him if he tried to invade.

Me and my wife then walked out of a door that led us to some random city. Unfortunately, both of our phones were dead so we had no idea where we were. However, after walking for a few minutes we saw that we were in a town that was very close to our hometown so we paid for a taxi and we got home safely.

I am now typing this on my computer at home. I need to stay under the radar for a while as I am leaking very confidential information. But I am sharing this story so I can spread the truth. George Floyd was not only behind the EF4 tornado that destroyed Mayfield and several other cities but also behind every tornado in history. I am also letting you know that George Floyd is still alive. Do not fall for the media's tricks when they say he got killed by a cop. That was just a trap to get an innocent White person in jail. Anyways before I go, please just stay away from tornados. It's not worth checking it out closer, especially if your girlfriend is pregnant. And if a tornado is coming for your town, get the fuck out of there.

The George Floyd Nuttcracker

By Gorg Floydson

I am an avid collector of all things George Floyd. I own 20 human sized George Floyd toys, 50 George Floyd toys, 15 Derek Chauvin toys, 5 Ronnie McNutt toys and even the Elon Musk and Among Us toys. By now it's only a few days before the holidays and there was nothing George Floyd related left to buy. And no I am not a nigger lives matter supporter for buying George Floyd merch. I simply just find them hilarious and it pisses those useless niggers off.

I had already pre ordered Volume 2 of George Floyd Creepypastas by Jordan Cleeman as well as the George Floyd cassette tape. I needed something to get through the holidays so I went onto the dark web to look for any George Floyd merchandise. I stumbled upon something interesting that I had never seen before. A George Floyd Nuttcracker. However it was spelled as the George Floyd Nuttcracker, the two Ts reminding me of Ronnie McNutt. I checked the price listing, it was \$26,000. Although it was a hefty price to pay, I was a privileged White male with more than enough money to spend. The seller justified the price because apparently the George Floyd Nuttcracker was made from the last remaining wood of the George Floyd tree.

I contacted the seller, the username was Hinderless. Hinderless and I arranged the payment and where to meet up for the transaction. Fast forward to Wednesday, just 3 days until Christmas, I met up with Hinderless outside Cup Foods in Minneapolis. I parked my Rolls Royce Phantom on the sidewalk and waited in-front of Cup Foods. A few minutes later, I noticed a short man with purple hair, glasses and an unkempt beard.

"Are you Hinderless?" I asked.

"Yes but my friends call me Ronnie," the man responded. "But more importantly, do you have the 26 grand in cash?"

"Yes it's in my pocket," I said.

"Alright let's make this quick, my girlfriend Equinox is pissed that I left the house to make this transaction instead of pounding her pussy," Ronnie said.

But before we could make the transaction, a tall 6 foot 5 nigger in a tank top grabbed the money along with the bag containing the George Floyd Nuttcracker.

"What the fuck?!" Ronnie yelled.

"Get that nigger bitch!" I screamed.

Ronnie and I chased after the large nigger who had ran into the Cup Foods. Ronnie and I followed and made our way into the tiny corner store. We noticed that the nigger grabbed a banana and left a \$20 bill at the counter before quickly running out of the store. Ronnie and I tried to chase the nigger but we were no match for the "mostly peaceful" jogger. I returned to the Cup Foods and noticed that an employee was on the phone talking to the police. Apparently the nigger used a counterfeit which was retarded as fuck because the nigger could have simply just used the real money he had taken from me moments ago. Just goes to show how retarded niggers really are. A few minutes later, I noticed that two police officers were escorting that same nigger into their vehicle. I noticed the nigger was resisting and fighting back.

"Ah shit officer, I ain't done nuffin wrong mane, I'm claustrophobic mane, please mane!" The nigger pleaded while crying like a baby orangutan.

The two officers were struggling to fit the nigger into the car. I saw that the nigger was still holding onto the money and the bag with the Nuttcracker.

"Hey that nigger stole those things from me and my friend," I said.

The two officers stopped and looked up, "What?" they said in unison.

"So not only did this criminal pay with a counterfeit bill but he also stole money," one of the officers said.

Officer Thomas Lane handed the money and bag to me. I then handed the money to Ronnie and kept the bag. I continued to watch as two more officers arrived on the scene. One officer Derek Chauvin pulled the nigger out of the car and knelt on his neck.

“Ah fuck mama, I can’t breathe!” The nigger cried while gasping for air.

I knew this was bullshit however as Chauvin lightly knelt on his neck to keep him from chimping out. Before the nigger died he looked over at me.

“Ooo ooo eee eee ah ah, I place a voodoo curse upon y’all crackas, I will be reborn in the vessel that resembles me da most closest in the vicinity!” The ape said while making monkey noises.

The nigga monkey let out one last “I can’t breathe” before he died. After the event had unfolded, I returned home and placed my George Floyd Nuttcracker next to the rest of my George Floyd collection. I noticed that the Nuttcracker looked very realistic, almost freakishly real. The pictures of the website showed a very cartoonish face of George Floyd similar to the George Floyd toy, I chalked it up to the website not doing the Nuttcracker justice. I was hungry so I microwaved some instant noodles. While the noodles were heating up in the microwave, I heard a noise come from the living room. I went over and checked, to my surprise the George Floyd Nuttcracker had moved a few metres. I had originally placed the Nuttcracker on-top of my copy of George Floyd creepypastas volume 1 but now the toy had moved to below my PS5 next to my physical copy of Be My Mom - maternity simulator, take care of your child, a pregnancy simulator. I noticed the George Floyd Nuttcracker was looking at the cover image which was an outline of a pregnant woman.

I was confused as I lived alone because I am a depressed rich loner. I picked the Nuttcracker back up, that’s when I felt a sharp pain in my hand, I saw that the George Floyd Nuttcracker had bit me. “What the fuck!” I yelped.

“Hehehe mane, I am the George Floyd Nuttcracker, you will let me play Be My Mom - maternity simulator, take care of your child or else I will eat yo belly!” The Nuttcracker threatened. “Alright you can play Be My Mom - maternity simulator, take care of your child but please just don’t hurt me,” I said in fear. “You hoo hoo!” The George Floyd Nuttcracker said in excitement.

I watched as the Nuttcracker turned on the PS5 and began to play. In only a matter of seconds, I saw that the newly pregnant woman’s belly was already as big as George Floyds nose. She looked like she could give birth any day now.

“Oh la la, dem pregnant bitches make me so horny!” The George Floyd Nuttcracker said as it cracked some nuts.

I watched in disgust, despite having a face carved out of wood, the expression the George Floyd Nuttcracker made was clearly that of a horny motherfucker. What’s even more disgusting is how he got so horny over some pixels.

"You hoo hoo, I'm so horny mane, I could bust a McNutt any second now OOGA BOOGA!" The Nuttcracker said while making baboon noises.

While the Nuttcracker was busy cracking his own nut, I phoned Ronnie.

"What the fuck did you sell me?" I said angrily. "What do you mean?" Ronnie said, confused.

"The George Floyd Nuttcracker, it bit me and it's now playing a pregnancy simulator, please help."

"Alright I'll be there in 1 minute after I bust a McNutt to nudes of my ex," Ronnie mumbled.

For the time being I had to figure out a way to stop the George Floyd Nuttcracker, at the moment the Nuttcracker hadn't done anything violent besides biting me and threatening me to play a pregnancy simulator. I did not want the Nuttcracker to be completely destroyed as I had paid good money for it. A few moments later, I heard knocking at my door, it was Ronnie McNutt. I opened the door for Ronnie, Ronnie was holding a shotgun.

"Dude, I don't want you to destroy it, I paid too much for that nigger Nuttcracker," I said. "More importantly, where is the Nuttcracker?" Ronnie asked. I

turned over to the living room, the Nuttcracker was nowhere to be seen. We cautiously walked over to the TV, I looked up and saw that the George Floyd Nuttcracker had beaten the game despite the fact that it should take 9 months to finish the game. Ronnie and I headed upstairs to investigate, I noticed that there was a huge mess of photos scattered all over the second floor. There were photos of my ex who I dumped because she questioned her sexuality and gender identity. Near the master bedroom, there were photos of my parents including my mom when she was pregnant which were covered in wood chips.

"That horny monkey, those wood chips are its seed," Ronnie explained. "What?" "So you mean the Nuttcracker is able to ejaculate?" I asked. "This shouldn't be possible but the Nuttcracker is being possessed by dark nigger voodoo magic, I've only ever seen this once when my Breonna Taylor hippo statue attacked me after the ghost of Breonna Taylor possessed it," Ronnie explained.

We walked into the master bedroom and heard a gut wrenching noise, "Hehehe mane, welcome to my pregnant sex dungeon!" the George Floyd Nuttcracker said while watching pregnant porn. I was shocked to see that the Nuttcracker had somehow managed to bring a pregnant woman into the master bedroom. Ronnie shot the Nuttcracker in the arm

"Oh fuck, my arm can't breathe, you hoo hoo!" The Nuttcracker said as it used the tied up pregnant woman as a meat shield.

Ronnie continued to shoot at the George Floyd Nuttcracker turning the pregnant woman's face into tomato paste.

"She was probably a BBC whore anyways," Ronnie said.

The Nuttcracker dodged Ronnie's shots because he had trash aim. The George Floyd Nuttcracker bolted outside my house heading into the night to cause more nigga monkey shenanigans. "What do we do now Ronnie?" I asked.

"Ever heard of the Derek Chauvin toy ritual?" Ronnie asked.

Around 3 AM, Ronnie and I grabbed the following items. A Derek Chauvin toy, a wooden cross, string, nigger blood and a lighter. Ronnie and I followed all the rules provided for the Derek Chauvin toy. Afterwards we headed back inside my house because you have to get up at 10 AM for the ritual to succeed. Once we got up, I saw that there was an army of Derek Chauvin toys as we had used all 15 of mine. Since the ritual worked that meant the Derek Chauvin toy legion deemed my hatred of niggers worthy and even Ronnie's to a degree despite him being a soy boy.

"Kill the George Floyd Nuttcracker," I ordered the Derek Chauvin toy legion.

The legion went into combat mode and began to run in this one direction. Ronnie and I followed closely behind.

"Wait a minute, doesn't this road lead to Cup Foods?" Ronnie asked.

We saw the Cup Foods only a few metres away from us. The Derek Chauvin toy legion jumped through the window of Cup Foods and began to knee on all the nigger employees in the store. I noticed the George Floyd Nuttcracker was holding a banana while waiting in line. The Derek Chauvin toys all jumped the nigga. It was a brutal beating, all 15 of the toys had their knees on the Nuttcracker's neck.

"Ah fuck, I can't breathe mane, shiet mane mama!" The Nuttcracker cried out in pain.

Before the Nuttcracker could let out another word, the Derek Chauvin toy legion pressed their knees down even harder which caused the head of the George Floyd Nuttcracker to dislodge from its body. What came out next still haunts me to this day, it was the ghost of George Floyd.

"OOGA BOOGA, you've done it now mane!" The ghost's voice boomed.

All the nigger employees began to bow down and pray while crying tears of joy as if they had just seen Jesus rise from the dead three days after his death.

"Now that you have destroyed my vessel, I will need a new one mane," George Floyd's ghost said.

George Floyd's ghost began looking around for a new vessel to possess. He settled on Ronnie McNutt as he moved at supersonic speed and possessed Ronnie.

"Oh shit what the fuck?!" Ronnie yelled.

I watched in horror as Ronnie's stupid looking purple hair began to fall out and Ronnie's leather jacket turned into the George Floyd hoodie, the same one that monkey Floyd wore in that famous picture of him behind a brick wall. Ronnie McNutt had turned into Ronnie McFloyd! It was horrifying to watch.

"Hey guys, OOGA BOOGA, you got belly pics of my girlfriend?" Ronnie McFloyd asked.

The Derek Chauvin toy legion tried to knee Ronnie McFloyd, however he was too fast. Ronnie ran out of the store with the toy legion chasing after him. I returned home afterwards, I turned on my TV to watch the local news. There were multiple reports of a 6 foot 5 person with the face of a soy boy sucking the air out of pregnant women. 20 pregnant women were confirmed dead with all the air in their lungs sucked out and their fetuses had been eaten.

Moral of the story, never and I say never buy anything George Floyd related especially if it is a toy or doll of the monkey. You never know if it is possessed by the ghost of George Floyd and the profit made from the toys could potentially be funding BLM or some other jew owned organization. Stay safe and have a White Christmas.

Krampus Floyd

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Andrew Burrows. I am a man who has been studying cryptids for my whole entire life. When I say that, I mean it. As a child, I would read countless books and magazines about them. This persisted even throughout my teen years, as nerdy as it sounds. However, it paid off really well, because I went through university and graduated to become a cryptozoologist without having to do much studying because I had so much prerequisite knowledge.

Having been a certified cryptozoologist for half my life, I've given a shot at heavily investigating some major cryptids such as monkele-mbembe, the yeti, the chupacabra, the Japanese Kappa, and so on. In my field of studies, I aim toward trying to figure out whether or not these mythical creatures are real. Unfortunately, I still haven't proved one yet, despite how long I've been working because of how hard it is. Even the world famous cryptozoologists out there are lucky to discover one. For example, one of them who is known as Pussy Farts confirmed the Loch Ness monster's existence by finding a specimen dubbed the Wilcock Ness Monster. I have to admit, I am super jealous of his accomplishment and it motivates me even more to either debunk a cryptid or prove one's existence. Even debunking a cryptid

is as big of an achievement as discovering an existing one because of how vast this planet is. I will go as far as to say I'd be willing to die to accomplish either task.

For those of you who aren't familiar with how cryptozoologists do their work, we follow a procedure that is different from the scientific method. It is one that is simple in theory, but complicated in practice. We constantly scan around the media to fish for any strange patterns that occur around the world. For instance, if we notice that there is a suspicious surge in injuries or deaths in a given location, we travel there ASAP and go looking for potential cryptids that could have possibly caused it. We always have to be quick though, because cryptids tend to be shy, even the aggressive ones, so they will flee as soon as they have done their deed. The deaths don't have to be humans though. The chupacabra feeds on the livestock of farms, so we will be notified if there is an insane number of farms that get wiped within a short timespan.

My introduction aside, there is a reason why I am writing this report. I think I have proved a high profile cryptid to be real. But because I didn't manage to collect any evidence at all, I have to draft my encounter that I hope is convincing enough for my superiors. Now you may be itching to know - what cryptid did I encounter? Well you've probably heard of Krampus, a Christmas legend that has been going around throughout Eastern Alpine folklore and popular culture. Conventionally, Krampus is known for being the opposite of Santa. Instead of rewarding children with presents, he punishes them. The way he accomplishes this varies depending on how bad the said child behaved near Christmas. Most of the time, Krampus uses scare tactics such as chasing the naughty children. Hence the lack of material harm, it is for those who commit mild acts of misbehavior. Occasionally, when a child critically misbehaves, Krampus would lean toward punishing them brutally. This includes using physical force, and sometimes kidnapping the child using his basket for drowning, eating, or transporting to hell. In terms of physical appearance, Krampus differs depending on the given culture depicting him, but generally speaking, he is a bipedal mammalian creature that possesses goat-like horns on the top of his head, hooves, fangs, and a long pointed tongue. This is all at least how popular folklore interprets him.

The real Krampus that I witnessed with my own eyes is way distinct from how most think he is. I won't spoil it here, but I will tell you now that he is far more vile, gruesome, and aberrant. I don't know if this is the right word, but perhaps, more powerful. That being said, there is another reason why I am creating this report - to warn all of you to avoid the Krampus that I speak of.

It all started when I was sitting at my desk at work on Christmas Eve, sorting some case files of brief cryptid sightings from a pool of my colleagues, that contain photos that look like they were taken by a pajeet using a shitty Android phablet. You know what I am talking about. Like the infamous black and white Loch Ness Monster photograph from the nineteen hundreds that looks like the silhouette of a black nigger who dislocated his elbow at the surface of a lake. Let me tell you, they are almost always a hoax since it is statistically unlikely for a cameraman to do such a shitty job of capturing an extremely rare sight.

I did my first quota of the day before I was allowed to do the fun part of my shift, which is what every medium level employee has to do everyday, because the company I work at is owned by a Jew named Mr. Peters, who all the employees secretly want to be overtaken by a better manager. Not to mention, it was supposed to be our Christmas break right now and the kike boss doesn't like to

adhere to the provincial employee standards, which allows any employee to excuse from work in both Christmas and Christmas eve.

After I was done with that mundane task, I went on my lunch break because I was so fatigued and I desperately needed to eat the ten steaks in my lunchbox to maintain my 300 pound physique, that resembles the average racist chad. It was the first time I've ever packed such a big meal for work, because After I pulled the Ziploc bag full of red meat out of my limited edition Land of the Lost lunch box, I approached the public microwave to heat them. However, I stopped when I felt someone breathing on the back of my neck.

"Goy, you can't eat too much of that cattle in my workplace," Mr. Peters said in his jewy nasal voice.

He tried snatching my bag of steaks from my hand, but his scrawny jew physique could not reach it when I recoiled it above my head. *God, I hate jews who support veganism*, I thought.

"You better hand me that or else I will fire you," the jew boss said.

I really didn't like the idea of losing my job because I worked so hard to be in my position, so I slowly gave the bag of steaks to him.

"This is your last warning Andrew," my boss said.

He then left me, with the bag still in his hands. I know that he is a vegan who is irrationally afraid of eating meat, so I wondered what the hell he would possibly do with it. But I quickly came to the realization that the bag of steaks was the only food that I brought, so I got paranoid about losing my hard earned gains. I just sat at the lunch table alone on my phone, looking like one of those quiet kids at school who has no one to hang out with because his sole friends are too sick to come to class.

After the lunch break ended, I returned to my office to continue working. I scanned through the news section of the search engine, trying to find anything noteworthy. However, it was very difficult to concentrate, due to my hunger. It was the equivalent of being a slit eyed asian who has just as much of a difficulty seeing as niggers on fentanyl have of breathing. Eventually, I said *fuck it* and decided to go to my other colleagues offices to ask for food. I know it is a nigger thing to beg others for food like that, but I could feel my roided up muscles begging for mercy, so I went for it. The first colleague I went after was one named Quinton. He works at a room across from mine, but he was my first pick because just like me, he is a heavily muscled racist chad who also force feeds himself regularly. However, he keeps all his food in a mini fridge in his work office, so I figured he'd most likely have food to spare. Of course, Mr. Peters doesn't know of this, otherwise, he'd confiscate it too.

I knocked at the side of Quinton's office door.

"Come in," he said, while typing on his keyboard.

"Um sorry to bother, but do you have any extra food in that cooler of yours?" I asked politely.

Quinton rotated his flexible office chair to face me. His eyes appear bloodshot, as if he had been busy with his work for a long time.

"Andrew, do you really think I'd let you in on some for free?" he asked rhetorically.

"Look, that fucking kike boss took my entire lunch and I can't work without food in my stomach," I whispered, making sure Mr. Peters wouldn't happen to hear me.

"Alright well I got a deal for you. Come over here, I want to show you something first."

Quinton motioned me to look at his computer screen.

There I saw a foreign government statistics website for a different country that displayed a number. A number representing a reported missing person statistic since the night before Christmas on their end. It was for an eastern country that is twelve hours ahead of us, so Christmas had already started for them. Fourteen thousand was the number, and counting. My jaw dropped at the statistic. However, I didn't read the label correctly. After rereading it, I realized that it was specifically a missing person count for children.

"What the fuck?" I said. "What could have caused this? And what kind of sick fuck would hurt that many kids?"

"This has to be the doing of a malevolent cryptid," Quinton said. "And it is physically impossible for one single human to pull this off in such a short amount of time. Not even an organization that traffics children."

"You're right."

"So here is the deal. I would like you to assist me in tracking down whatever the hell is on the loose this Christmas, since it is most likely a deadly being given the amount of victims. If you come with me, I will let you have one of my protein sandwiches."

The thought of the word protein made me salivate, so I immediately said "Yes."

Quinton opened his mini fridge and then took out a bagged sandwich that he bought from Tim Hortons and tossed it at me, and I caught the sandwich with one hand.

"Thank you," I said, as I quickly blasted through the sandwich.

"You're welcome," Quinton said. "Now you have a job to do."

In the equipment room, we grabbed all the equipment necessary: a bear trap, tranquilizer snipers, raw meat for bait, assault rifles, and armored vests.

We weren't exactly sure what prospective cryptid we were to encounter, but that was the kit we went with because of how versatile it is.

Quinton and I met with the helicopter pilot, Hopee, at the launch pad. Even though he is quite skilled at flight, Hopee comes across as a sketchy man, because he is a former convict who was apparently caught preying on women in his ARK Discord server. I myself really didn't want to be in the same flying vehicle as the creep, but it was a time sensitive mission and there weren't any other chopper pilots on duty at the moment, since they all happen to be on Christmas vacation.

"Alright Hopee, get us to um," I began. "Quinton, where exactly are we to head over to?"

"New Delhi, India," Quinton replied.

Drats, I thought. New Delhi is the last country I would visit. It is filled with horny pajeet Indians who would rape any foreigners that would visit. And when I say any foreigners, I mean absolutely any. Those Pajeets are so desperate that they would turn into faggots and rape men as well. However, I knew that Quinton and I are built chads, so we wouldn't have a problem with heeding them anyway.

"Okay, New Delhi it is," Hopee said.

The three of us boarded the cyan colored chopper that had our company logo branded on it. As Hopee initiated the flight, I felt the large propellers spin which formed a circular gust of wind around us.

"Hold on tight!" Hopee said over the microphone

He launched the helicopter around 1500 feet in the air and then headed to the direction of India. Now, for us to know exactly where we were supposed to head to, as simply knowing where New Delhi is isn't sufficient information, there is a built-in radar in the helicopter's control panel. You see, cryptids tend to emit a special type of radiation that even humans can detect with the naked eye, hence why cryptids all evolved an extremely effective means of hiding. And when I say detectable with the naked eye, I mean the radiation exists in the form of a mass of light green fog floating in the air. This is the primary reason why they have to be so elusive in the first place. Though the radiation in question is identifiable without the use of technology, our radar is able to magnify it by one million times, enabling us to spot its source from thousands of miles away.

"So Quinton, what cryptid do you think we will possibly encounter?" I asked, as I tried my best not to inhale the excess propeller wind.

"Given that we are headed to India, I would guess the poop golem which formed from the excess poop that the pajeets leave out on the streets," Quinton said. "Or maybe the famous rape creature that is capable of telepathically raping White women who don't send it bobs and vagene pictures."

"Makes sense. I am thinking we might come across Krampus, because you know, he comes out and hurts misbehaving children at around Christmas—"

"Woah woah hold your horses," Quinton interrupted. "I thought pajeets didn't celebrate Christmas, so wouldn't it make sense for the Krampus to carry out its attacks in other countries to be more efficient?"

"Yeah I guess you got a point there," I said. "But you have to consider the fact that there are plenty of cucked White families who move to New Delhi even though it is full of shitskin rapists who seek their White women."

"Oh yeah I forgot about those."

"Let me tell you, I hope whatever this Krampus thing might be out there, it will be easy to capture or debunk, because I have to visit my family for Christmas tomorrow," I said. "This trip better be quick."

"I wouldn't be too worried about that," Quinton shrugged. "Remember, most of our expeditions are nothing but false alarms, such as when we mistook a mass casualty for the doing of the Jewish Moth Man, when really it was actually a psychotic nigger on the loose."

Quinton was most likely right. You see, the probability of us finding a cryptid in a given expedition is microscopic, since our call to adventures are usually prompted by natural disasters or serial killers. Even though I am all in for actual Cryptid sightings, a part of me was hoping for that to not be the case, because finding one would mean an extensive follow up analysis which takes days, and like I said, I really wanted to spend time with my family for Christmas.

Since we were traveling on a chopper, it was going to be a long trip. I texted my family group chat that I may or may not make it to the Christmas dinner because of work. Thankfully, my family consists of **based** people, so they knew to blame it on my Jew boss and not me.

After I had a good chat with my folks, I put away my phone and took a nap because I was getting sleepy from the redundant motion of the helicopter.

I woke up to a loud bang. I sprang up, to see Hopee looking a bit hazy. He must have almost crashed the helicopter into something.

"What is going on here?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Sorry about that," Hopee said. "I got distracted by that billboard displaying a hot bikini model over there."

I looked over to Quinton, who fell asleep as well. He did not seem to be phased by the turbulence at all, because he was still snoring deep in his slumber.

I then looked at the billboard that Hopee pointed at, to see the bikini model he got horny over.

It was an Indian woman. It struck me as odd for a second, because no intelligent clothing brand would dare to use an Indian woman as a model for their advertisements, because as we all know, Indians are one of the least attractive races out there. But I then shortly realized why the billboard advertisement displayed such a hideous woman. Looking at the warm hue of the polluted air and the poorly maintained architecture, it was evident we were now in India. The one and only country that would promote pajeet women in clothing ads. Not that there weren't any White women ads, because pajeet men idolize them like celebrities.

"How close are we to our destination?" I asked Hopee.

"We are approximately two hours away," Hopee responded. "The radiation signal of our radar should activate shortly, if there are any."

Seconds later, a high-pitched sound alarm emitted from the radar at the front control panel. Quinton woke up as a result, and we both bolted to the front to examine what it was picking up. On the radar screen, there were a bunch of dotted light visual indicators scattered together which represented detected radiation.

"Holy shit," Quinton exclaimed. "Looks like a cryptid is nearby."

"Precisely two hours away," Hopee said.

The two hours went by slowly, as Quinton and I eagerly waited. I saw the expected green colored radiation particles floating in the air. We were finally here. Surrounding us was a normal looking neighborhood. Normal for the most part for us Americans, at least. Because we were in India at the time, there were gobs of shit in the driveways as per usual. The collection of homes here summed up to give off a powerful accumulated odor of curry. Looking around, it didn't seem like there was anything special going on. However, when I looked over a few blocks from where the chopper was, I spotted one house with Christmas lights on. But the Christmas lights were not what caught my eye, despite its appealing look. There looked to be a high concentration of the radiation surrounding that house.

"Hopee, fly us over to that house," I pointed.

"Okay, will do," Hopee said, as he steered towards the flashing colorful lights and headed there.

The closer we got to that house, the more we noticed this stench. No, not the smell of pajeet poop that we would have expected. It was more like the smell of rotten flesh. It was so putrid that I pinched my nose. I could not fathom having a big ass Jew nose to inhale a large volume of whatever smell this was.

By the time we landed on the road in front of the house, I had gotten used to the odor. Quinton and I equipped our gear and then began to carry out the initial investigation. We circled around the exterior of the home, to gauge for any signs of a cryptid. Everything appeared to be normal, until I looked to the roof. The chimney, to be specific.

"Hey Quinton, check that out," I said as I pointed my flashlight. "The chimney is half broken. Something must have broken into it."

"Yeah, let's go check it out," Quinton said as he pulled out his grappling hook. I reciprocated and we projected ourselves up the roof of the home. The top part of

the chimney was shattered, with the small fragments of mortar sprinkled on the roof. Bits of smoke were coming out of it. I turned to Quinton.

"So," I began. "Should we go in?"

"I'd say we should. Hopefully we don't wake up the people living here."

Quinton and I easily fit through the chimney, since the top part that had been ripped off was what would have prevented us from going in. The smell of rotten flesh increased exponentially as Quinton and I lowered ourselves. At the bottom of the chimney was a pile of charcoal that was the byproduct of a previously lit fireplace. On the very pile of charcoal was a duo of negative space that formed the shape of goat hooves.

"Quinton, check it out, there are footprints down there," I exclaimed. "I wonder what it came from."

"The Jersey Devil maybe," Quinton said.

"We are not in New Jersey, what are you smoking? I think this is from Krampus."

"Ohh makes sense, because this is the sole home that celebrates Christmas in this neighborhood," Quinton said as if he was the one who figured it out.

By the time we landed on the black charcoal bedding, we noticed a peculiar white contrasting speck of powder on it. I picked up a sample and decided to smell it. Oh boy did I regret my decision. I don't know what exactly the smell was like, but I immediately coughed up blood. Whatever the white powder was, it had to be some kind of drug.

"Fentanyl," I said. "What the hell is fentanyl doing here?"

"I don't know," Quinton said. "But we shall find out. Let's get out of this fireplace and explore around the house."

I carefully opened the metal enclosure that locked us in the fireplace, and then we tiptoed out, hoping not to wake anyone up, and most importantly, not startle the potential cryptid that might be here. Around us was a heavily decorated living room. There was a Christmas tree next to the fireplace which had a stack of wrapped presents under it, each of them having no visible label. Coming from the fireplace was a trail of that same fentanyl powder that persisted throughout the living room, reaching far into the doorway which was the kitchen.

I started to follow it, motioning Quinton to do the same. Again, that smell of rotten flesh grew even stronger the longer we tailed the line of powdered fentanyl. However, I was not too bothered by it any longer since I was very much focused on our investigation, and also the fact that we were inside somebody's damn house. The trail of fentanyl eventually led to the kitchen counter. On the counter was a large piece of red craft paper that looked like it had been through a lot; it was definitely not a new sheet of paper. On it was a handwritten sentence which read: "Where are the banana cookies and milk at?" It took me a while to decipher the sentence because of how horrible the handwriting was. It looked like it was written by a nigger, because niggers tend to have similar handwriting to chimpanzees at the zoo when the zookeepers would attempt to teach them how to write simple text.

"That is weird. I didn't know Santa has such a preference for banana cookies," Quinton said.

"Hm, I don't know if this note is from Santa," I said. "This has to be the doing of the cryptid we are dealing with."

"But what kind of cryptid would write this note? As beastly and animalistic as they usually are, I don't think they could have as much of a craving for banana cookies as niggers would."

"Okay but you need to consider, niggers are too retarded to break into a home via chimney, even though they are responsible for a large portion of home invasions in the USA."

"Well then let's stop wasting our time arguing. We still haven't even searched half of this house."

I then noticed a second fentanyl trail which branched from next to the first trail. This one led to a staircase which directs to the second floor.

"To the stairs," I whispered to Quinton, as I pointed to the staircase.

We quietly made our way up, trying our very best not to creak each of the wooden steps. The fentanyl was sprinkled along the stairs, so we knew that it was the correct way to keep going. The moment we reached halfway through the stairs, I noticed a very distinctive noise. Very ambient-like, yet dissimilar enough to be a different sound from the air conditioning. It sounded more like a helium birthday balloon slowly deflating due to a small hole that was carefully poked into it. However, its volume was not constant. Every half second, it would quiet down, and then another half second later, it would grow louder. It creepily resembled the pattern of breathing.

Once Quinton and I made it to the top of the stairs, I looked down and saw that the fentanyl trail continued further, tricking into one of the bedroom doors. But we were quickly distracted by the rotten flesh odor having become so prominent, that we could now tell where it was coming from. It was coming from another room next to the bedroom where the fentanyl trail trailed to.

"Which room should we venture into first?" I asked Quinton.

"I am more curious about what is causing the smell of rotten flesh," Quinton said.

We tiptoed our way to the other room. It was a bedroom as well. At the center was a king size bed with what appeared to be a married couple sleeping on it. When we stepped in further, the smell got tremendously worse, just when I thought it couldn't. Along with that, I noticed the sound of insects flying around, combined with a wet squirming coming from the center of the bed. It was dark like nigger skin, so I took out my flashlight and aimed it around to guestimate where all the grotesque elements were coming from. I was a bit hesitant to shine the light on either of the people sleeping on the bed, but I did anyway because I didn't find anything interesting around them. I almost got a heart attack when I saw what was in the bed. I saw what, because both the wife and the husband were deceased. But that alone was not what really shocked me. It was the manner in which they were slaughtered. Looking at the husband first, there was an extrusive deep wound on his chest area. It was so rooted that you could see parts of his ribs. It was so sickening to observe, but I bore in mind that as a cryptozoologist, it is my job to closely examine any plausible evidence of cryptids and this was definitely a candidate, so I stepped by the bed. I don't know whether I regret my decision of doing so or not, because I saw countless maggots and flies digging at the leftover meat of the husband.

Wait a minute, that chunk of meat-it's a lung, I realized. The lung, which was barely hanging off the remains of the trachea, appeared to be almost completely drained in volume. It looked like a flesh colored sponge that was deprived of

internal air. Quinton seemed to gain some composure, because he at last strode towards me.

"What in tarnation is this?" he said.

"I have no idea what happened to this man," I said. "Check out his lungs, have you seen anything like this before?"

"That is even nastier than gay nigger porn," Quinton belched. "I mean, look at all those insects-"

"No," I interrupted. "Notice how deflated the lung is. Keep in mind that lungs in equilibrium, even for a dead corpse, should retain some degree of inflatedness."

"You're right. Whatever cryptid is lurking in this house, it must have done something to drain it."

I used my specialized camera to take a picture of the fucked up lung, as evidence.

"I think for now we should move on. There may be more important things to examine," Quinton suggested.

I forced myself to forget the peculiar piece of potential evidence and then moved to the other side of the bed to examine the wife's corpse. I wasn't expecting it to be as bad as the husband's fate, but it was pretty damn close. Her reason for death was completely different. Her lungs didn't appear to have been mutilated, but instead, it was her belly that was mangled. However, it was far more obvious that some malevolent being caused it. On her pregnant belly was a humongous claw mark. Four sharp serrated cuts with the overall shape of a bell were formed. To my relief, there weren't as many maggots and flies present there, but turns out, the cuts were even deeper than I initially imagined. When I pointed my flashlight closer, I found out the cuts didn't just penetrate the epidermis. The cuts reached to the uterus, and there was a visible fetus in it. I had enough, so I leaned to the side and puked out the remains of the sandwich that Quinton gave me in exchange for my assistance in this expedition. Quinton noticed my visible disgust.

"Okay, there is definitely something out there," he concluded.

"Yeah no kidding," I said. "There is no such accident that could simply create those demon-like claw marks. Something evil is on the loose, something more sinister than even the baddest of niggers."

"I wouldn't make such a bold statement because it is a world class feat in itself to be badder than those leather skin big lipped monkeys," Quinton corrected. "But yes, I see your point."

I took a photo of the pregnant woman's severed belly for evidence purposes, and then continued around the room. After a few minutes of searching, neither of us found any additional evidence, besides extra blood splatter from the married couples attack, but it wasn't relevant enough to be noteworthy.

"I think that's enough for this room," I said.

We exited the master bedroom, and I realized how well we grew accustomed to the putrid flesh odor, because it almost felt like I was breathing fresh air in the hallways, when in reality, it was still somewhat present. The eerie sound that was coming from the bedroom next door was still audible, so Quinton and I quietly strode towards the door, which thankfully for us, was not completely shut. Once we got close enough, I gently grabbed the door and swung it wide open. I peeked into the bedroom, to see what was something I had been waiting to see for almost my whole entire life.

There it was, an eight foot tall bipedal goat-like creature with medium length curved horns protruding from the top of its scalp. It possessed deep black fur that

was covered in a white residue that I couldn't tell was fentanyl or snow since the glow of the moon through the window was the only light source. I looked at its lower body. It had short and skinny legs which resembled that of a goat, complemented with hooves that were the exact same shape as the footprints which Quinton and I saw at the bottom of the fireplace.

Holy shit, it's Krampus, I thought. This was the first ever cryptid I saw; a moment I have been waiting for my whole entire life. The Krampus' appearance was very similar to what the folklore depicted Krampus to be, except for the shape of its fur. Legends portray Krampus to have thick straight fur, just like any regular goat. It also had a massive bag made of animal hide on its back, being carried like a backpack. However, the Krampus that I was looking at had very curly fur. The same kind of curliness that all nigger hair exhibits. The thought of a mythical creature in front of me almost distracted me from the fact that it was right beside a bed with a child sleeping. Krampus was kneeling on the floor to gravitate its head to the level of the bed, with its head hovering closely to the child's face; an inch or two away. Each time the child snored, Krampus would inhale, as if it was breathing in whatever the child was exhaling.

"Ah, nice breathing in that cracka's snore air," Krampus said in a deep animalistic voice.

I thought the way in which Krampus was punishing this child was interesting. Not a single cultural folklore that I knew of at the time characterizes Krampus as an air stealing monster.

"Quinton, are you seeing this?" I whispered as silently as I could.

"Yeah, what the hell should we do? Wait?" Quinton whispered back.

"Whatever this creature is, it is most definitely not friendly. I say we should just wait and see."

Krampus continued to breathe in the child's snore air for the next few minutes, looking like it was drinking its favorite soda. As time passed, I noticed that the skin of the child grew pale, along with his body going limp. The rate at which this happened was perfectly in sync with Krampus' breathing pattern. *Wait a second, is Krampus sucking the air out of that sleeping child?* I questioned myself. Eventually, the boy became as pale as a lychee, and Krampus grabbed the body by the neck and then dragged it inside his bag, looking like a murderer trying to hide a body. After things got clear for Krampus, it turned around to exit the child's bedroom, to meet eyes with Quinton and I. My blood ran cold.

Its eyes stared into my soul, as if it wanted to tear me to shreds. Picture a deer in headlights, except imagine the deer has a mixed feeling of both anger and threatened. Krampus gave off the impression that its primal instinct of fighting back is about to kick in. Though, it was not a survival mechanism; it looked to have rather heinous intentions. When I looked at Krampus' face, I realized that it was completely different than what the legends tell you. It was not a goat's face at all. Instead, it looked more like the face of a hairless ape. Not any ordinary ape though. Its nose spanned across its face like how butter is uniformly spread on a slice of bread. Flat, yet exceptionally wide. Its lips were as thick as two hot cheeto puffs stacked on top of each other. It looked like a plastic surgeon student used a chimpanzee test subject for both nose job and lip enlargement practice simultaneously. As comical as its facial features were, its face was haunting enough to give me nightmares for subsequent nights.

"Ooga booga, what are you mains doing in my path?" it growled at us. "Want me to steal ya mains snore air too? I can steal grown ups' air too."

I didn't know how to respond to it. It's overwhelming appearance made my feet plant to the ground, rendering me completely frozen momentarily. I have been studying these beings for such a long time knowing I haven't seen any before, and here one was, right in front of me. This food for thought replayed in my mind a few times, until I snapped out of my trance.

This is the one and only chance for me to prove a cryptid's existence, I thought. Without any prior thought because of my on-the-moment nervousness, I quickly pulled my camera out of my pocket and then snapped a photo. It was one of those super technical cameras that gives off a blinding flash. Ah shit, I cried to myself. I used the wrong camera setting. The camera setting I used was meant for capturing photographs of residual cryptid evidence, which is a situation where high contrast lighting is essential. Obviously, the setting we use to capture cryptid photographs minimize flash. Unsurprisingly, the bright flash pissed off Krampus.

"How dare you dishonor I, Krampus Floyd," it boomed.

Huh, Krampus Floyd, I thought. Glancing back at its face, its name made perfect sense, since its ridiculously large nose and lips resembled the Minneapolis drug chimp, George Floyd. Quinton and I quickly turned away and ran.

As we bolted down the stairs, I heard what a horse galloping on wooden planks would sound like. I glanced back, to see Krampus Floyd on all fours, going after us. It was unrealistically fast, and at this point, I wanted to escape with my life more than studying this cryptid further. I turned my body back and pulled out my shotgun, pointing it at Krampus Floyd's head. I pulled the trigger without hesitation. However, all the pellets bounced off its seemingly solid metal fur, which formed an illusion where its curly fur is made out of steel wool.

Quinton and I continued to run and we realized that we had nowhere to go, but back up through the chimney. I had a bit of claustrophobia, so it didn't feel ideal to me, but it was much closer to us than the front door, which we don't even know the location of anyway. One by one, we both used our grappling hooks to quickly haul ourselves up, escaping through the roof. We made it up just in time, because we found Krampus Floyd still climbing his way up the chimney slowly. Since it is eight feet tall and probably weighed a ton, it had such a hard time keeping up with us. But I didn't let my guard down.

With my quick thinking, I found a pile of pajeet poop beside me. I was grossed out by it, because the household that we were in aren't Indian, so it was evident that some random pajeet outsider was bold enough to shit on the rooftop of this house. I grabbed the gob of poop while trying my best not to puke, and tossed it into the chimney. The half dried-out pajeet feces happened to strike Krampus Floyd's mouth while it had its mouth open, ultimately splattering in it and sinking into its throat, which blocked its airways.

"Aw fuck, poop in my mouth, I can't breathe!" Krampus Floyd choked.

Quinton and I took advantage of our bought time, and bolted away. Using our grappling hooks, we both descended off the roof and landed perfectly since we both have quads that measure over thirty inches. From our position to the helicopter was a distance of a few yards. Seems manageable, I thought. But shortly, I heard a clicking sound coming from up on the roof, so I looked back up. There it was, Krampus Floyd sitting like a gargoyle on the edge of the roof. It drooled a white fluid which I could tell was fentanyl infused saliva.

"Hehehe, yall mains will not escape me," it growled.

"Start flying now!" I cried out to Hopee. However, I was filled with dread when I realized that Hopee was on his phone, busy preying girls on discord.

Quinton and I pedaled our legs and we must have done a good job running, because we beat Krampus Floyd to it by a decent margin. As we got in, I shook Hopee in the shoulder.

"Get off your phone for fucks sake!"

Hopee at last heard me, and he started up the chopper. Once we began to ascend up, I let out a sigh of relief. However, the relief only lasted until I saw Krampus Floyd charging at us, again on all fours, and used its nigger speed to latch itself onto the side stool next to Quinton.

"Quinton look out!" I cried out. However, it was too late. Krampus Floyd used its inhumanely long tongue to grab Quinton by his neck and lifted him up as if he only weighed an ounce, even though he is a 300 pound racist chad.

"Help me! The nigger goats tongue is choking me and I can't breathe!" Quinton gurgled.

I thought it was now going to be the demise of both Hopee and I. However, Krampus Floyd's face turned green all of a sudden, and let go of Quinton.

"Aw shit main, the helicopter is making me airsick main," it croaked.

Before Quinton fell, I managed to grab his arm. Because he is a built Chad like me, it was a bit challenging to haul him back up to the chopper, but thankfully, my workout routine paid off for once.

Krampus Floyd's airsickness weakened it, so it lost its arms grip and let go of the chopper's side stool, then launched itself horizontally away from the helicopter. While Krampus Floyd was still up in the air, it used its claw-like hands to somehow conjure a crimson red portal in front of it. It then swiftly swung itself into the portal to completely disappear with no trace. The portal quickly shrunk in size until it vanished, leaving a fade of lighter red sprinkles trickling to the ground, similar to the blood splatters of Ronnie McNutt's brain matter when he blew his brains on Facebook live.

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed. "That was crazy."

"I know. I was not expecting to get this close to a cryptid, let alone get attacked by one," Quinton said.

As Hopee continued to drive the chopper, he asked "What on earth did you guys just mess around with and why does it have such a big ass nose?"

"It was Krampus, but I have no idea why its face appeared so different from what we were expecting," Quinton said.

"I think it is a Floydian cryptid," I said. "It named itself Krampus Floyd back in the house when it was about to attack Quinton and I. You see, the suffix of its name is Floyd, which probably originates from George Floyd."

"You have got to be kidding me," Quinton chuckled. "I know its face resembles him a ton, but I think it is too far-fetched to assume that. You know how rare they are."

"But it's not just that. The way Krampus Floyd attacked the boy. It stole his breath each time he snored. This is typical behavior of Floydian creatures. Also, remember the parents' bedroom? The father who had his lungs completely punctured and his wife who had her pregnant belly torn apart. Those two pieces of evidence in the same place at the same time can't be a coincidence."

"Now that we got that out of the way, I wonder where Krampus Floyd went when it jumped into that red portal it created."

"According to most legends," I said. "Krampus brings naughty children to hell. It would make sense if that was a portal to hell it created."

"Alright, before we get ahead of ourselves. I think we should go back in the house to search for any further sample evidence, now that the coast is clear."

"Hopee, descend the helicopter please!" I requested. "We would like to do some further investigation."

Hopee landed the Helicopter onto the roof of the house, and then Quinton and I jumped down. We again grappled ourselves down the chimney. The smell of pajeet, or should I say poojeet feces became present. I wasn't too grossed out by it this time, because it reminded me of the epic high IQ move I did of using the random pile of shit to slow Krampus Floyd down in the chimney.

Once we were back in the now abandoned house, we began doing a more in depth search.

"We should split up since, you know, there is no longer a cryptid to worry about," I said. "I'll search the living room while you search the kitchen."

Quinton went off to the other section of the home, while I scanned through the living room walls, cabinets, and compartments. Nothing. However, I remembered the pile of presents under the Christmas tree. A lightbulb moment snapped and I realized that the Krampus in folklore is known to give naughty children unpleasant gifts, such as coal and dirt. Looking closely, all of the wrapped presents were not box-shaped. The wrapping paper of all of them appeared to be encasing plastic bags. I took one of them and opened it. Interestingly, I found an impressively large bundle of fifteen hundred rupee bills. For those who don't know, rupees are the currency in India, and fifteen hundred rupees is equivalent to twenty dollars USD. Those must be the presents from Santa, I assumed. However, I shortly discovered I was wrong. I used my fingernails to puncture the plastic bag open and then took one of the fifteen hundred rupee bills out. But something about its texture was a bit off. Now, because I have never been to India prior to this since I avoid this poop filled country like the plague, I have no idea what India's bills are supposed to look like. But the portrait that was printed on the fifteen hundred rupee bill was something that would most definitely convince me it was not real money. It was a familiar face that had a large nose and lips, with goat-like horns.

It was Krampus Floyd that was printed on the bill. Initially though, I decided to play devil's advocate because I was well aware that Indians worship monkey gods, so I probably mistook a printed picture of an Indian monkey god for Krampus Floyd, since George Floyd's face itself looks so much like a chimpanzee. I thought back and remembered finding some change inside one of the cabinets that I looked through, so I took it and compared it with the fifteen hundred rupee bill. Sure enough, its texture was completely different. This confirmed that it was actually a counterfeit bill. Krampus Floyd punishes naughty children by giving them counterfeit bills as gifts. I took the whole plastic bag that contained all the counterfeit Indian bills and put it in my duffel bag, since it was great evidence of Krampus Floyd's existence.

I continued searching through the pile of presents, when I heard Quinton call me over.

"Andrew, you need to come over and see this!"

"Coming!" I replied, as I ran over to the kitchen.

Quinton was sitting by the kitchen counter, holding that same red color craft paper that we found when we first entered the house.

"Remember this?" he said as he pointed at the paper. "Well I flipped it around and discovered an even longer handwritten message."

I took a look at it and saw that it was a string of text in a letter format. Again, it was written in nigger handwriting style, so I struggled to comprehend it even more than when I learned Shakespeare in gradeschool. Despite its messiness, I was able to make sense of the message after reading it a few dozen times. It read:

I have been watching you all year main. Yo cracka ass be naughty all year, so on the night befoe Christmas, I will be taking all yo air while you sleep. Most importantly, I will drain ya dads lungs and attack yo pregnant mother's lungs, hehehe. Dis is what you get foe bullying all da non crackas at yo school main so ya better pay da price. Enjoy the bogus money too.

Sincerely, ya nigguh Krampus Floyd.

"Holy shit Quinton, that is the best evidence we've found so far, besides the actual crime scene of the pregnant wife and husband corpses," I said. "This one is a keeper."

"Yep. We are going to make bank off our work," Quinton said. "I could imagine the amount of media coverage we are also going to get."

For the next few hours, we continued our thorough investigation, without having found anything significant. Later, we mounted back on the chopper and started heading back home to the USA. I was very happy for two reasons: first, we got to finally leave this poop-filled country full of shitskins. Second, not only did we successfully collect sufficient evidence to prove the existence of a cryptid, it was a **based** discovery as well.

Half a day went by, and we found ourselves back at the headquarters. It happened to land in the afternoon, so that meant Mr. Peters was on the worksite. Perfect timing, since our boss is the one to talk to regarding cryptid reports.

Quinton and I strode through the halls, until we found Mr. Peter's office. There we found him, on his computer. He was facing away from the doorway parallel to his desk, since that is how all of the offices in the headquarters are layed out. We noticed that Mr. Peters appeared to be busy doing something on his computer, so Quinton and I just gave it a wait. Minutes later, Mr. Peters invited us in.

"Sorry for the wait goys," Mr. Peters said. "I was busy firing off some emails. What should I help you goys with?"

"Mr. Peters, you will not believe what Andrew and I encountered," Quinton said enthusiastically.

Quinton shuffled around his bag and fished out the red craft paper note, while I pulled out the photographs of the husband's punctured lung, the mother's scratched pregnant belly, and ultimately, the photograph of Krampus Floyd itself. Subsequently, I presented the counterfeit fifteen hundred rupee bill.

"So, allow me to explain our findings," I began. "We witnessed, and heavens forbid, had physical contact with this being called Krampus Floyd. Essentially, it is Krampus, but in the form of George Floyd-"

"Goy, what do you mean by George Floyd?" Mr. Peters said.

"Well you see boss, the Krampus that we know of is nothing like the real Krampus. The actual Krampus is an evil black anti-Santa being that first slaughters a naughty child's parents by puncturing the father's lung and mutilating the mother's belly. After that, it will proceed to steal the child's air during their sleep by using its snore suction ability, and then put the child's dead corpse in a bag. Aside from that, it will give naughty children counterfeit money as additional punishment."

"Are you being serious here?" Mr. Peters uttered. "You goys are just trying to be racist aren't you?"

I emphasized the photographs.

"No sir, I swear this all happened. The pictures say it all. You can even see that they were directly printed from the camera, so we didn't photoshop them."

"I don't believe you. You should be aware of the no racism policy of the company!" Mr. Peters began to grow frustrated.

"I know that policy is a thing, but I swear, we aren't making anything up for the sake of being racist. Everything we gathered here is authentic evidence."

"I am sorry, but there can't be a George Floyd-based creature out there. You're fired!"

Mr. Peters pointed at Quinton.

"And you are too! Both of you goys are fired! Now pack up your stuff and leave!"

I was dumbfounded. Of course a Jew boss would dismiss such a **based** discovery.

"Are you kidding me?" Quinton yelled. "No, you can't do this, give us a second chance at least."

"We do not tolerate racists."

I began to argue with rage. "Fuck off you crook nose thing, I knew having a Jew boss like you is problematic. And yes, we are racists, because of the corruptness of kike bosses."

My anger accelerated to full heat, and I stomped over to Mr. Peters, then grabbed him by the neck and lifted him a foot off the ground. Doing so was easy as cake, since Jews tend to be built like twigs.

"I will gas you kike if you fire us!" I screamed at Mr. Peters.

My racist gigachad energy scared the shit out of the little Jew, so he begged me to let him go.

"Goy goy goy! Stop it!" Mr. Peters choked.

I let him go, just in case the kike court system screws me over, in the event of a lawsuit.

"Okay, I will not fire both of you, under the condition that you goys take me to a live sighting of that Krampus Floyd you speak of."

Quinton and I looked at each other in shock. Mr. Peters' offer seemed almost impossible, since it is a well known fact that seeing a specific cryptid a second time is even rarer than seeing it the first time.

"Quinton, how are we going to do this?" I said.

"I don't know man," Quinton said, scratching his head.

I turned back to face Mr. Peters.

"We'll think of something, just give us a moment."

"You goys better come up with something," Mr. Peters said.

"I think I have an idea," Quinton beamed. "Given that Krampus Floyd went to hell after it got airsick, in the helicopter, chances are, it probably lives there."

"And so what are you implying?" I questioned him, even though I knew where this was heading.

"We need to go to Krampus Floyd's lair, since Christmas night is already over for all countries. That is, we are gonna have to go to hell."

"Alright, well you better be right, because getting there in itself is not an easy task."

Now, among us cryptozoologists, a lot of us know how to go to hell, since a lot of cryptids originate there. The steps to go there are simple in theory, but can get quite intricate in practice. First, one would have to gather a ridiculous amount of

obsidian, whether it is from underground, volcanoes, or mixing water with lava. Second, the obsidian has to be built in a certain way, where it forms a four by five rectangular donut shape. After that, the obsidian structure has to be lit by flint and steel. I know, this process is very similar to the process of entering the Nether dimension in Minecraft, but it actually works as a means of entering hell in real life.

Since we as a company have been anticipating an event like this, we have a lot of stockpiled obsidian readily available in the storage room. Quinton, Mr. Peters, and I went there and assembled the portal by applying extreme amounts of heat pressure with a machine that is similar to a Minecraft infinite cobblestone generator.

Finally, I used one of our blowtorches to light it up. After the small flame was present, it vanished after a split second, to form a hazy purple film that spanned across the inner space of the obsidian structure.

One by one, each of us entered the portal to hell, with Quinton going in first, Mr. Peters second, and me last. The interval between the upper world and hell was a blur. To illustrate, it felt like somebody with a gallon bucket of water splashed it on me, leaving me dizzy for a few moments, after which I found myself, along with Quinton and Mr. Peters, in a hot reddish environment. We paused for a while in awe, since it was all three of us' first time here. Under us was a platform of scorching rock that would have probably burned us to death if we were to take our shoes off. Surrounding the platform was an ocean of lava where hundreds of individual sparks ascended up from. I swear I could see moving hands amongst the lava. Wispy, yet ear piercing eerie background noise could be heard across the abyss, which exhibited the traits of wind and screaming. Quinton finally broke the silence and said "So here we are, hell."

"Yep. Now we just have to look for Krampus Floyd, if he is even in here," I said.

"You guys better make this quick, because I need to attend my baby blood tea party soon," Mr. Peters said.

"Alright Quinton, where are we gonna head to?" I asked. "You are the man in charge."

"Shit, I have no clue," Quinton said in a matter-of-factly voice. "We might have to go with our gut instincts."

He started walking forward, and so we followed. I could hear the sound of sizzling bubbles forming under our feet, each time we took a successive step on the molten rock platform. As we advanced, the wailing ambient noise got louder. That was when I realized we were going closer and closer to the lava.

"Um, are you mistaken? I don't see a reason why we should go anywhere near there," I said.

"I dunno, I just have a feeling that this is the way," Quinton said confidently.

I was now able to feel the heat of the lava on my face. Holy shit did it burn. I've always seen videos and movies of people near lava, but I was never able to fathom the remote smoldering sensation it can invoke.

Once all of us were next to the pool of lava, the ambient noise turned into highly disturbing screams that sent shivers down my spine. The hands that I thought I saw within the overwhelming flow of the flaming liquid became more apparent, and turns out, I was correct on them being hands, because I saw three human faces pop up near their corresponding hands. Well not human faces exactly, because they were the faces of niggers that I recognize. The first face that I identified was that of the nigger Emmett Till. Besides him was Breonna Taylor, who

was surprisingly capable of floating well because her excessive amount of fat allowed her to. The last nigger was at the very right, who I recognized to be Ahmaud Arberry. Despite his nigger skin, his face was so red from the insane heat that he looked like a strawberry. Haha, more like Ahmaud Strawberry. I watched all of them in pleasure, because it was nice seeing some niggers getting the punishment they deserve. As a joke, I kicked a few molten rocks at each of their faces to top it off. The rocks left burn marks on their faces that aren't even visible, since their nigger skin blends it.

"See? I told you you are a racist!" Mr. Peters pointed out.

Mr. Peter's nasal jew voice was getting so annoying, to the point where I was about to push him into the lava, but I took being called a racist as a compliment, so I kept my cool.

Suddenly, a subtle tune started to play from under the loud screams. It got my attention and it was coming from in front of the three screaming niggers. As the song played, I was able to recognize the name of it. It was the Samsung over the horizon ringtone, which I only know of because of the hilarious Ronnie McNutt tomato suicide video. I gasped in shock, as I saw a White hand emerging from the lava, next to the shoreline. Soon after, a head popped up. To my relief, it wasn't a nigger. I say relief because seeing Emmett Till, Breonna Taylor, and Ahmaud Arberry all at the same time made me sick to my stomach because as a racist, there are only so many criminal niggers I could have in my view before I go insane. Anyway, I am getting off topic, so back onto the White face. He had a pair of thick glasses that barely stayed on due to the lava, and a streak of purple hair that made him look like some LGBTQ supporting cuck. Below his face was a slightly visible leather jacket along with a white t-shirt under it. It was then, I recognized who it was.

"Holy shit it's Ronnie McNutt!" I exclaimed.

I was awestruck because I never thought I would meet the infamous suicidal cuck. I didn't know whether I should ask him for an autograph or make fun of him.

"Help me!" he cried out, as he waved his hand to us.

"What should we do about this geek?" Quinton asked me.

"He looks like he wants to get out of the lava," I said.

As Ronnie McNutt was bobbing up and down, he struggled to let out his next few words, "Let me out of the lava!"

Even though I have no sympathy for him since he was such a loser in life, I decided to help him up anyway because I felt that this cuck had enough niggers ruining his life after his ugly girlfriend, Equinox Autumn, cheated on him with a nigger.

After I lifted him up and dragged him into the shore, I saw all the residual lava on his leather jacket quickly evaporate.

"Oh thank you, thank you for getting me away from those niggers," Ronnie said. "They were bullying me after I told them the story about my girlfriend leaving me for BBC. They made me cry. I cannot thank you enough."

"No problem, we hate niggers too, well except for that one kike right there," I said, pointing at Mr. Peters.

"Again, I don't know how to repay you guys, so I guess that's it."

"Oh actually, there is something I have in mind," I said, grinning. "Do you happen to know where Krampus Floyd is?"

"Krampus? I know that thing from my Dungeons and Dragons game a while back! It was my favorite character!"

"No, not that Krampus. I am talking about an actual living and breathing one that has the face of George Floyd."

Ronnie then all of a sudden began breaking into tears, then full on cried.

"Um, you alright there?" I said, as I patted his back.

"Yo-you said his name... George Floyd," Ronnie stammered.

"So? What about it?"

"That is the name of the nigger that my ex-girlfriend left me for. You just brought me back to those bad memories."

"Okay, I am sorry about that, but listen, we are trying to hunt this Krampus Floyd creature and I am wondering if you are willing to help us do so, since you obviously know much more about this place than we do."

Ronnie beamed with excitement. "Did you say hunt down?" he said as he wiped off a tear. "I am down for that!"

"Okay great. So, have you actually seen Krampus Floyd?"

"I think I did yesterday. I was busy jerking off to to Equinox Autumn with my mind since I don't have access to her nudes here in hell, but anyway, during that, I saw the nigger goat thing sprinting over the lava lakes and it immediately turned me off, so I quit the jerking off and watched it head southward."

"Alright then, could you help guide us to where you call south, because we don't exactly have any reference of direction here?"

"Follow me," Ronnie said affirmatively.

"Wait a hot minute," Quinton interrupted. "Are we really going to trust this man? He looks mad sketchy. I mean, after all, we are in hell of all places. For all we know, this Ronnie dude could be some demonic creature in disguise trying to lure us somewhere dangerous."

"Now you're hurting my feelings," Ronnie gulped.

"Chill out Quinton, there is nothing else we could do at this point," I said.

"Better than spending our lives blindly looking."

As we walked, Ronnie did seem to know where we were going. To be frank, it had been over a year since his suicide, so him being here for that long would definitely yield him some decent navigational experience.

After some time passed, we crossed a bridge made out of this dark brick, which was leading to a dungeon-like castle. It was gigantic, probably spanning two football fields wide and as tall as a skyscraper. It gave off a vibe that told us that we didn't belong here. All four of us stopped when we reached the giant front gate of the castle, because it was locked.

"So I guess this is where Krampus Floyd hangs out?" I questioned.

"Yup, this is the place," Ronnie said. "Now we just need to figure out how to get in."

I knocked on the gate. "Anybody here?"

No entity within the fortress responded, but the gate automatically opened. Turns out, it wasn't locked after all.

We went in, to be met with a gargantuan main room, which appeared even bigger than the exterior of the building. The way the interior of the castle was decorated was distasteful. Along the walls were lines of stitched-on lungs. Judging by their size, the lungs most likely belonged to young children. There were numerous dining tables scattered across the room, each of them with a plate on top containing a placenta. It was nothing short of sickening. I then landed my eyes to the center back of the room, where there was a huge supercomputer that was left on. My curiosity got the best of me, so I got sidetracked and strode towards the

computer. On the screen was the browser Google Chrome, which had some tabs open. The one that was currently onscreen was some form of a surveillance feed that displayed hundreds of live camera footage of children around the globe.

This must be the computer that Krampus Floyd uses to watch kids to see if they are naughty, I thought. I looked at the names of the other tabs, one of them being some porn site that specializes in pregnant women kink, and another one being a website in the dark web that sells fentanyl.

Well Ronnie, you are absolutely spot on with Krampus Floyd's home," I said. Ronnie puffed his chest as if this was the biggest accomplishment he's ever done.

"I am still not satisfied," Mr. Peters said. "I want to see the actual creature."

"Yeah, where is Krampus Floyd?" Quinton said.

Suddenly, the ground started shaking intensely, startling us. I briefly looked below the giant computer, to see a tall curly haired figure.

"Guys look! Krampus Floyd is here!" Quinton said in excitement.

"Are you convinced now Mr. Peters?" I said out loud over the rumbling of the ground.

Before Mr. Peters could answer my question, Krampus Floyd let out a deep earth shattering growl. "What are you all doing in mah territory?"

None of us said a word. All of us were simply too stunned to talk.

"Ooga booga yall mains better answer my question!" Krampus Floyd boomed. "And you cracka over there with the glasses, I bet ya small dick can't win dat hot pregnant bitch Equinox Autumn."

Ronnie got super offended by Krampus Floyd's comment, so he threw a tantrum and ran out of the castle, ditching Mr. Peters, Quinton, and I.

In all honesty, I had no idea on how to respond to Krampus Floyd's question. We were just Cryptozoologist trying to prove to our kike boss of a cryptid finding.

"Everybody run!" Quinton shouted.

We fled the scene towards the front gate. However, Mr. Peters being a genetically inferior jew, he was not able to run nearly as fast as Quinton and I, so Krampus Floyd easily caught up to him. It then magically summoned one of its giant animal hide bags and managed to use it to capture Mr. Peters, since he is as small as a child. Quinton and I stopped for a second to watch.

"I can't breathe in this bag!" Mr. Peters said, for us to barely be able to hear him inside the thick bag.

"Hehehe, you are mine now," Krampus Floyd said.

A part of me was glad this happened. I am all in to see a jew die, so I savored every moment of Mr. Peter's fate. But that quickly ended when Krampus Floyd turned to focus on Quinton and I.

"You mains are next."

We resumed running, until we came across the bridge, or atleast what was left of it. The other side was completely wrecked due to the brief earthquake, rendering it impossible to cross it.

"Where do we go now?" I cried out.

Krampus Floyd was toe to toe with us in no time, and I thought this was going to be the end.

"No escape now main, eh?" Krampus Floyd cackled. "Any last words?"

I could feel its fentanyl laced breath on me as it spoke.

"Fuck you nigger, all niggers should **[redacted]**" was the only thing I could say.

Krampus Floyd snarled at me angrily, and I couldn't tell whether it was offended by my sentence or it was legitimately angry, but it induced it to charge at me at maximum force. My fight or flight mode kicked in and I dashed to the side right when it made it to an inch from me. I successfully dodged it, and its disproportionately low intelligence relative to its high nigger speed caused it to race itself off the broken edge of the bridge, and then fall into the lava.

"Ah fuck main I can't swim in lava, I ain't trained to do dis!" it panicked. "I am drowning ova here mains and I can't fucking breathe, too hot even for mah melanin filled skin!"

As a result, it burned into crisps, letting out black smoke.

"Thank God niggers are dumb," Quinton said.

I shrugged. "Yeah, not even their fast speeds makeup for their negative IQ."

"Now how are we going to get out of this place?" I asked nervously. "For one, the bridge is completely ruined, and also, I lost track of our location relative to the portal."

We were truly stuck in this literally hellish place, so we had no choice but to remain in Krampus Floyd's palace.

I am now typing this on Krampus Floyds master computer which thankfully has full internet access. Moral of the story: if you have a jew boss in your job, quit as soon as possible. They are corrupt and treat their employees like shit, and will sooner or later order you to do stupid shit that will end you up in shitty situations like Quinton and I are in. This is all I can say, since it would be a miracle to find ourselves out of hell at this point. Also remember, fuck niggers.

Do Not Use the George Floyd Playermodel in Garry's Mod

By Nmash Siggers

Hello I will go by my steam name for security reasons. My name is Kool Aid man and I have something important to say about the George Floyd playermodel in the Garry's Mod workshop. Do not install it. This is my story on how I got haunted by it. It all began on november 10th 2021 when I was searching the gmod community workshop to find more nigger playermodels to kill, I picked up a Travis Scott playermodel because of the Astroworld incident and becuase he's a fucking nigger. And was about to log it when I found something peculiar. In playermodels at the top there was a George Floyd playermodel and I just had to take a closer look at it. It had 5 stars and was made by a **based** racist. I had to get it because I wanted to strap the ape to a nuke and send it flying to the ghetto.

And the amount of nigger lovers in the comments getting all pissed off made me laugh my ass off and I proceeded to troll some tranny until it committed suicide like Ronnie McNutt. And after getting the playermodel I proceeded to boot up gmod. I proceeded to load up gm megabombrange to test out the George Floyd nuke which I was going to make. Since the computer I have is a piece of shit it took an hour to load up the map. When it finally loaded instead of the normal bunker decals it was all fentanyl white. All the while, I had a feeling of being watched. I exited the bunker to find out it was Minneapolis, where that chimp died. And I walked on the streets of Minneapolis confused as fuck, wondering, *Where did the original map go?*

And after 40 minutes I walked into a gas station where I went to pay for a couple of cigarettes. And then I realized that I have no real money and they were actually fake 20 dollar bills but the game still made my player do the transaction and once I was outside I decided to look at my playermodel. Instead of the **based** Itachi playermodel I usually have, it was that of a nigger, and instead of normal lips they were big nigger lips and instead of a normal nose it was a fat nigger nose. This fucking George Floyd playermodel really fucked up my game and I decided to try to fix this via running into a lamp post to kill my character in a car so I spawned in a car. And then I proceeded to get in it and started flaming down the streets. However, there was a weird substance on the dashboard.

It was fentanyl and my character immediately sniffed it and my screen started going all weird because of the fentanyl side effects. Then after 5 minutes of driving at 110 miles per hour I crashed into a light pole and somehow my character still survived. Then I was put into a 3rd person perspective where it showed George Floyd saying he can't breathe because he took too much fentanyl and was dragged out by a Derek Chauvin playermodel and it proceeded to switch to a cinematic view. Where it showed George Floyd getting kneed on like the nigger he is. I was laughing my ass off when Derek Chauvin heard me and he started laughing too and apologized to me for letting this ape fuck up my gmod session.

That's when George Floyd said "Main I is trying to have fun with you I will now haunt you after I die in this game."

"Go ahead nigger boy," I said. "You can't do shit because I have the nigbusters with me."

Then he said "That's it main, fentanyl mode activated." and took an inhuman amount of fentanyl, killing Derek Chauvin in the game then proceeded to grow a shit ton of muscles. He then proceeded to throw Derek Chauvin's body to the screen, cracking it from the inside and he jumped into the real world where he started downloading his pregnant belly pics he collected onto my computer.

I told him to get his nigger ass off my computer and George Floyd swung at me where I proceeded to beat the shit out of him. I then proceeded to grab my 14/88 special set of knives and stabbed George Floyd's lungs.

He said, "Ahh sheeit main you stabbed my lungs I can't breathe I know I should've stayed in the game."

I replied saying that his nigger brain does not know how to fucking act and if we cross paths again I will Derek Chauvin knee his nigger ass. I am currently typing this while fixing my computer from George Floyd damage and burning his body tonight.

That was a month ago by the way and I have been getting visions while I'm sleeping of George Floyd destroying a city in Arizona. The dream was always the same. George Floyd takes an inhuman amount of fentanyl and grows as big as a four-storey building and destroys the skyline before turning on me. He wasn't lying saying that he would haunt me after I killed him, and another strange phenomena is black shadowy figures around my house, I suspect this is George Floyd spying on

my daily activities or some random nigger wanting to rob my house. The figures usually are seen by CCTV cameras at 20:00 hours to 00:00 which gives George Floyd or the nigger four hours of spying time, and my suspicions were confirmed when I went outside to grab my newly ordered George Floyd Creepypastas Volume One with 50+ breath taking horror stories. That is when a man in a cloak walked past me.

He said "You shouldn't've stabbed my lungs. Main," before walking off.

I knew it was George Floyd from the voice and I was shocked he was still alive even though I stabbed his lungs and burned his body. That is when he stopped and turned 180 Degrees. He gave me a date and a location, then said "Be there.. Or be square cracka." The date was 12/10/21.

Later on while I was reading my George Floyd creepypasta book and the news came on, it showed a pregnant woman completely deflated like if she was some fucked up balloon tied to one of those strings at a Safeway or Fry's, the reporter showed a CCTV video from a house which was three blocks away, the video in question was George Floyd robbing a pregnant woman where his mouth turned into an inhuman size and locked between her nose and chin.

Where then George Floyd proceeded to suck all the air out of her like one of those vacuum seal bags where you put meat in a special bag and then suck all the air out of it to save your steaks or something along the lines of that, it was in a matter of seconds and then the video cut out when George Floyd was about to feast on the poor fetus inside the womb of the woman.

Then the reporter said, "The man's identity is unknown at the time and the FBI will be looking into this."

I swore to kill that stinky nigger if he crossed paths with me again and I worry what will happen if he keeps going killing pregnant women like that, so I logged onto discord to try to find George Floyd killing the woman. Luckily one of my friends which I will call "Flusacka" gave me the footage and I witnessed the whole thing. I am still traumatized to this day from seeing that video, I explained the situation and he said he couldn't help because he lives in Europe but he said that he will support me in the upcoming fight. As the day neared I proceeded to buy the following items, a rocket launcher, 20mm rifle, petrol bombs, AR15 magnum converted, and a pair of throwing knives.

It was the day and I arrived at the location which was in the middle of the phoenix metro area where the dreams played the George Floyd attack, I waited 20 minutes and was getting impatient and when I just was about to leave I hear a loud thud behind me, It was a man in a cloak and like a shitty movie cue the wind picked up and his cloak blew into the wind, It was George Floyd and then he said "Let's do this rematch cracka. If I win I get all the air in the Phoenix metro area, and if you win the haunting will end and I will be kneed on for an eternity."

"Deal but if you play dirty I will end it swiftly," I said.

"Lets begin then cracka." George Floyd said, before rushing me, it was easy to block his attacks since he was always going for the torso where my lungs are, I proceeded to land a gut blow with my fists followed by suplexing him, George Floyd then proceeded to pull out a bag of fentanyl but I kicked it away smashing a jewish store's window.

"Noooo my fentanyl," George Floyd said "You fucked up big time cracka." Then he proceeded to suck someones air, it was just like the video I saw and then I proceeded to grab my throwing knives and threw two at his lungs and then one at his throat, the two for the lungs were deflected but the one to the throat connected and stabbed in.

George Floyd stumbled for a second then regained his composure, "You think a knife in the throat will kill me, you would at least need to hit my lungs and throat to kill me cracka ass nigga," he said.

That is when I grabbed my AR15 which then George Floyd proceeded to snap in two like a toothpick.

"Oh no did I destroy your gun," he said in a sarcastic tone, and then he did something that shocked me, he pulled the knife in his throat out and threw it at a man where then George Floyd proceeded to gut him and took his lungs and swallowed them whole.

"Now we're equal cracka," George Floyd said before attacking me once more. I blocked the same thing in the same style and then he gutted and stole air from a child.

That is when I snapped, a blue aura started forming around me and the weather started getting crazy. I pulled out my 20mm rifle and blasted George Floyd's chest causing severe damage to the torso and blood and I destroyed two out of four of his lungs, then the rocket launcher fell to the ground destroying the jewish shop, I then proceeded to grab George Floyd and what felt like a flash of light started hitting him with lightning fast punches breaking the thick skin armor he made, and accessing the cavity from the 20mm round ripped his 3rd lung out because I wanted to save the 4th one for the finale. I then proceeded to send a kick breaking his ocular sockets and nigger nose. He flew through a building where I proceeded to send my last throwing knife into his final lung, that is when my energy ran out, that is when me and George Floyd started to fall to the ground, I ended up landing on him with my knee on his neck.

"You win mayne now I can't breathe," he said.

"Shut the fuck up nigger this is why you don't pick fights unprovoked," I said back.

George Floyd then got up and tried to strike me but he fell over limp, I then proceeded to check his pulse. He was dead.

"Thats what you get you stupid nigger," I said before dragging him to the curb to stomp his nigger ass to make sure he was dead. The fight was over so I packed my bags then left home. I decided to reveal this to the world because it is a heroic tale

of me killing a criminal murderous nigger. I am typing this on a computer right now. And if George Floyd appears, let me know.

George Floyd Haunted My Black Lives Splatter Copy

By lilsusboi89

Hello, my name is Nathaniel Higgers and I am writing this due to some recent traumatising events that transpired.

It started on December 9th. I had recently got bored of playing KZ Manager on my PC, so I looked for a new, fun and exciting game to play. That's when I found it... Black Lives Splatter, my God it was perfect. In the game you played as the popular rap star named Moonman running over Nigger Lives Matter protesters in his car.

I immediately went to the website where I could download the game, but I found it had been seized by the FBI. I was super sad because I could not play the game. But then, I got an idea, I immediately went to Amazon and looked up the game, and after looking for a few hours, I finally found a copy that was in stock. The case had a picture of George Floyd on it, but his eyes were completely blacked out and he was crying blood. I had never seen that image associated with the game before, so I assumed he was some sort of final boss. I bought the game for 14 dollars and 88 cents with the same-day prime delivery. A few hours later I heard tires screeching as the UPS truck sped into the neighborhood, it then smashed into my neighbor's car so it could stop faster. I watched out the window as the man then got out and threw the package on my doorstep. I excitedly grabbed the package and went inside, feeling a little bad for my neighbor as they had just bought that car.

I ran to my room and put the game into my PC, the disk had the same picture of the creepy looking George Floyd. After I put the disk into my PC it started to make weird noises and then smoke started to come out the back of it. I then heard some small explosions in my PC like one of the parts had blown up. My PC was getting old, so I assumed it was just a little dust buildup and opened the game excitedly.

When I got to the game the main menu was off, instead of it being daytime it was nighttime and the music was playing in reverse, I assumed it was just a glitch and clicked the start button, when I got to the car selection screen I then noticed that the General Lee version of Moonman's car had the German NSDAP flag instead of the confederate flag, I then realized that this was a hacked version of the game, but I kept playing anyways. As I was loading into the first level, I noticed that the loading screen statistics were replaced with

"AYO MAYNE GIMME YOUR AIR OR IMMA BUST A CAP IN YO' PREGNANT BELLY NIGGA".

I again assumed it was just a glitch and waited for it to load. When the game loaded, it was nighttime instead of daytime, and whenever I ran over a nigger a garbled and distorted screech would play very loudly. I assumed it was just a glitch and resumed playing. All the levels in the game were like this, when I got to the final level, it was just Moonman's car on one perfectly straight road.

After driving down the road for 3 hours without seeing a single nigger or anything else, I came across the George Floyd I had seen on the cover of the game with the bleeding eyes, he then said in an extremely loud voice; "I AM DA NIGMARE FLOYD, AND I HAVE COME TO STEAL YO' AIR."

All of a sudden I found I could not breathe and started to panic and press buttons randomly on my keyboard when all of a sudden one of the buttons made Moonman get out of his car. I then knew what I had to do, I ran over to George Floyd, knocked him down and crouched on him which made me place my knee on his neck.

He then said, "Ayo mayne please stop, I can't breathe mayne."

I ignored it and kept my knee on his neck until he died. After that I could breathe again and I gasped for air, after that I took the disk out of my PC, cleansed it with Zyklon B and then cremated it in my oven. After the incident my PC would no longer turn on, and so I had to get it repaired.

In the days when I was waiting for my PC to be repaired, I noticed that I had strange nigmarses where I would be chased by Nigger Lives Matter protesters, with one of them being George Floyd. However, every night I would notice that George Floyd would be closer and closer to me, and he was the same George Floyd that was on the cover in the game. Along with that, I noticed something even worse, every time I woke up I would have less and less air, I then realized that George Floyd was stealing my air.

After I got my PC back, I went to the webpage where I got the hacked copy of BLS and saw that the person who posted it there for sale somehow had a blank account. I then called an exorcist and told him about what happened with the game and about the nigmarses I had. He went in and took the ashes of the disk, cleansed the house, and then gave me a George Floyd toy filled with rice and said to sleep with the toy in my room so George Floyds soul would be absorbed by it and he would stop haunting my dreams.

I did what he told me to do and it worked, I had no more nigmarses, but when I woke up in the morning the toy was gone, I searched the entire house for it but I couldn't find it. I called the exorcist again and he said not to worry, and that the George Floyd toy is relatively harmless, and I'll eventually find it.

Well, I never did find the George Floyd toy, but that's not really important at the moment of writing this. A few days later I did some research on the internet to try and find answers as to why George Floyd had haunted my game. After looking at the game developers Wikipedia page I found out that he was the grandson of Hans von McNutt. I did some research on him and found out that he was an 44 officer,

and that he also had a small company dedicated to making games where you would kill kikes, niggers, and turks. His brother, Fritz von McNutt would end up moving to America after World War Two and have a son named Ronnie McNutt, unfortunately for Fritz, his son Ronnie was a super cringe and bluepilled beta male, and he ended up getting depression and killing himself with a shotgun.

But anyways, back to Hans von McNutt, he ended up making a factory to develop NSDAP games about killing sub-human kikes and niggers, as well as faggots, trannies, and turks. The factory was then abandoned in 1945 and left to rot, however, some people reported strange noises coming from the old factory. I decided I needed to investigate the factory, so I got a plane ticket to Germany.

After getting through airport security, I got on the plane. When we were just a few minuets from taking off, I noticed an ugly nigger woman knee a White man with a Burger King hat in the stomach.

"Call the police right now! She kneed me in the stomach!" he said.

However, the jewish flight attendants did nothing about it, so eventually the Burger King Man got angry and said, "Get that nigger bitch off the plane!!!"

Eventually the ugly nigger lady was escorted off the plane, I was very glad because I did not want to see that ugly shotgun barrel nostril nigger lady again, she was uglier than Ronnie McNutt's ex-girlfriend. I then went over and got the legendary man's autograph, and then waited for the plane to arrive in Germany.

After I got off the plane, I got a rental car and drove to the old factory. When I arrived, I got out of my car and then went into the factory. It was really dark and I needed a flashlight. After searching around for a little bit, I eventually found an old NSDAP document; what was on that document still remains with me to this day. Here is the letter in full, translated from German:

NSDAP Games log no. 88

By: Hans von McNutt

August 31st, 1944

I have noticed a very strange development on a game I am making called Black Lives Splatter. One of the characters of the game, called George Floyd, who is the main antagonist of the game, has seemed to somehow... gain a mind of his own. The figurine of him that I made for the special edition of the game seems to move around on its own and I dream about him every night, I have no idea why this has happened. I have tried to stop him but to no avail, I do not have much time to come up with ideas because all of the countries with kike-occupied-governments are collapsing our front lines. However, I did notice that he seems to have an odd attraction to a substance called fentanyl. Fentanyl was a substance that was created by the kikes, and for some reason, niggers seem to love that stuff, just as much as fried chicken and watermelon.

I will leave an update to this situation in the next log.

I was shocked when I read the document, but then I heard some strange growling noises coming from behind me, I ran into this room and locked myself in, and I am typing this story on the laptop that I have brought with me. I am going to upload this story now, the world needs to know about this. If I don't update this story in 3 days, whatever monster is outside this room has killed me.

Doctor Floydopus

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Eric Savage, and I need to get something off my chest. There is something you all need to know that the Jewish media is trying to hide. I don't know how much longer I have to type this out, but I will put in my best effort to spread this information around to warn all of you as soon as possible.

I was sitting in class for my Biology 101 lecture. My professor, Mr. Larson, was babbling his usual boring lectures that ninety percent of the class falls asleep to. I personally like him as a teacher, because he would more often than most bring up his personal life stories that slow down the pace of our learning, which makes it very easy to get caught up if any of us falls behind. Another (and more important) reason why I like his classes, is because he is one of the only non nigger professors in the college that I go to. You may be wondering why I am in a learning institution that comprises mostly baboons as the teachers. Well, you see, I am not exactly a wealthy person, and I hate how much the jews charge for tuition, so I had to settle for a school that charges very little, which is where the lowest average quality of professors work; ninety-five percent of them are niggers, while the other five percent are White but haven't qualified for higher-level institutions. That being said, the effort required to pass is a low bar since there is a limited amount of material needed to learn, so I plan on moving up to a more prestigious school after I get my finances in place, which will probably happen in a couple of years since I am currently juggling around two jobs, being a McDonald's cashier and a grocery stockpiler.

In this particular class, we were learning about the nervous system, which is actually a very intriguing topic, but that isn't important for the story, at least for now anyway.

"What is the part of the brain which is responsible for sympathy?" Mr. Larson asked the class.

I raised my hand, and said "The frontal lobe, which is something that niggers tend to lack development of."

"Sorry Eric, but as correct as your answer is, it is inappropriate in this class setting."

I sort of blurted my answer out of impulse, since my hatred toward niggers was getting the better of me.

"I understand prof," I apologized, not meaning a word I said of course.

For the rest of the class, I was suspended from being able to answer questions since nobody was able to handle my racist energy, so I had to stay silent. I internally cringed each time a student would answer one of Mr. Larson's class

questions without any reference to nigger hatred when it comes to brains. I was really the one who made this class less boring. I was on the verge of falling asleep when Mr. Larson announced something near the end of the class that made me jolt in excitement.

"Tomorrow will be a very special day," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "We will be having a special guest, Doctor Gorgo Floytavius, down in the laboratory to demonstrate his latest discovery that relates to what we have learned today. Please gather around my desk to collect your permission slips, as this will be a somewhat treacherous showing. For the rest of the class, I will be here to discuss and answer any questions from you guys regarding this mini field trip."

Doctor Gorgo Floytavius, what a funny name, I thought.

And so, all of us, including this one colored hair emo goth girl who is scared of light, rushed down the auditorium seats to grab their field trip forms. When I returned to my seat, I took a brief read at the two-page slip, which on the first page, has a description of what we are to expect in the in-school field trip.

"Alright guys, so to begin, tomorrow noon in this very same period, I will guide you all to go downstairs to Room 218," Mr. Larson said. "We will meet with the lab technician and the man himself, Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. And from there, he will show you guys the new technology that he allegedly discovered; being able to join animal body parts to humans and using our latest knowledge of neurotechnology to integrate them into fully functional limbs."

After listening to what he said, the entire class gasped in excitement. It was objectively a revolutionary scientific advancement. I myself was even more surprised by the fact that such a shitty nigger filled school like ours managed to get ahold of a neurologist who is smart enough to make this revelation. No way a nigger scientist could do such a thing, even with all the help in the world, I thought.

Mr. Larson continued to go through the rest of the form. "Please get all your forms signed and bring them tomorrow before we head to the lab, or else you are going to have to stay in the classroom and do homework or study for your midterms. Trust me on this, it is worth not missing out on, so please attend this as it would be a shame for one to forfeit seeing such a discovery. Now, any questions before I dismiss the class?"

A pajeet whose curry aroma constantly moves toward me raised his hand. "How long will this be?"

"It will span as long as any regular class time, so none of you will have to miss any potential subsequent lectures," Mr. Larson replied. "Although, there may be slight delays, but you are all welcome to leave in the event of any time constraints."

"Okay, thank you very much Mr. Larson," the pajeet classmate said in this heavy Indian accent, sounding like an Indian tech support guy who finally found business.

After that, there was a few-second interlude of silence, so I broke it by raising my hand and asking "How did we manage to get such a distinguished scientist to visit us? I mean, wouldn't there be more important institutions that he would want to show his discovery to instead?"

"That my friend isn't something I am not able to answer because it was a joint decision amongst the dean and the department workers, not us professors," Mr. Larson said. But I am fairly certain that this is a certified professional we will be seeing, so no need to be concerned."

And after that were questions that aren't critical enough for me to mention in this story, so I will skip to where the class was dismissed. I met up with one of my good friends, Christopher, as we walked through the hallway.

"So Eric, what do you think of this field trip? Are you gonna attend it?" Christopher asked.

"I will, most likely, but I am a bit skeptical regarding the credibility of this so-called scientist," I said. "I've never seen him mentioned in any scholarly article before."

"I am guessing he is one of those newish researchers who is making his debut appearance, who knows," Christopher argued. "We'll see tomorrow."

"Alright Chris, I'll catch you tomorrow."

We waved each other our goodbyes and went our own ways. It was my last class, so I headed home. Once I arrived, I got my mom to sign the field trip form. She filled in the blanks that required the signage of the date, the parent and student names, and finally, the parent's signature. Once that was all out of the way, I went into my room and spent the rest of the day thinking about the field trip, while intensely doing my physics assignment, which I hadn't even started yet and was due in a few hours. Don't mind my procrastination though, because I managed to get it all done an hour before the due date, scoring every answer correctly. I slept soundly after.

The following morning, I sprung out of bed at 6:30 AM and was immediately eager about the field trip. I went about my usual morning routine: eat breakfast; study; chill; and get dressed and cleaned up. After that, I had my dad drive me to school, as it was cold as fuck and I didn't want to risk getting into an accident with my one million dollar Lamborghini that put me into heavy debt.

When he dropped me off in the driveway by my college, I got out of the car, to notice a humongous crate in the parking lot that took up the entirety of the back of the semi-truck that was carrying it. On one of the corners of the crate was a small gap that slightly revealed its contents. I noticed a very intricate-looking antenna that protruded out of it, which looked like it belonged to a machine that has functions beyond the understanding of humankind.

As I handled the cold very well, I saw Christopher as he was about to enter the building, so I began running towards him, forgetting about the slippery parking lot, so I almost slipped and fell, but thanks to my powerful chad muscles, I managed to break the fall. *Fucking niggers forgot to salt the road*, I thought. When I caught up to Christopher, we went on with our usual morning discussion talking about how much we wanted to get out of this nigger-filled school. He is my friend primarily because he is the only **based** classmate of mine.

Once I got my chemistry, physics, and statistics lectures out of the way, it was time to hand in our field trip forms. Mr. Larson was standing by the classroom door already with a pile of sheets in his hands. I put my form on it and then sat at my seat as I waited for the rest of the class to arrive. A few minutes later, Mr. Larson announced that it was about time we pack up and head out and that anyone that hasn't arrived yet is no longer able to attend, so the class formed a single file line, and then we went downstairs to the lab.

Upon entering the vast lab, the first thing I noticed was the prominent smell of fried chicken. It wasn't such an uncommon occurrence anywhere else in the school, but the lab has a no food policy, so it struck me as odd. I then noticed the two people standing across from where we students were lined up. At the left was a man who was probably in his sixties, wearing a lab coat that had a name tag

labeled "lab assistant." Beside him as a black nigger who towered him in height by at least half a foot. He was wearing a lab coat as well, except its name tag was labeled "Doctor Gorgo Floytavius." His extremely enlarged nose and lips made him look the complete opposite of what an intelligent scientist would look like. *Holy shit, no way in hell this is a nigger. Something is fishy*, I immediately realized.

"Welcome mah niggahs," he welcomed us. "It is me, doctah Gorgo Floytavius, and I am here to show you manes my latest invention, dah animal limb splicer."

The lab assistant then showed us this seemingly gigantic object with a large cloth blanket covering it. He pulled it off, to reveal a machine that exhibits six large spikes that looked like laser cannons from science fiction movies, surrounding a circular chamber. At the top of each of the six laser cannons, were familiar-looking antennas that I remembered seeing back in the parking lot. Behind the machine was a thick cord that extended all the way to an outlet connected to one of the lab benches.

Doctor Gorgo Floytavius then continued to speak. "Okay manes, so how this machine works is, um, wait a sec, how do I operate dis thing again?"

The lab assistant whispered some words into Doctor Gorgo Floytavius's ear as if he was reminding him of something.

"Oh, das right mah homie!" Doctor Gorgo Floytavius exclaimed. "How could I forget."

It was at that moment, I realized that whoever this nigger was, he doesn't have an idea of what he is presenting to us. The machine in front of us was definitely not the invention he claimed to have created. Not surprising to me at all.

"It is time for me to demonstrate. For dis example, I will merge four octopus tentacles into my back and then use this machine of mine to permanently bind them into mah DNA to finally turn mahself into a human octopus hybrid."

Doctor Gorgo Floytavius then walked into the chamber at the center of the giant machine and then proceeded to type on a keyboard that was built-in. Above the keyboard was a mini display that depicted a holograph of something that I recognized to be an octopus.

Doctor Gorgo Floytavius took off his lab coat, revealing the sole tank top that he was wearing which was covered in KFC chicken stains, and then ordered the lab technician to bring him the octopus arms.

A moment later, the lab technician dragged a bag into the lab that contained two pairs of tentacles that probably belonged to a giant pacific Octopus. They were covered in preservation fluid. The lab technician grabbed a few surgical tools from the lab bench cabinet and then began to surgically connect each of the octopus arms into Doctor Gorgo Floytavius's back.

"Ah sheet, dat hurt main," the nigger winced.

"Sorry about that, I am doing my best to make this a painful process," the lab technician said.

After all of the octopus tentacles were successfully sewn into Doctor Floytavius, he announced "It is about time homies. I will now show you how intelligent us niggahs are and that we aren't the dumb apes y'all crackas see us as."

The lab technician pressed this green button in the base of the machine that read "Activate", and then all six of the laser cannons lit up and took aim towards Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. I, along with the rest of the class braced ourselves as we prepared to watch what will unfold next. The laser cannons finalized the required

surge of power that produced visible sparks on the machine cable, and then they all at once blasted a purple energy beam at Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. The beam was so bright, that a flash emitted for a split second that rendered the entire room impossible to see. After the laser cannons calmed down, I opened my eyes, to see what Doctor Gorgo Floytavius became. The four octopus tentacles on his back, which were formerly lifeless and stationary, were now moving around with full intelligence.

"Aye see this crackas? It worked!" Doctor Gorgo Floytavius exclaimed. "I can control them!"

He used the top right tentacle to grab a water bottle from one of the lab benches and then drank it. I could see the individual suction cups stick onto the plastic of the bottle. The class stared at it in amazement. At least except for me. I was still very suspicious of everything that happened so far. The part where Doctor Gorgo Floytavius stumbled and had to ask the lab technician about his own "invention" still rang in my memory. What happened next confirmed my suspicions.

All of a sudden, the laser cannons that previously struck Doctor Gorgo Floytavius started to do that same energy surge initiation process again.

"Is that supposed to happen?" I heard one of the students in the back say.

Before he could react or run away, the cannons again shot at Doctor Gorgo Floytavius, this time emitting a green beam instead of purple. This time, intense burn marks can be seen on his lab coat, but not his skin since his leathery nigger skin is too dark for burn marks to be visible anyway. Along with the burn marks, there were various other things that were different about Doctor Gorgo Floytavius. I looked at his face, and to my horror, his eyes were no longer the black color that they used to be. Instead, they were a bright glowing orange that now looked more like the eyes of an actual octopus. I then looked at the tentacles, which also looked very much different. Instead of the normal rounded suction cups they used to have, they were replaced with nigger lips. Hundreds of them in total. Nigger lip suction cups are what I like to call them.

I stopped paying attention to Doctor Gorgo Floytavius's physical appearance when he began to swing all four of his tentacles in a violent manner. They swiped all of the machinery into pieces. One of the tentacles then grabbed the lab assistant by the neck and then squeezed the life out of him. Each of the nigger lip suction cups made a kissing sound which made it impossible for the lab technician to move.

"Let... me... go."

Were the words that the lab assistant was barely able to choke out. However, Doctor Gorgo Floytavius showed no mercy, which was delineated when he started to speak in a voice that resembles that of a movie supervillain. "Hehehe. I am no longer Doctor Gorgo Floytavius manes. Y'all can now call me Doctor Floydopus!"

He then threw the lab assistant across the room, slamming his body through the glass wall which separated the lab from the hallway.

Doctor Floydopus turned to face the line of students, who most were now frozen in shock, including Mr. Larson.

"Hehehe, anyone wanna be next?" he cackled.

"Sir, this is not funny," Mr. Larson began. "You are now damaging school property and that is unacceptable-woah!"

Doctor Floydopus grappled Mr. Larson before he could finish his sentence and then activated all the nigger lip suction cups into super suck mode, which sucked all the air out of poor Mr. Larson's skin pores.

"You who who, so much of your air I am breathing through my tentacles!" he beamed excitedly.

The nigger lip suction cups drank all of the remaining life liquids out of Mr. Larson like he was a Jew box being drunk by an athlete after running a marathon. He turned completely colorless and Doctor Floydopus no longer had interest in him, so he dropped his lifeless body.

One of the girls in my class, who just so happens to be one of those whores who are already pregnant before marriage, screamed at the top of her lungs. However, that was a mistake on her part. Doctor Floydopus noticed her, and then somehow stretched his top right tentacle to a length which I could never imagine it to stretch, and grabbed her by her pregnant belly.

"Hehehe!" Doctor Floydopus laughed. "You got dat nice big belly bitch, it be a shame if someone were to kill yo baby."

Again, he activated his nigger lip suction cups into super suck mode and then used them to easily rip off her pregnant belly. Tons of bright red oxygenated blood burst out of every exposed artery. And that was the last straw. Everybody had enough of what we were seeing, and we all fled the laboratory.

I pushed every person in the crowd out of the way as my adrenaline rushed. I looked behind for a split second, and saw a few brave students attempt to throw heavy objects at Doctor Floydopus in hopes of stopping him. One of them even stabbed a glass shard into his chest. However, somehow his skin completely absorbed every blow, leaving him unharmed. It didn't make sense to me, but after some thought, I realized that because he is now a half nigger half-octopus hybrid, his octopus flesh combined with his invertebrate nature renders him almost immune to damage.

Sure enough, Doctor Floydopus swung his powerful tentacles, wiping the attacking students off the floor. I continued to run, sprinting across all the available hallways until I found a room to hide in. I blindly went in and slammed the door behind me. After I regained my composure, I looked up to see one man sitting at the master desk of the room, looking at me confusedly. He had short purple hair, thick glasses, and a beard. I recognized him as one of the few non nigger workers of the college, Professor McNutt, who worked here as a professor who studies the brain.

"So what brings you here," he said in his southern accent.

"We need to get out of here," I said. "There is a giant nigger octopus monster on the loose and it is attacking people and there seems to be no way to kill it."

"Elaborate please?" Professor McNutt said.

"Look, there's no time to explain, but some nigger who proclaims himself to be a scientist misused a presumably stolen invention and turned himself into a disgusting tentacle-bound creature."

"I think I know how to defeat that thing," Professor McNutt said.

"How?"

"I'll show you."

Professor McNutt motioned me to his desk and then he grabbed a flask of a red solution.

"This right here is something I've been working on for the past decade," Professor McNutt began explaining. "Behold, the suicide potion. When someone

ingests it, they become extremely suicidal, to the point where they kill themselves using whatever resource is most closely accessible. Maybe that will do the trick.”

He then took a syringe from his desk drawer and then drew a sample of the suicide potion, until the syringe filled completely. With the most badass voice he could make, he said “Let’s kick some monster ass.”

We snuck through the hallways, which were now wrecked and empty. Stains of blood could be seen on the walls.

“Where is everybody?” Professor McNutt asked.

“It must have chased them all off,” I said.

Out of the blue, I heard a loud crash. I looked at the left end of the hall where the sound seemed to come from, and there he was, Doctor Floydopus staring at both Professor McNutt and me simultaneously with his two eyes that can look in opposite directions at the same time. He was standing via his tentacles, while his body including his legs was suspended in the air.

“Muahahahehehe, you mains are going down, hehehe,” Doctor Floydopus cackled.

Professor McNutt went into his attack stance, which was similar to the water Pokemon, Piplup, and then threw the suicide potion syringe at Doctor Floydopus. It jabbed him right on the cheek. As a result, all four of his tentacles stopped holding him in the air, and he dropped to the ground. Then, the tentacles turned to face Doctor Floydopus himself, as if they turned against him.

“What dah sheet, I lost control of mah arms!” he panicked.

The tentacles then lashed at Doctor Floydopus’s neck, strangling him.

“Sheet main, I am being asphyxiated by mah own tentacles, I can’t breathe!” he choked out. “Ah fuck, stap it there’s no air to breathe. Ah no!”

Eventually, after three minutes, Doctor Floydopus finally died and he, along with the tentacles, dropped dead.

“Holy shit your potion worked!” I said to Professor McNutt.

“Anytime man, anytime,” Professor McNutt said proudly. “Feels good slaying monsters outside of the dungeons and dragons realm.”

And from there, the janitor had a tough job of having to clean up the dead corpse of Doctor Floydopus, and the school had to spend thousands of dollars repairing the equipment and structural integrity of the building.

Because of all the damage that happened that day, there was a ton of media coverage. However, they brushed it off as a freak accident, instead of revealing the cause as the doing of a false nigger scientist.

The moral of the story, there is no such thing as a genuine nigger scientist. If there is one being depicted in the media, they most likely haven’t contributed a significant thing to the project and it is just the jew media’s attempt to convince us to believe that niggers are smart enough to contribute to society.

Electro Floyd

By Gorg Floydson

My name is Gunther and I work as a professor at the university of Tomasso. I work in the department of sustainable energy, working on alternatives to non renewable energy such as hydro, wind, and heat. Our latest innovations were an arc reactor capable of harnessing the power of the sun in the palm of your hand. The second, genetically engineered electric eels capable of sustaining large amounts of electricity capable of powering an entire country.

Since Tomasso University is a cuckold liberal school, we often get high schools visiting our labs. Unfortunately instead of predominantly White and asian high school students who actually want to learn and succeed, we end up getting majority of our visitors from run down shitty schools in the poorer areas of the city with mostly all nigger and spic students who do nothing but steal and commit 50% of all crime despite making up such a small percentage of the population.

Our latest field trip visitors was a nigger school in Minneapolis, "We Wuz Kangz" Secondary School.

"Don't forget to be here tomorrow at 6 to get ready for the presentation for the nigger high school," a colleague of mine, Ronnie McNutt reminded me.

"Yeah, I got it, even though the nigger and spic students are too retarded to understand anything I'll be talking about," I said while Ronnie and I chuckled.

After I wrapped up and closed the lab, I went home to my \$15 million mansion. Despite being one of the country's top researchers, I spend most of my time hosting raids on trannies on instagram. After a long day of epic trolling, I went to bed, eager to present my new inventions. Even though, those students are dumb low IQ monkeys, I'm sure even they will be surprised by what the White race is capable of creating, hopefully them seeing my inventions will make them realize how inferior they really are compared to us, I thought as I dozed off to sleep.

At 5 AM, I jumped out of bed and drove to the campus, ignoring the speed limit which resulted in me running over a pajeet family. I couldn't give a fuck since I was eager to prove to those nigger and spic students how retarded they truly are. When I arrived at Tomasso, I immediately began setting up the lab which included displaying the arc reactor along with the tank of electric eels which was a bitch to haul over so I had 20 of the spic janitors do it for me instead. After everything was set up, I began preparing a script for what to say once the students got here. I thought about trying to be as non racist as possible however that would be too hard as I am a **based** racist chad who can't go a day without saying the word nigger.

At 8, the school arrived. The niggers and spics burst into the lecture hall as drumsticks of KFC chicken and banana sandwiches flew around in the air. I noticed that the nigger teachers weren't doing anything to stop the students. Of course, given how nigger teachers will do anything to defend those dirty niglets students of theirs. When the niggers finally calmed down, I decided it was time to start the presentation.

"Greetings students and staff of "We Wuz Kangz" Secondary School, I am Professor Gunther Wagner and today I will be presenting the university of Tomasso's latest innovations!"

But before I could continue, two more students entered the lecture hall while making what sounded like monkey noises. I saw that one of the students was a spic who didn't even reach 5 feet of height. The other, a nigger towering over the spic at an astonishing 6 foot 5. The nigger could pass off as a staff member however he was wearing clothing that wouldn't seem appropriate for a teacher to wear. The nigger wore a T-shirt that read "Where da fentanyl at 'n shiet?" With an image of a pile of white powder at the bottom that looked like it was taken from stock photos and poorly pasted onto the shirt. The nigger also wore a cap that read "Breathless."

"Live a day in my life bruh!" The spic shouted at the top of his lungs.

"Ayo Beano chill it wit da shit mayne," the nigger said telling the spic to shut up.

"Mind ya neck," the spic Beano said as he tried to push the nigger away.

However since Beano was a manlet, the nigger didn't even budge when Beano tried to push him.

"Are you retards gonna sit down and listen or continue to act like monkeys?" I said angrily, losing my patience at the sight of the two retards.

"Ayo mayne calm down cracka, I'm Big Floyd da Landlord and I don't take shit from anyone, ya hear?" The nigger chimped.

The nigger teachers didn't do anything about the nigger student's sudden outburst.

"If you're not here to learn, then you and your dwarf friend can leave," I said.

"Ah shiet mayne, I ain't gots to listen to yo cracka ass n shiet," the nigger said as he and Beano took a seat.

I continued on talking about electrostatics, electromagnetic spectrum and electromyography or EMG studies. After an hour, all of the niggers including the teachers were on the verge of falling asleep since their tiny brains can't comprehend such advanced technology.

"Alright now I will be showing off our tank of genetically engineered electric eels," I said.

"The electric eels in our tank are all pregnant since they are able to generate more electricity that way."

But before I could continue, I was quickly cut off by the same nigger from earlier.

“Oh la la, dem eels pregnant n shiet mayne?!” The nigger said as he jumped out of his seat.

The students and I watched in horror as the large nigger walked down the steps and jumped into the tank of electric eels. The eels were trying their hardest to avoid the nigger in the confined space however the nigger grabbed one of the pregnant eels. The nigger tried to eat the pregnant eel’s belly however he was quickly electrocuted by all the eels.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe!” The nigger yelled before dying.

The nigger’s already black skin turned even darker like charcoal. The body of the nigger floated up to the top of the tank.

“Bruh nigga dead bruh,” Beano said while making retarded noises.

The class of niggers and teachers were shocked to see what had just unfolded. I knew that Tomasso was in deep shit as the niggers parents will most likely sue the university and the jew media will portray the incident as the university’s fault despite it all being the niggers. Suddenly, the nigger’s burned body rose up. The female nigger students began to scream like a gang of baboons upon seeing the burnt body rise. As the nigger came out of the tank, I noticed that the niggers eyes were glowing yellow and there were yellow sparks of electricity around his body.

One of the already pregnant nigger whore’s screamed the loudest which caused the newly reanimated electric nigger to shoot a beam of electricity at the nigger bitch’s belly killing her along with her unborn niglet.

“Ah shit mayne, this feels so good n shiet, it’s like I am super charged on air, I can breathe like never before mayne!” The electric nigger exclaimed.

“Bruh dat Electro Floyd bruh,” Beano said before being zapped by Electro Floyd’s electricity.

The nigger students and teachers ran out of the lecture hall as Electro Floyd began zapping the entire room. Electro Floyd then turned to the showcase where the arc reactor was housed.

“Hehehe mayne, dat gots da big energy, I can feel it and all!” Electro Floyd laughed as he took the arc reactor.

The arc reactor flew and combined into Electro Floyd’s chest due to an usually configured magnetic field which caused all metal objects in the vicinity to attach themselves onto Electro Floyd.

“OOGA BOOGA, I’m going to cause nigga monkey mayhem n shiet hehehe!” Electro Floyd said as he blasted a giant hole through the roof which he escaped through.

Just as Electro Floyd left, Ronnie along with the dean, Derek Chauvin entered the room to see the aftermath of Electro Floyd's chimp out.

"What the fuck happened here?" Ronnie asked.

"One of the nigger students, he jumped into the tank of electric eels and somehow harnessed its energy turning himself into a being made out of pure electricity," I responded.

"Which nigger?" Derek Chauvin asked.

"A tall 6 foot 5 nigger, he called himself Big Floyd the Landlord," I said.

"You mean George Floyd? It was George Floyd?!" Chauvin said, panicking.

"That nigger isn't even a student, he's an adult criminal nigger who I had sent to a nigger high school because he was too retarded to be let into the workforce, I knew I should have just kned that nigger to death!" Chauvin said, reprimanding himself.

"I guess we got a nigger to catch!" Ronnie said as he loaded his shotgun.

"Be careful, this isn't any ordinary nigger, he probably has the power to produce 1 million volts of electricity, that's more than enough to kill a man," I warned.

"Well I'm not any normal man! Chauvin said as he unbuttoned his shirt revealing a red costume with a spider symbol.

"I'm Spider-Chauvin!"

Spider-Chauvin swung out of the building with his web shooters while Ronnie and I followed. We made our way to a sorority house where we saw Electro Floyd floating in the sky attacking the pregnant BBC whores who were trying to run away. I recognized one of the BBC whores was a former student of mine who offered to give me a blowjob if I gave her a passing grade to which I declined and kicked her out of my class, it was Heather Wilcock.

"Hehehe y'all pregnant bitches better give Big Floyd da belly pics!" Electro Floyd said as bolts of electricity struck the ground all around us.

Spider-Chauvin shot his webs at Electro Floyd's face which covered his massive nose.

"Ah shit, webs covering my nose, I can't breathe!" Electro Floyd yelled.

Ronnie began firing shots at Electro Floyd which hit his neck.

"Oh fuck mama!" Electro Floyd cried.

"We got him!" Ronnie said triumphantly.

However he was dead wrong. Electro Floyd made his way to the ground and grabbed a bag of powder that one of the BBC whores dropped. It was fentanyl. Electro Floyd zapped the bag of fentanyl crushing it into a yellowish substance. Electro Floyd then began consuming the substance, upon taking the substance, Electro Floyd's wounds healed.

"Ah that's better mayne, now I can breathe again hehehe!"

Electro Floyd then zapped Ronnie's head to which it popped like a balloon, blood and gore covering the street. I watched in horror as Electro Floyd quickly dispatched Spider-Chauvin and began to knee on his neck. "Hehehe mayne, now you know how it felt!" Electro Floyd cackled.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Spider-Chauvin said weakly.

There was nothing that I could do but watch, Electro Floyd could kill any man like a bug. The only thing I could do was slow Electro Floyd down. I grabbed Ronnie's shotgun and fired a shot. The shell hit the arc reactor which caused Electro Floyd to jump back.

"Ouch mayne, that hurt like shit!" Electro Floyd yelled.

I noticed that the electric sparks around Electro Floyd got smaller, that's when I had a lightbulb moment. The arc reactor must be the device harnessing and controlling Electro Floyd's energy otherwise, Electro Floyd would have overcharged due to all the electricity flowing through his body. The arc reactor began to crack which led to Electro Floyd losing even more energy.

"Ayo stop dat mayne, stop dat!" Electro Floyd pleaded however the arc reactor eventually cracked.

Electro Floyd lifted his knee off Spider-Chauvin's neck and began to spaz out. Since the arc reactor was no longer harnessing the electricity, it all went back into Electro Floyd's body. All the initial metal that George Floyd absorbed from his magnetic field when he became Electro Floyd all came off which exposed Electro Floyd since he wasn't wearing anything underneath all the metal.

"Ah shit mayne, why you gotta do me like dat, ah fuck mama!" Electro Floyd said before his body began to expand.

His body wasn't able to contain and hold all the energy which caused Electro Floyd's body to explode. Electro Floyd's body caused a supernova like explosion which was breathtaking to watch because of all the colours and sparkles, however it was all quickly ruined. After the eruption of uncontrolled energy, nigger organs and guts splattered all around the campus. After this incident,

The Tomasso university was sued by all the nigger and BBC whore parents who lost their kids in the attack despite the fact that a nigger who wasn't even a student nor

staff at the university caused the incident. I was fired by the jewish school board however I was offered a job by Derek Chauvin to help him with his vigilantism as Spider-Chauvin to beat up criminal niggers.

Moral of the story, always keep niggers away from sensitive equipment be it revolutionary technology or even an iPhone. Niggers should not have their monkey hands on such items. It will only end badly as niggers are inherently violent and will use such technology to cause more nigga monkey shenanigans and the crime rate will rise.

I Was Invited to George Floyd's New Years Party

By Gorg Floydson

I have always never been a fan of the New Years celebration especially due to the fact that my liberal parents make me write a New Year's resolution every year even though I never fulfill anything written in it.

Luckily this year, I've finally moved out of my parents house into a nice little apartment in Minneapolis. However, moving to Minneapolis was a huge mistake with all the niggers rioting in the streets after the death of the nigger, George Floyd.

This New Years eve, something very strange happened to me. It was December Friday the 31st, New Years eve. I went down to the main lobby to pick up my mail, which included my Ronnie McNutt toy along with my copy of George Floyd creepy pastas volume 2. The receptionist handed me an envelope with my name on it. The strange white envelope had yellowish stains that looked as if a nigga monkey pissed on it.

"What is this?" I asked.

"A tall black gentleman with a big nose came to the reception and handed this to me," the receptionist said.

I paid no attention to it and headed back up to my suite. After making funny edits with my Ronnie McNutt toy, I finally decided to open the white envelope. A piss stained note came out with messy handwriting, it looked like it had been written by a 3 year old, if the 3 year old was a monkey. I tried my hardest to make out what the words said.

"Ayo Mayne, you are invited to Big Floyd's New Years Eve Party n shiet Mayne, We is serving banana sandwiches with sum fentanyl water n shiet!"

"Show up at Cup Foods or else Big Floyd gonna bust a cap in yo pregnant belly n shiet!"

After reading the letter, I couldn't help but laugh my ass off. This has to be a prank, I thought. George Floyd has been dead for over a year after all. I threw the letter into the trash and went on with my day which included hosting raids on fem boys on instagram. After a long day of epic trolling, I was about to go to bed as racist chads need sleep to maintain their physique. I checked the time, it was 10 PM.

That's when I heard a knock at my door. I walked over to my front door and looked through the peephole, what I saw on the other end still haunts me to this day. It was George Floyd!

"Ayo Mayne my party about to start any minute n shiet, yo pale ass better show up or else nigga mad!" George Floyd said angrily.

"How the fuck are you still alive?!" Was the only thing I could get out before a white gas came through from under my door.

I began to cough profusely. I noticed that I was struggling to breathe. This is fentanyl gas, I thought before I passed out. When I woke up, I noticed that I was tied up to a chair in what appeared to be a living room. There were New Years decorations everywhere which included a giant happy New Years balloon along with a 2022 rainbow balloon. The table had plates of banana sandwiches and a fountain of fentanyl water.

"Ayo da White boy is up!" A voice said.

I looked up and saw what I can only describe as the monkey exhibit in a zoo. There stood the niggers George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, Daunte Wright, Breonna Taylor, Jacob Blake, Elijah McClain, Philando Castile, Michael Brown and even Ronnie McNutt!

"Ayo cracka, welcome to ma New Years party n shiet!" George Floyd said.

"What the fuck do you baboons want and how the fuck are all of you still alive?" I demanded answers.

"Das a racist cracka n shiet," Breonna Taylor said while stuffing her self with banana sandwiches like the monkey that she was.

"OOGA BOOGA, we are all immortal beings unable to be killed by yo crackas n shiet!" Ahmaud Arbery chimped.

"Anyways Mayne, we all about to have a good time n shiet so lemme untie you n shiet," George Floyd said.

After George Floyd untied me, I immediately went over and punched Ronnie McNutt's face with all my strength.

"I guess that's it!" Ronnie said before hitting the floor.

But before I could go on a nigger slaughtering rampage, Daunte Wright pulled out a gun from his jeans and pointed it to my head.

“Sit yo ass down mayo monkey!” Daunte Wright demanded.

Now knowing that the niggers were armed, I cautiously moved back a few steps and sat down in a chair.

“Das rite, we in charge of da party n shiet, we wuz kangz and kueens!” Breonna Taylor said while gobs of banana flew out from her massive ape like lips.

“Alright maynes, now we is gonna play a game,” George Floyd announced.

“We is playing pregnant belly musical chairs!” George Floyd said.

“Rules simple n shiet, y’all will walk around the circle of chairs, once the music stops and someone ain’t in a chair den I will shoot their belly!” George Floyd explained.

George Floyd grabbed a boombox and played “Leven Polkka” by Hatsune Miku. It was cringe as fuck listening to an anime girl sing but this proved that George Floyd was a massive weeb. George Floyd stopped the music and everyone began fighting for a seat, I managed to get one however Michael Brown and Breonna Taylor were fighting for the last chair. Breonna Taylor sat on Michael Brown suffocating him.

“Ah fuck, I can’t breathe!” Michael Brown said.

George Floyd dragged Michael Brown’s body and shot it in the belly despite Michael Brown already being a corpse. The music continued and we began walking in circles again however now there was one less chair.

This time when George Floyd stopped the music, Breonna Taylor ended up taking two seats from how much of a fat ass she is. This led to George Floyd shooting both Jacob Blake and Elijah McClain in the belly. The third round began, when the music stopped, I had yet again gotten a seat along with Breonna Taylor and Ahmaud Arbery. This led to Daunte Wright and Philando Castile brawling like two silverback gorillas.

“Ayo nigga, dat chair will be mine!” Philando Castile said while making monkey noises.

“Nah nigga, dat chair mine n shiet!” Daunte Wright said as he pulled out his gun.

But before he could pull the trigger, he was shot in the belly by George Floyd.

“No cheating at ma party, is that clear nigga?” George Floyd asked.

All the nigga monkeys nodded and the game resumed. Now we were on round four. This time George Floyd decided to prolong the music which led to suspense on who will get the remaining 3 chairs. My luck hadn't run out as I managed to get the chair yet again, the same could be said for Breonna Taylor which meant that Ahmaud Arbery and Philando Castile had to fight for the last one. Since Ahmaud Arbery is a retarded nigger, probably the most retarded nigger at the party besides George Floyd, he was easily fooled by Philando Castile. Philando Castile got the seat and Ahmaud Arbery was shot just like when he was killed by two racist chads.

"OOGA BOOGA we on round 5 now n shiet!" George Floyd announced.

The music went on for what felt like an hour which meant I had to listen to Hatsune Miku's god awful voice but at least it wasn't nigger music. When the music stopped, Breonna Taylor got the chair which meant I had to fight Philando Castile. Since I am a built 300 pound racist chad, I punched Philando Castile in the face and got the chair. After George Floyd shot Philando Castile in the belly, he announced that the final round will begin.

"Winner of pregnant belly musical chairs will get fentanyl and pregnant belly pics as a reward," George Floyd said.

I knew that this last round would be the hardest round as Breonna Taylor is a fat ass nigga whale who probably weighed well over a tonne. But before the round could start, Ronnie McNutt got up from the floor with a bruised face, his nose was dripping blood.

"What, where am I?" He asked.

"Oh shiet Mayne looks like we got another player n shiet, George Floyd said as he grabbed another chair.

"Now lets begin round 6 Mayne!" George Floyd said.

Breonna Taylor, Ronnie and I began to walk in circles and it was obvious to everyone that Ronnie McNutt was intoxicated because he kept bumping into Breonna Taylor's fat ass.

"Oh shit I think I'm about to bust a McNutt!" Ronnie said while rubbing his crotch to Breonna Taylor's ass crack.

Just as Ronnie said, he busted a McNutt all over Breonna Taylor's face as the music stopped which led to Ronnie and I getting the two seats. George Floyd shot Breonna Taylor in the belly which had little effect on her since her skin is as thick as a walrus's hide. George Floyd unloaded the entire clip into Breonna Taylor to which she finally dropped dead.

"Alright now we is on da final round n shiet!" George Floyd said.

The music began and we started to walk, since Ronnie had just busted a McNutt, he was sleepy as fuck because when the music stopped, he collapsed on the floor again and I had won pregnant belly musical chairs.

“Ah shiet mayne, we gots a winner n shiet!” George Floyd said excitedly.

George Floyd pulled out his gun and tried to shoot Ronnie however he had forgot to reload it because he is a dumb ape.

“Ah fuck mama, I don’t gots da bullets n shiet,” George Floyd said.

I used this opportunity to escape and ran upstairs.

“Where you going Mayne?” George Floyd asked as he began to chase me.

I made my way into a bedroom and locked the door behind me. “Ayo cracka you better open da door n shiet!” George Floyd demanded as he began pounding the door. When I turned around, I noticed that I was in George Floyd’s room given all the fentanyl and pregnant belly pics scattered around the floor. On top of his bed were body pillows with pregnant anime girls on them. The pregnant anime girls all had bullet holes on their bellies. This gave me a lightbulb moment. I opened the door and threw all the anime body pillows on top of George Floyd.

“Oh fuck mama, I can’t breathe!” George Floyd cried.

After 9 minutes, George Floyd was suffocated to death under the pile of anime body pillows. I made my way downstairs to see the outcome of this party, the bodies of Ahmaud Arbery, Daunte Wright, Breonna Taylor, Jacob Blake, Elijah McClain, Philando Castile and Michael Brown sprung around the living room. There was also Ronnie McNutt laying on the floor which I had forgotten but since Ronnie is a soy boy, everyone would forget his existence. I left the building and it turned out that this room is the basement of Cup Foods.

Moral of the story, do not ever go to a nigger’s party! They are probably involved with shady activities such as taking drugs and playing fucked up games like pregnant belly musical chairs.

Captain Big Lipped Floyd

By BuckFlackPeople

Yarr me hearties, gather round and let me tell you a true tale of pirate legend. A tale of swashbuckling upon the seven seas, with danger and adventure around every corner. A tale of brotherhood and camaraderie. And most importantly, a tale of **based** racism and hating niggers.

Let me begin by introducing myself. I'm Captain Nape Riggers, captain of the ship known as the Buck Breaker. I lead me fierce crew, the Peter Muskrat Army, upon the seven seas. You see, many of us be former slave ship crew, and we despise niggers as those who spend the most time around niggers grow to loathe them the most. Our crew include the destroyer of necks Derek Chauvin, the deadshot musketeer Tucker Carlson, the charismatic Adolf Hitler, and the swashbuckling nigger hater, Johnny Rebel, just to name a few. We fucking obliterate niggers. We chew through a niggers brain like it's a log of wood. We use niggers limbs to build a dam. But I digress.

Our tale began in seventeen eighteen, when my crew and I heard a tale of the wildest treasure to ever grace the Caribbean. I'm talking of course about Ronnie McNutt's forbidden treasure. You see, when the legendary pirate Ronnie McNutt knew his last battle dawned, he had all his riches hidden away.

He was never able to retrieve them as he was wounded in battle, and rather than be hanged for his crimes he took a blunderbuss, put it to his head and said "Hey guys, I guess that's it" before blowing his ugly ass face to smithereens. Yarr, indeed his head looked like kraken tentacles that day. The most feared pirates have been searching for his treasure since that day, said to contain enough riches to let an army of men live free the rest of their days. However, none had ever come close to finding it, until one fateful day.

My crew and I were going about our usual business, having raided a slave ship and taking any wealth and supplies on the ship for our own before sinking the ship. This is because we hate niggers and don't want any White people to have to suffer the agony of living on the same continent as these jungle gorillas. When we searched the captain's chest, we found a shocking discovery. It was a page of the diary of Ronnie McNutt. It told of how he wanted sex from a fair maiden known as Equinox Autumn, and how much he loved her.

"Equinox Autumn?" Said Adolf Hitler, "That be the nastiest wench in all the seven seas. She lives on an island nearby." And so, we set off, following our one and only lead on the mother load.

When we got to the port, we docked and headed into town. We asked around, and we found out where Equinox Autumn lived. When we got there, we were stunned. There lay her disgusting naked corpse, among a ransacked home. Her body showed signs that the attack was recent, and that there was more than one attacker. Indeed, whoever perpetrated this attack was more animal than man. There were traces of a white substance on the ground, along with the smell of malt liquor and menthol cigarettes.

"Do you think it could be him?" Said Tucker Carlson.

"No," I said. "Big Lipped Floyd is dead".

Big Lipped Floyd was the meanest nigger pirate the world hath ever seen. He was famous for raping White bitches, clocking bitch ass niggas in the mouth, and busting mad caps in niggas asses. He had a crippling fentanyl addiction as it gave him elevated senses and strength. He was the ugliest retard gorilla nigger to ever set sail upon a vessel. His dead dindu eyes lacked any semblance of intelligent thought. It was said his stare could both see into a man's soul and not even out of his own head at the same time. His fat fucking nigger nose was the size of me whole ship, with the nostrils each as large as a cannonball. However, he had one feature that struck out the most. His fat nigger lips were beyond anything the world hath ever seen. They were far larger than any nigger we had ever seen on a slave ship. They flopped around like Jello whenever he spoke, mainly about how much he desired White bitches to rape, pregnant belly pics, or how much he wanted bananas. However, it was impossible for this attack to have been him, as Derek Chauvin killed him many moons ago in a battle. Derek sunk George's ship, the Breathtaker, and said he saw him drown.

"Ah shit man the whirlpool man I can't breathe mane I can't breathe. Please man I'm not that type of guy please." Were apparently George Floyd's last words.

But this attack showed all the signs of his involvement. Before we could investigate further, we found another page of Ronnie McNutt's diary. It spoke of an upcoming battle which he was not sure he'd win. So he'd leave all of his belongings to anyone who could find them at the Isle of Siggers Nuck.

Siggers Nuck is a small island that is shaped like a swastika. It has the whitest sand and it was said that the island is made out of pure vril. For those of you who don't know vril is the condensed and physical form of the aryan spirit. Men like Adolf Hitler, George Lincoln Rockwell, and Pewdiepie embody vril. It was the perfect place for Ronnie to hide his treasure, as any nigger and in fact any man without enough vril would be doomed to die on the island. It was for this reason that most men, be they White or not, avoided the island so as to not risk it. My crew and I scurried back to our ship, confident we'd make it to the treasure first.

We had a jolly time on the way to the isle, jelqing and kekking about how ugly George Floyd was. As we neared the Isle, I noticed something off, a thick fog descended upon the Buck Breaker. I heard a strange sound from beyond the fog. It sounded like shitty mumble rap, possibly Trey Songs, like a gorilla ape nigger having a seizure. And then the smell. It smelt like KFC chicken and cheap weed. Then I saw it, it was a massive ship, with a flag flying what looked to be a Jolly Roger. However, when it got close, I realized the skull was actually the head of George Floyd. And then I saw him. It was the monkey of Minneapolis, the baboon of breath, the nigger of all noses, Captain Big Lipped Floyd, with his dastardly crew consisting of Ahmaud Arbery, Eric Garner, Trayvon Martin, Tamir Rice, and Barack Obama.

"Yo yo niggas." Said George Floyd. "The treasure of Ronnie McNutt be ours en shit. That treasure got the big ass gold chains, and enough money to buy me a lifetime supply of the fentanyl, oo oo ah ah. We all gonna buy fent, Newport menthols, that good good weed, and Chrysler 300's nigga."

I had absolutely no idea what the fuck a Chrysler 300 was, but I couldn't even focus on that as I was absolutely shocked that Big Lipped Floyd was still alive. They started to board our ship and we drew our cutlasses, ready to fight. The fight was intense, with the clashes of swords everywhere. At one point tamir rice, the nigga ship's powder monkey (yes that's actually a real role that was on pirate ships) pointed a flintlock at me, and I thought for sure I was a dead man. However, because he was a dumb niglet and not even the other blacks of his crew trusted him, they didn't let him carry a real pistol. I picked him up by his bean ass head and yeeted that future criminal over the port side of the ship, where he drowned since niggers can't swim. Not gonna lie it kind of made me question the validity of an all black pirate crew, but I digress. I turned around from scoring a successful kill on them to witnessing a true horror.

Adolf Hitler, who had managed to knock Barack Obama to the ground, was about to strike a killing blow when George Floyd came from behind and shot him with his pistol.

"Shit man see I told you these White boys can't fight like what nigga what," George Floyd then picked up Obama and the abominable nigger crew retreated to their ship and made way towards Sigger's Nuck. I held Hitler in my arms as he bled. A cannonball from the nig ship, the SS Hellcat, struck our ship, but I didn't even pay attention.

Everything outside of me and Hitler seemed to cease to exist. He looked me in the eyes and said, "Captain, never stop fighting. If you believe with all your hearts that you can defeat a nigger in battle, you can. They can only win through cheap tactics and mindless violence."

I interrupted him, "Hitler stop. Don't waste your breath, you can still make it."

But Hitler continued, "My time is done. I tried and failed, but you, the White race, are my legacy. And I am proud to call you my brothers. I know you can take any challenge the world throws at you, because you have an indomitable spirit that can't be broken. Go Captain, finish this fight."

Hitler died in my arms. I closed his eyes and snapped back to reality. The ship was taking on water and we had to take action fast. The crew was bailing the water but it was not enough. That's when I had an idea. I ordered a full sail straight towards the island. We started speeding towards the island, slowly sinking as we got closer to the island. Rather than drop anchor near shore, we beached right on the shore of the island so although the ship was very damaged, it wouldn't be lost to the seas. We dropped our anchor on the sand and exited the ship. No turning back now. However, if we believed what Hitler said, we can take on the challenge. I believed my crew and I had enough vril to conquer the island and it's hazards. We followed some footprints into a cave, which had a strange light coming from it. On our way in, we saw Obama's dead body, decapitated with the head nearby. We followed the smell of Body odor and purple drank to find that the crew of the SS Hellcat were fighting each other over the treasure. This wasn't a surprise to me as blacks are far disproportionately responsible for their own deaths and overall misfortunes than whites could ever dream to be. Once they spotted us however, they united again to

try to stop us from getting the treasure. We prepared to fight, emboldened by Hitler's dying words. The treasure was beautiful, gold in quantities beyond our wildest comprehension. But, what really intrigued us was the glowing white light emanating from a portal in the corner of the cave. I knew what it was the moment I saw it: it was a portal to hyperborea, the source of all vril and the source of the White spirit. The blacks rushed us, but having fought them already, we knew their tactics. We split up to avoid them double teaming us. Once we had them all locked into 1v1's, we exploited their weaknesses. Ahmaud Arbery tried to take Johnny Rebel's blunderbuss, but Johnny Rebel punched him in the face and blew his chest out his ass with a shot from the blunderbuss, leaving nothing but blood and gore where that dumb jogger once stood. My quartermaster, Boon Goon, was locked in a deadly cutlass battle with Trayvon Martin. However, he had an idea. "Trayvon Martin?" He said. "More like: Gay-von Fart-in."

Trayvon Martin could not accept the fact that he had been flamed so hard. He said "Hey guys, I guess that's it," and impaled himself samurai style with his own sword.

Lastly, Tucker Carlson was fighting Eric Garner. Tucker had multiple flintlocks on his person, and shot one after the other into Eric Garner. Eric Garner kept charging Tucker as although the bullets were hitting him Eric Garner was such a fat fucking gorilla that his fat was just taking the shots. Eric died not from the bullets but because he had a heart attack from having to sprint roughly 20 feet. "Aw shit, im having a heart attack nigga I can't breev."

All that remained was George Floyd. I readied my cutlass to end this nigger once and for all. But then someone stepped in front of me. It was Derek Chauvin, hungry for revenge against George Floyd for killing Adolf Hitler as well as wanting to end a feud that started long ago. I stepped back, letting Derek Chauvin have this battle to himself. However, he did something I did not expect. He dropped his flintlock as well as his sword, and just stood there.

George Floyd laughed. "Shit White boy you crackas can't fight how you gonna take down a nigga like me."

He then charged Derek Chauvin, who dodged all his sword slashes like he had ultra instinct or some crazy shit. Derek started hitting George Floyd with various attacks coming from his knees, as Derek Chauvin was a master in this style of martial arts. He continuously landed blows on George Floyd in his knees, legs, and balls. Finally, Derek Chauvin hit George Floyd in the chin with a flying knee uppercut, knocking many of his teeth out and sending him hurtling towards the ground.

"Shit White boy, you gonna knee on me now?" Said George.

"No," said Derek. "I'm gonna end you once and for all you fucking smelly jungle gorilla."

Derek Chauvin picked up George Floyd by the head and dragged him to the hyperborea portal. He shoved George Floyd's head into the portal. This action caused the light to become blindly bright plus his voice to become ever present throughout the cave

“Ah shit mane! The condensed indo aryan spirit nigga! I'm a swarthoid and can't handle the vril! It's suffocating me! I can't breathe nigga! I can't fucking breathe. Shit!”

Derek pulled George Floyd's head out of the portal, which revealed that nothing but the skull was still left. We did it. We had Ronnie McNutt's treasure, and we proved to the island that we were worthy enough to claim it. We cannibalized the SS Hellcat to repair the Buck Breaker, and we set sail back upon the seas with our new found treasure.

So beware, Jews, Niggers, and all swarthoids who dare set sail upon the seven seas, because the Peter Muskrat army is coming for you. And we. Fucking. Obliterate. Niggers.

Gaylo Fentanyl Evolved

By BuckFlackPeople

Just a quick disclaimer before the creepypasta begins, do not be alarmed if you do not know anything about the Halo universe, you will not need to have played the games to enjoy this creepypasta. All you really need to know going in is that it's the future and its humanity fighting aliens. I will be sure to explain any concepts deeper than that. Now sit back, relax, and enjoy this BuckFlackPeople production.

It was humanity's resolve that won us the war against the Chuckavent. Although the entire war was fought with humanity on the backfoot, we managed to defy the odds and win, securing the existence of our people and a future for our children. However, one man's actions can be attributed for single handedly winning us the war. And no, I'm not talking about that green gay retard with the blue girl who blue up the giant space ring. No, this is the story of a man who stopped what could've ended the war against humanity in a heartbeat. This is my story, the story of Derek Chauvin, Spartan Fourteen Eighty Eight.

Let me start by introducing myself. My name is Derek Chauvin, and I am a Spartan 3 super soldier. I was born on the planet Minneapolis in the year twenty five twenty two, where I was one of the only survivors after the planet was attacked and burned to the ground by an alien hegemony known as the Chuckavent. For many years, the Chuckavent waged war on humanity, believing it the will of their gods for us to be exterminated, kind of like it is the will of God for the Jews to be **[redacted]**. The Chuckavents are not one alien race, rather they are a coalition of multiple alien races, arranged in a racial hierarchy, with the mysterious race known as the

prophets heading the Chuckavent. I still remember the day when the Chuckavent attacked. A contingent of the Chuckavent attacked our planet, led by the brutes. Brutes are one of the races of the Chuckavent. They are an ape-nigger like race of sapient beings, with long hair, leathery skin, and sharp teeth, often standing around seven to eight feet tall. They are also completely retarded, only understanding savage violence, with the biggest of strongest of them being at the top of their own hierarchy. They are extremely similar to niggers in this manner, except the brutes don't take wealth into account when judging another brute. Once I was rescued by the United Nations Space Command, they abducted me and placed me into the Spartan 3 program, where I underwent vigorous training and biological alterations to become a super soldier to fight the aliens.

I was not given the same treatment as the other Spartans in my class due to an incident that occurred when I met another class of Spartan 3's. One day, I was calibrating my Spartan armor when I noticed another figure nearby. He was seven to eight feet tall, which was normal for a Spartan due to the biological enhancements we undertake. However, this figure was so ugly that he could not have been human. He had dark, leathery skin, with soulless eyes that stared without any semblance of intelligent thought. He spoke a language that could be described as broken English at best, similar to the brutes. His fat lips were so massive they took up almost half his face, with the other half being taken up by the abomination that was his nose. His nose looked like the mushroom of an atomic bomb, and was almost as large in size. When he looked at me, I got a PTSD flashback to when the brutes attacked and razed my homeworld. I thought a brute had snuck into our base, so I threw the figure to the floor and knelt on his neck for eight minutes and forty six seconds. With my Spartan super strength, this was a pretty easy task.

I heard him scream "Ah shit, I can't breathe, I need air nigga. Please nigga I need air, and also some stimmy checks." After he died, an officer rushed in and told me that the thing I just killed was not a brute, rather it was a nigger. His name was George Floyd, listed as Spartan thirteen fifty, and I had just killed another Spartan. Normally, the punishment for this would be the death sentence, as Spartans are an invaluable commodity to the UNSneed. However, the officer was **based** as fuck and didn't care that I had just killed him, as he was an ugly ass nigga plus he had a history of holding loaded magnums up to the bellies of pregnant women. Thus, the officer told me he would find a way to cover up his death, and he told me to leave the body with him. However, I was blacklisted from the UNSneed records to cover up anything suspicious. Thus, I was normally assigned to top secret missions during my deployment as a Spartan.

It was towards the end of the war where I would receive an assignment that would change the outcome of the war against the Chuckavent. I would be assigned to investigate an important Chuckavent meeting. Apparently, the Chuckavent were considering allowing a new species to join their ranks. On top of this, were they to join, they would be given seats alongside the brutes. This was very alarming, as it meant that whatever this new species was, it could match the brutes in sheer brutality and violence. I would be sent in not only to survey this new species, but also to stop the initiation and possibly even frame the new species for the failure, canceling any future hopes of admitting the new species into the Chuckavent.

I spent the entirety of my trip writing my next George Floyd creepypasta, as Floydwriting is now an appreciated genre of literature in the 26th century. Once we saw the Chuckavent battleships, we knew we were in the right area. I would be sent in alone to keep the element of stealth. However, this wouldn't be a problem for me, as one Spartan is badass enough to annihilate an army of aliens. I disembarked from the ship in zero gravity with my suit acting like a space suit, maintaining my oxygen and allowing me to maneuver to the ship. I managed to infiltrate the main Chuckavent ship, and used my training to sneak around the ship. I eventually came across two figures, one being a brute, and the other being another dark, humanoid figure. I used my silence pistol to dispatch both of them without alerting the others onboard, however I made an alarming discovery. The second figure was not a brute. It was a nigger. Even stranger, both the nigger and the brute had a strange white substance all over their faces. Why would there be a nigger on a Chuckavent ship? I heard a speech coming from the next room over, and used my active camouflage to get a closer look. There was a crowd of brutes and niggers cheering as a disgusting, Jewish looking hunchback creature in a floating chair came onto a stage. It was a Chuckavent prophet, in all its hideous and disgusting glory. He rubbed his hands together and said

"Fine gentlemen, I, the prophet of Deceit, am here to announce a glorious new day for the Chuckavent. For years the pitiful humans have evaded our will. This may not make sense to many, as we, the prophets, are gods chosen people. We have survived much, including when the UNSneed blew up our homeworld a few years ago, killing 6 million of our species. However, a new age has dawned on the Chuckavent. The Chuckavent will not need to crush humanity, humanity will crumble from the inside. And it is all thanks to our new chosen ones, the niggers!"

Then I felt a shock of horror pulse through my body as I saw what I did not think possible. A buck negro walked onto the stage wearing alien armor and wielding a massive alien war hammer. It was George Floyd. He began flopping his gruesome looking fatass lips into a speech:

“Shit niggas, I know shits bad and shit. These Chuckavent niggas been glassing our homeworld, been killing our niggas, just straight killing our vibes man. But das cuz we was wrong about these niggas. These niggas know the one true path. Once their prophecy is fulfilled, every nigga in the world gon be straight chilling yo. We all gon get stimmy checks, gimme that’s, Popeyes, and Dodge Hellcat’s. And most of all, all them racist ass White bitches gonna be our slaves. And we’ll be able to defeat them, cuz we be macking the fentanyl and shit, and this shit is bussin. Because the brutes and the niggas share most of their DNA in common, they can take the fentanyl and not only survive, but become stronger.”

I uncloaked my camouflage and said “I should’ve known you would come back you fucking dumb nigger.” George Floyd was surprised when he saw not only a Spartan, but the Spartan who almost took his life years ago. “Derek Chauvin, my arch nemesis. I should have known you would show here. Today, will die by the hands of my people for all the destruction you and the White race have caused to us fatlip big nose niggas mane.”

He and the prophet watched as the brutes and niggers in the crowd opened up on me with their alien weapons and cheap, 9 millimeter hi point pistols. I took cover and was pinned down. I thought I would have to take fentanyl to defeat them. But then I remembered that aryan chads do not use nigger drugs like fentanyl or crack, and that our true power comes from our Hyperborean spirit. I threw a plasma grenade I had taken off the brute I killed earlier and hucked it at the crowd. The explosion the smoke made gave me time to get up and mount an assault. I started duel wielding my magnums, mowing down anyone foolish enough to shoot at me. When I ran out of ammo I picked up a Chuckavent war hammer and started going through the brutes and niggers like they were water. Nigger body parts flew all over the place, painting the walls and ceiling. When I was finally done with the crowd, George Floyd ran away like the pussy bitch he is and left the cowering prophet of deceit to fend for himself. “No!” He said. “I’m ruined! Ruined!”.

“Die you disgusting kike alien or whatever the fuck you are,” I said before smashing his head in with the hammer. I now had to find George Floyd, who I spotted running towards a 1 seater aircraft. He got in it and started to take off to escape the ship. I chased after him, jumping onto the ship as he exited the battleship into the vacuum

of space. Luckily, my suit let me breathe in space. I managed to rip George Floyd out of the ship, stealing his seat and throwing him into space.

“Aw shit man, it’s the vacuum of space nigga, I can’t breathe man, I can’t breathe. I never got my dodge hellcat nigga.” I watched him die slowly as I thought to myself what the fuck is a Dodge Hellcat. I am writing this story while I am on the ship, after watching a very kek compilation of Ronnie McNutt edits. Although most of my missions are secretive, I wanted this one to be known, as niggers pose a serious threat to world safety, since they operate on an ape like hivemind that can turn to destruction at a moments notice if not kept in check. Also fuck Jews too.

Do Not Screenshot George Floyd NFTs

By Toast Man

In 2021, what many would refer to as the NFT craze began. NFTs, an acronym for non-fungible token, are a unique and irreplaceable unit of data that exists on a blockchain. This means that NFTs allow you to ‘own’ a piece of unique data on the internet. This uniqueness is the aspect of NFTs that makes them so coveted as-unlike iDubbbz’s wife-only one guy can claim ownership of an NFT at one time. However, there are also serious risks when it comes to trading these imaginary tokens online, as unpopular NFTs can quickly become worthless and-even worse-NFTs are used in many modern day art scams.

Yet financial ruin is not the only risk that certain NFTs pose to humanity, for recently I have had a harrowing experience with an NFT which has caused me a great deal of psychological trauma that will leave me scarred for the rest of my life.

But before I get to that, I guess I need to introduce myself. My name is Steve Sneed, or S.S. for short. I used to be an accountant, but I quit my day job and am now using all my time to pursue my side hustle as a cryptocurrency and blockchain guru on the internet. Or, in other words, I get paid about twenty thousands dollars a month to tell elaborate, “data backed” lies about imaginary currencies which retards with no sense of diversifying their portfolio dump their life savings into. Sometimes my

predictions come true and people become millionaires, other times they go broke and turn their faces into something that resembles the Blood-Starved Beast from Bloodborne with a rifle. I don't see my clients kill themselves as a bad thing though since all of my clients are boomers, who betrayed the West by allowing niggers to become our legal equals through the Civil Rights Act and promulgated sexual degeneracy with their rampant use of recreational drugs and birth control. All the money that I trick boomers out of is exclusively spent on promoting racism, anti-Semitism, and anti-LGBT causes. I do this because I have a powerful hatred of niggers and Jews and faggots and trannies, who are all parasites who leech off of White people while never creating anything useful or beautiful or good of their own.

Anyway, my story with the accursed NFT in question began when I received ten emails on a Saturday morning from one of my boomer clients, a guy named Douglas, about how he wanted to purchase an NFT as a financial investment and was asking for recommendations. Douglas is, out of all my boomer clients, by far the client I hate the most. And that's saying something since a couple of my clients are Q-tards. First and foremost, as you can tell from how he spam emailed me on a goddamn Saturday morning, Douglas has the typical boomer entitlement attitude of 'me me me' and operates solely on his own schedule. He also is a race mixer, having married a Cambodian (a type of jungle Asian) who was not ten, not twenty, but thirty years younger than him. When I asked him once how they had met, the creep shamelessly admitted to me that it was during one of his 'vacations' in Southeast Asia-so in other words during a pedophilic sex tourism trip. I would've personally seen to his demise if it weren't for the crazy amounts of money that I've been able to extract from him so far. Up until he met me, he kept all of his money in a big safe in his home and lived off of his cushy pension. By getting him to invest a lot of the money in his safe into crypto through my services, I was able to buy every working class White child in my town a George Floyd toy for Christmas.

I read through all the emails then saw on the final one that he wanted to talk to me over the phone, so I called him. After about a minute of ringing, Douglas picked up.

"Steve, where were you? I need to buy an NFT ASAP!" Douglas snapped.

"Douglas, why the sudden urge to buy an NFT?" I asked, "I recall you telling me a week earlier that NFTs were ridiculous and total bullshit."

"I didn't say that," Douglas said.

“Okay well here’s the email you sent me,” I said as I began to read out the email he had sent me a week earlier. “Steve, don’t you fucking dare put my money in any of those goddamned NFTs-”

“You’re misinterpreting what I meant!” Douglas said angrily, “If you’re going to try and fudge my words like that, here’s a friendly reminder that I could fire you at any second.”

I sighed, exasperated with this retarded, self-righteous boomer. “Alright, I understand. Just give me a minute and I’ll get you a list of good NFTs that you can buy.”

“Good good, that’s what I want to hear,” Douglas snorted. “I need them to be top notch cause my neighbor Billy bought uh, what was it? The monkey one and made over a hundred thousand on it, and I thought it was time to spend some of the money that I made off my reverse mortgage.”

“Yes, yes I know.” I said as I opened up OpenSea and looked around for something that might suit Douglas’ tastes. “You worked for forty hours a week at your union job to buy your own home which now has a value of about five hundred thousand dollars.”

“You’re goddamn right!” Douglas said, “I just don’t understand why all you young ones nowadays can’t manage their finances like I did back in the day. As long as you find a good job that pays well and you save every penny you make, you can buy a home by your mid-twenties. I swear, all of you kids are either dumb or lazy or both.”

Just hearing that come from that fat boomer made me want to tear the motherfucker’s throat out. The nonchalant way he dismissed everybody who couldn’t afford to buy their own home as ‘dumb or lazy or both’ when my generation was forced to either go to college and become debt slaves to Jews or get a job at McDonald’s—that is, a job where you had to work in dangerous proximity to niggers and spics; it was unbearable. All Douglas the boomer could talk about were his struggles, like how his former prostitute jungle chink wife wouldn’t fuck him because of how fat his type 2 diabetes had made him or how back when he used to work at whatever place he worked at his boss would criticize him for poor performance. He had no empathy for White people who were younger and poorer than he was, who struggled to pay back student loans and compete in the job market against nigger affirmative action, pajeet H-1B visas, and Jewish nepotism in hiring.

As this righteous indignation burned inside of me, I happened across two NFT collections that I instantly knew would be perfect for the boomer. “So Douglas, I found these NFTs that are just perfect for you.”

"Oh? What are they?" Douglas said.

"George Floyd NFTs. There are two types to be exact," I said, scrolling through OpenSea. "Floydies and George Floyd Toy NFTs."

"George Floyd? Wasn't he that black guy who got murdered in 2020?" Douglas said, puzzled. "Is this some sort of racist prank you're trying to pull on me here? If it's racist I'm not buying in cause I'm no racist Nazi. I mean, my wife is Asian, so there's no way I can be a racist."

"No it's not racist," I lied. "In fact, the creator of the toy NFT has listed here that he made the George Floyd NFT to rally against police brutality, and the Floydie NFT creator said that he was just an opportunist. So you can buy one and use it as a sort of digital badge to prove that you support Black Lives Matter."

"I see. Well okay then if that's true then I'll buy one. I love black people so if it's to support them then I'll buy one," Douglas said. "But do you honestly think that they will be a good investment?"

"Actually, if it's as an investment, I'd recommend buying probably a few more than just one. A dozen at the very least," I said, nearly bursting out in laughter. While George Floyd NFTs were super cool and an awesome piece of racist paraphernalia, they would likely have very poor resale value unless a massive controversy erupted around them. The only coverage I had seen around them was this video on some obscure news channel that had gotten a couple thousand views.

"Fine Steve, if you say that these are going to the moon then I'll trust you," Douglas said, "Get me fifty of these Floyd NFTs or whatever you call them."

I grinned from ear to ear, thinking about how all his liberal friends and family were going to shit on him for being a racist, out of touch, retarded and entitled boomer when he inevitably started bragging about his NFTs on Facebook. "Okay Douglas, I'll do that. But before I do that, could you send me a list of the NFTs that you want to buy? There are thousands of them so can you send me the numbers and prices of the ones you want?"

"Couldn't I just send you a screenshot or whatever it's called of the ones I want to you? I ain't gonna be bothered with making a whole goddamn list," Douglas harrumphed.

I winced when I heard the word *screenshot*. "Well here's the rule with NFTs, you're not supposed to screenshot them. It's considered to be bad manners."

“Well to hell with the rules,” Douglas said, “I marched with Dr. King back in the 60’s and it was in protest against the rules, so I don’t see why I can’t break these newfangled NFT rules.”

I immediately wanted to say, *Yeah, but Martin Looter Kang was a rapist nigger who plagiarised his doctoral thesis and had his speeches written by Stanley Levison*, but kept myself from spewing out that red pill.

“Well still, please follow this rule just this once,” I told Douglas. “It’s not super hard to make a list with the prices. You can do it in five minutes with Excel.”

“Fine, fine, I’ll do it,” Douglas said, then hung up.

I almost shrieked out of sheer relief at not having to hear that boomer’s awful voice. Once free from that conversation, I proceeded to go about my morning routine. Due to the grindset that I have, I personally identify as a Shrigma male. A Shrigma male is like a Sigma male but even more racist. I began working out in my home gym while watching an hour-long compilation of Africans’ civilizational failures in between sets of squats on my phone. It was a brilliant compilation, and featured timeless classics like Haitians eating cookies made of mud and niggers trying to make airplanes out of motorcycle parts as well as newer ones like this one documentary of a White libtard visiting a Nigerian slum and brainstorming copes on how the inferior conditions of niggers is caused by socioeconomic factors and not by their inherent savagery and stupidity.

I was in the middle of watching some niggers bashing each other over the head with rocks when I got a notification that Douglas’ email had arrived. When I opened the message, a long, low groan escaped my mouth. The email consisted of a series of screenshots with the selected George Floyd NFTs circled with what I recognized to be the default brush on the iPad Photos app.

At the top of the email, Douglas had wrote *Fuck the rules and live free, just like Bob Dylan*.

I winced when I read that since Bob Dylan’s actual name is Shabtai Zisel ben Avraham, which if you can’t tell is Hebrew. However, what truly infuriated me was how this boomer had gone ahead and done the exact opposite of what I had told him to do even after agreeing to do it the right way since it was microscopically more convenient for himself. Indeed, the Day of the Pillow couldn’t come soon enough.

I was tempted to write back and tell him to make an actual list with proper prices, but I decided it wasn’t worth the hassle. So I replied with a

quick thank you and added that I would have to wait for my weekend to be over. Douglas replied immediately to my email, saying something about how he used to work on Saturdays (which I knew was a blatant lie since he had also previously told me about how much he drank on the weekends) but said that would be fine since he “expected that my work ethic wouldn’t be up to snuff.”

So after that brief exchange with Douglas I went back to my daily routine, finishing my leg day with a grueling set of split squats, during which I repeatedly kneed my life-sized George Floyd toy while watching niggers being burned alive after having stolen petrol from a storage tanker. I then spent the rest of the weekend doing my favorite epic trolling activity, which is pretending to be friends with a tranny. Now you may think that this is cringe at first, but it is actually a very **based** thing to do. You befriend a tranny, compliment them and make them trust you. If it’s a male tranny, that is a male pretending to be a woman, you can even feign attraction to them. Then, when you have their absolute confidence, you do a total 180 on them, telling them the truth. Talk about how they are a disgrace to their family, a freak of nature, and that nobody could ever love something as vile and inhuman as them. This sudden criticism will cause the tranny to become suicidal, which you should then encourage. Finally, once the tranny says that they are going to do it, delete the chat and block them so that the authorities can’t trace you once the tranny kills itself. Right now I am doing this to a female tranny (a woman who wants to be a guy) named Alexis, who goes by Alex. I am currently at the befriending stage, so it’s going to be a while before I get to the betrayal stage.

On Sunday, as I was commenting on how much more muscular Alexis looked after going to the gym for a week (there was no change in reality, the cunt was as skinny as a rail) when I received a call from a number that I had never seen before. I thought it was a scammer at first so I didn’t pick up, but when my phone rang again I decided that it might just be a new boomer client that I could make money off of so I answered the call.

“This is Steve Sneed of Sneed's Greed and Succeed Crypto Advisory, how may I help you?”

“Herro? Mister Sneed? Zis is Chantou,” the caller said in this nasally, almost incomprehensible accent.

“No, I’m not interested in your massage parlor business you locust-eating, hivemind chink,” I replied. I nearly hung up, but what the caller said next made me pause.

"I am Chantou, Douglas-zoo's waifu. I called Mister Sneed because my husbando is deado."

"What?" I gasped, then immediately turned away from the phone and shouted "Fuck! Yes!" at the top of my lungs. Getting back to the call, I said, "Oh Miss Chantou, I am terribly sorry to hear about your loss."

"Eh, it ok. I just marry Douglasu for money anyway," Chantou said. "But here zah problemu. When he die, I find dat all his money in safe been storen. And I find note dat was in safe instead."

My brows furrowed. "Can you send a photo of the note to me?" I asked.

"Okay, I send to email," Chantous said, then added, "I really need your help Mister Sneed. Note say scary thing about Douglasu and make me cry."

I ignored what the jungle chink said and read the note that she had sent me. The note was nearly illegible, having been written in brown crayon. This is what I think it said:

Hey you old ass cracka never steal a nigguh's shit main. Dats why we hadda smoke yo' cracka ass and take all yo' muthafuckin money to buy dem fentanyl and pregnant OnlyFans pics. And dat's why we comin' for yo' slant-eyed wife and yo' rayciss ass advisor next, nigguh.

My eyes widened in surprise as I read the last part. Judging by the grammatical travesty that was the letter, I knew that the note had been written by a nigger. However, how would a nigger know that I was a racist? I usually kept my racism pretty covert since I didn't want to lose my business to Jewish doxxing and deplatforming, so there was no way that some nigger could figure out that I was **based**. Even though I was glad that he was dead, I knew I had to investigate what had happened to Douglas.

"Hey you chink gold digger...I mean, Miss Chantou, can I come over to your place?" I asked.

"Of course Mister Sneed, preeze come quickry. I feel not safe here," Chantou said, then hung up.

I rushed to get everything together that I needed to confront a nigger. First, I got my firearms together. I chose my favorite guns: an AR-15 that I had customized with a Moonman theme, an MG42 that I bought at a World War Two surplus supply sale, and finally-in case I had no other choice but to end myself-a genuine Ronnie McNutt replica rifle, complete with a Bluetooth speaker which would play "Over The Horizon" whenever the

trigger is pulled. I then cloaked myself in a klan robe woven out of kevlar that I had had specially tailored for myself in case America descended into civil war. I hadn't been expecting to wear it for another ten to twenty years, but I honestly was kind of thrilled to be able to put it into use. Finally, I built a couple anti-nigger traps. I hastily glued fake EBT cards onto bear traps and taped laser printer copies of stimmy checks to snares. Also, on the drive to Douglas' house, I picked up a dozen buckets of KFC.

When I arrived at Douglas' house, which was about four hours drive from my place, it was already dark. His place was closer to a mansion than a plain old house, with three-floors, a patio, a swimming pool and a driveway that had space for twenty cars. I got out and rang the bell. After a minute or so a hideous, shit-colored chink answered the door.

"Ooh, herro Mister Sneed," Chantou said. The gold digger had teeth like a beaver and eyes as narrow as a nigger's brain was small. She also had this sour smell about her that, if you had ever been to an Asian's house, you would recognize instantly. Apparently the chink stench is caused by the odor of their diet, which can consist of fermented cabbage, raw fish, soup made from bird spit, grubs, or dogs and cats based upon which Asian ethnicity that particular chink is part of.

"Uh, hello to you too, Miss Chantou," I said, bowing slightly (which is a chink social custom).

"Ooh, you have big muscle," Chantou said, grabbing my 20-inch arm. "I give you sucky sucky after you find out what happen to Douglasu."

I nearly puked inside my klan robe at the thought of getting head from a buck-toothed gook. "Uh, that's fine. I don't want syphilis," I said, "I just want to figure out what happened to my client. The note said something about me as well."

The slant-eyed cunt nodded. "Yes, I take you to room where he die."

Chantou led me to their bedroom. As I approached, I noticed the smell of putrefaction and feces growing stronger and stronger, and when she opened the door I almost fainted at the sheer strength of the odor.

"What's that smell?" I asked, barely able to breathe.

"What smell? Room smell okay to me," Chantou said, taking a deep breath in through her snout-like chink nose.

I then saw that there was somebody lying on the bed. I walked over to it and discovered that it was Douglas' corpse. Not only was the body

decomposing, but the internal sphincter muscles had relaxed as he died, causing all the shit that was inside of him to dribble onto the sheets.

“You didn’t call the cops or the morgue or anything?” I asked angrily. “How could you leave your husband’s corpse just...lying there? And even if you only married him for money, how could you stand the godforsaken smell?”

Chantou shrugged. “It smell rike my home country here with Douglasu body. Make me feel nostalgic.”

Absolutely repulsive, I thought as I examined Douglas’ corpse. Even though some time had passed since his death, I could immediately see there was something off about his corpse. It was as if his lungs had exploded, kind of like what would happen to a human being in a zero pressure vacuum chamber. He had likely slowly asphyxiated. I could see the look of fear in his dead eyes. Knowing that Douglas the race-traitor boomer had died slowly, painfully, and in total fear of death brought a smile to my face, but I was still put aback by just how gruesome his death must have been.

I then heard a scream burst out behind me. I spun around and saw Chantou on the ground, writhing as what seemed to be a small army of shadowy figures, all about an inch in height, crawled over her body. I watched in shock as the shadowy figures went up to her porky gook nose and then started crawling inside her nostrils.

“I can’t breathe! I can’t breathe! Mister Sneed prease help!” Chantou screamed, but it was too late. Her chest exploded into a shower of gore as the dark figures burst out her lungs. And there, illuminated in the moonlight and covered in the fresh blood of the chink, stood over four dozen little figures.

Each one was a little different from the others. One of them was smoking a blunt, another was dressed as a cop and yet another was carrying a basketball. Half of them seemed to be pixelated and the other half seemed more three dimensional. Yet all of them were a variation on a common theme. They all bore the face of the criminal nigger, George Floyd.

“Hehehehehe,” the niggers chimped in unison, “We be da George Floyd NFT collection and shieet. We got summoned to da real world from da digital realm cuz a cracka screenshotted us and shieet. We wuz waiting for your rayciss ass to come here to dis house so dat we can steal yo’ air, den we will steal your crypto and yo credit card numbah and all your assets to buy fentanyl and pregnant belly pics on OnlyFans.”

Without a moment's hesitation, I began firing on the George Floyd NFTs. Since there were so many of them I used my MG42, which I could operate by myself due to my racist chad strength. The spray of bullets tore through the NFTs, blasting them to bloody bits as my Nazi machine gun roared like a lion. However, after about ten seconds of continuous fire, I noticed that the bloody clumps of the George Floyd NFTs were reforming.

"Yo you dumbass cracka," the NFTs said, "You can't destroy us with your guns and shieet main. We be invincible cuz we exist on da Ethereum blockchain and shieet."

My MG42 let out a click as it ran out of ammo, so I tossed it aside and ran out of the bedroom and down the hall. I had to think of a way to destroy the Floyd NFTs or else they would steal my air and my assets, and I had to do it as fast as I could. I placed down my anti-nigger traps, the beart traps and the snares with the fake EBT and stimmy checks, as distractions, all of which they fell for without exception. This gave me time to think of a plan. I thought back through all of my experience with NFTs, trying to come up with a final solution on how to defeat the army of Floydies and George Floyd Toy NFTs.

As I ran past the kitchen, I saw the kitchen oven, which gave me an idea. NFTs can be destroyed through a process called burning, which unlists them from the Ethereum blockchain and basically renders them eliminated from this world. And so I took hold of the oven door and placed one of the buckets of KFC chicken inside of it. As the George Floyd NFTs approached me, I shouted to them, "Hey, there's some KFC inside of the oven! Come and get it!"

"Ooga booga ooh ooh ahh ahh! We want KFC maine!" they said, and one by one they jumped into the oven to get at the KFC. Now you may think that it is absurd that niggers would fall for a trap as simple as this, but you need to remember that niggers are subhuman monkeys who are functionally retarded. Which is why, as the George Floyd NFTs began feasting on the KFC, I cranked the oven up to 600 degrees and started roasting them alive.

"Ah shieet!" they screamed from inside the oven. "The oven be burning us alive main! Stuff burning produces smoke and carbon monoxide which makes it so we can't breathe! Mamaaaa!"

The Floyd NFTs banged on the oven door but my racist chad strength kept them from busting through. One by one they asphyxiated on the fumes from their own burning bodies, then after three hours (which is how long it ACTUALLY takes to cremate a body) I opened the oven door. All the George Floyd NFTs were reduced to ash, burned away from existence.

I am now writing this to warn the public. The moral of the story is that you should not be a fucking lazy boomer and screenshot George Floyd NFTs. If you are a **based** racist chad you can certainly buy them and own them, but if you do cringe stuff like screenshotting George Floyd NFTs then they will come to murder you, steal your air, and then use your crypto to buy fentanyl.

I Know Who Shot George Floyd's Niece: It was George Floyd

By Toast Man

Drive-by shootings are an everyday happening in ghetto neighborhoods, where feral niggers run rampant like a scourge of beasts, maiming or raping or killing everyone and everything they see. You can say that being sprayed with a hailstorm of bullets is as common for the average America nigger as graduating from high school is for any other race. Most of the time these acts of negro-on-negro violence are a result of street gangs fighting over their "turf", which is to say a couple of blocks of some shithole urban area where said gangs can sell fentanyl and crack cocaine, which really goes to show how petty niggers can be. However, there are some drive-by shootings that are not a result of chimp-like fighting over small plots of worthless inner city real estate. Sometimes, however, such turf-related shootings can happen for reasons that can be much more... sinister in nature.

Hello, my name is Reggin Redrum. I am an independent journalist who lives and operates in Houston, Texas. My main line of work is reporting on the rampant nigger violence that takes place in this city which the Jewish mainstream media refuses to report on. I have been in this line of work for over a decade, but it was just yesterday that I came across the greatest story of my career, and I am here to divulge the truth to you before the Heebs in the media can fill your mind with lies.

My story-the greatest story I have found so far-has to do with the truth behind the shooting of four-year old Arianna Delane, who is the niece of the deceased criminal nigger, George Floyd. If you have checked the news in the past couple days, you would know that Arianna, along with a few other niggers living in their apartment building, were shot on New Year's Day. Arianna is alive and in stable condition, but suffered three broken ribs and a punctured lung. The fake media reports have said that the

suspect is unknown, but this lie couldn't be further from the truth. For I know who was responsible for the shooting, and I can confirm the identity of the assailant beyond a shadow of a reasonable doubt.

In order to prove my story true, I will have to explain what I was doing on New Year's Day. I was in Cuney Homes, which also happens to be the place where George Floyd grew up, investigating another incident of nigger violence. I was interviewing a young bug black nigger about a shooting that had happened over Christmas.

"So, Mr. Ja'quariaushawn, can you confirm that it was Laqueensha's, erm, 'cake' that that particular incident of violence happened over?" I asked the bug nigger, pouring him another cup of purple drank.

Ja'quariaushawn made some high-pitched bonobo sounds as he greedily gulped down the Lean. "Ya mayne, dat be wat dey be smokin' each otha ober and shieet," Ja'quariaushawn said, burping loudly as he finished his sentence. Ja'quariaushawn was a bug black, by which I mean a nigger that is small, weak, and skittish as opposed to muscular and bull-like as are buck niggers. A good way to think about it is that buck niggers, examples being George Floyd and most sportsball playing niggers, are like gorillas. Meanwhile, bug blacks like Ja'quariaushawn and most Soundcloud rappers are like prosimians (think lemurs).

"Dat dirty muhfuggin hoe Laqueensha's nasty ass cake mayne, she just too thicc mayne. Even after habin four babies, all from four different baby daddies, both Big L and Pop Pop wanna piece an' it gonna make a muhfuggin' start between both dey gangs mayne. Big L's and Pop Pop's gangs, if you get what I'm sayin' here. Dat why Pop Pop fuckin' blew Big L's homies away at dat party mayne."

I nodded, my eyes dreary with boredom. It was the same old story that I had heard for many, many years now. Two or more nigger men murdering each other some STD-ridden pig. It was like some sort of degraded iteration of the Iliad that played out on repeat for these subhumans. Instead of the duel of Paris and Menelaus, an honorable bout between the representatives of Trojans and the Greeks, niggers conduct cowardly assassinations that hurt innocent bystanders. Instead of a war fought over Helen of Troy, the most beautiful woman in the world, niggers would murder each other over some 400 pound greaseball sheboon with four kids.

"So uh, Missa Redrum," Ja'quariaushawn said, handing me his empty cup back. "I gib you a deal mayne. You tell me how to make dis here purple drank you be givin me, cuz it be da best dat I evah had, and I take ya on a tour of da hood, if you get what I mean mayne."

“Oh, there’s no need to take me on a tour of the neighborhood. I’ve been in these parts all my life doing reporting,” I said, “But the recipe for the Lean is pretty simple, just the regular cough syrup, Grape Fanta, Sprite, but you also add in a dash of KFC grease and some corn starch for thickness.”

In all honesty I had no idea when I was making Lean to bribe the niggers I talked to as a reporter. I just mixed together the most disgusting, high calorie ingredients I could think of and gave it to them so they would tell me about their crimes. However, when Ja’quariaushawn heard the ingredients list he began to nod like a bobblehead.

“Hell yeah mayne, dat sound really fuckin’ good. Just write dat shit down for me cuz I probably ain’t not gonna remembah dat, and I can’t write it muhself since dem rayciss schools didn’t teach me nothin’ about reading and shit,” he said, then added, “But I really think dat I should gib you dat tour of da hood mayne. It cuz dere be dis new fucking scary ass thing dat be happening in dis here hood mayne, and since you habe dat cracka college degree and education you might be able to figure out what be going on.”

My brows furrowed. “What do you mean by scary? I mean if you’re talking about more shootings, then I could see why they could be scary to you all, but that’s about as common as teenage pregnancies and cashing in food stamps for you guys,” I said.

Ja’quariaushawn shook his head. “Dere be dese strange screams in the middle of the night mayne. Some nigga be out dere screaming ‘Get off my muthafuckin’ turf’ or sumting along dose lines.”

I shrugged. “Well that sounds pretty normal-”

“No, it ain’t mayne,” he said, “Cuz one time I went outside muh apartment to check what nigga was out dere so that I could beat the shit out of that muhfugga, but when I went outside dere was nobody dere. Not a single muthafucka screaming dat shit. And before you say sum shit like oh you was high, you gotta remember dat I found Jesus and am tryin’ ta live my life according to the Bible mayne. I’m clean now mayne, clean.”

I glanced at the empty cup of Lean in Ja’quariaushawn’s hand. “Yeah sure, you weren’t hallucinating,” I said.

“Das rite, you gettin’ it now cracka,” he said, nodding. “But just in case you doubtin’ me like muh teachers in high school doubted muh talent as a rapper, lemme say dat all da otha niggas in da hood be sayin’ similar shit. Dat dere be dis deep, strange ass voice tellin’ dem to leave dere

homes. And the real spooky part about it is dat da voice be heard most often by da niggas who live near da graveyard.”

“The graveyard?” I said, then paused to think. “Is it Houston Memorial Gardens?”

“Yup yup yup,” he replied as he took the entire bottle of Lean that I had without permission and guzzled it. He burped loudly, then added, “And dats where I wanna go with you mayne. Cuz you crackas don’t get spooked out so easily like us niggas do, so you’ll be able to figure out if it be just a prank or Lord forbid, a real ghost. You know what I mean by dat, rite main?”

I nodded, thinking back to how I had interacted with certain niggers who thought that firecrackers were voodoo magic and another time when a sheboon had shat herself at a horror film because she thought Pennywise the clown was real.

“Okay, I’ll check it out,” I said, now mildly intrigued. “When should we go?”

“Rite now mayne,” Ja’quariaushawn said, looking out the window of his apartment. “It be dark outside, and dat when da spooky voice start talking and shieet.”

I checked my watch. It was ten at night. I was more afraid of being killed by random nigger gunfire than being haunted by some supposed ghost, but decided that it was just as dangerous staying in Cuney Homes as it was going out on a wild ghost hunt. And besides, I wanted to see Ja’quariaushawn the bug black to freak out so that I could record it and send it to my **based** racist internet friends.

“Alright let’s go,” I said, “But we’ll have to use your car since I come here by Uber driver. You know, since I don’t get my car stolen.”

“Yeah yeah cool mayne, let’s go and check dat ghost out,” Ja’quariaushawn said.

We left Ja’quariaushawn’s Section 8 apartment and snuck down the stairs, making sure that we didn’t wake up any of the other niggers (which may or may not cause them to shoot at us). I had to pinch my nose as I got into the passenger’s seat of the bug nigger’s car, which reeked of pot and vomit and an extremely powerful cologne, the last of which didn’t mask the stench but, on the contrary, made it far worse. When I got in, I noticed that there were at least a dozen letters requesting child support payments that I was stepping on, all of which were also mixed together with old Popeye’s chicken sandwich wrappers and sheets of notebook paper with illegible

scrawls that I believed were rap lyrics. I also think there were a couple of parole related documents in there as well.

“Kay mayne let’s go,” Ja’quariaushawn said as he cranked the car on and backed out. As soon as he did, I was thrown forward as he rear-ended a Dodge Charger. I saw through the rearview mirror that both headlights were smashed and the front bumper had been completely knocked off.

“Eh, it’ll be okay,” was all Ja’quariaushawn said as he drove out of the parking lot.

As soon as he was on the road I began to regret my decision of coming along with the bug nigger. I am sure you are all aware of this, but niggers have very low spacial reasoning ability, a critical factor contributing to their inferior IQ. This makes them terrible drivers, which is why niggers are the race with the second highest average deaths and injuries from car accidents, with first place being taken by Native Americans and Alaskans (who, just like niggers, are biologically adapted to living in the Stone Age).

On our way to Houston Memorial Gardens, Ja’quariaushawn ran seven red lights, killed three squirrels, a crow, and even ran over an old homeless black that was collecting old soda cans, splattering the windshield with gore. I had puked twice out the window from his reckless driving by the time we arrived at the cemetery.

“And here we are,” the bug black said as he slammed the breaks on, then parked the car. “Dis be da place where da voices be comin’ from.”

“Okay, got it,” I said as I stepped out, the world around me still spinning and my heart still pounding. I took a Monster Energy Ultra Zero out of my bag, hesitated for a moment because it was midnight, then chugged it against my better judgment. The Hyperborean caffeine drink made me instantly feel like a Faustian Aryan ubermensch, even though I knew that now I wouldn’t be able to sleep until six in the morning at the earliest.

“You okay mayne?” Ja’quariaushawn asked, then added, “The scary ass muthafuggin’ voices be comin’ from deep inside dis here cemetery mayne, so we get over the fence.”

Houston Memorial Gardens was closed, so I climbed over the fence. Ja’quariaushawn, because he was a nigger, was able to casually hop over the fence. Even though I hated niggers just like any sane White person, I did acknowledge that their ability to run and jump was higher than that of any race. That isn’t saying much though, since the ability to jump high or run

swiftly isn't of much use in any society that was able to tame horses (which, surprise, niggers were unable to do even though they had zebras).

Ja'quariaushawn and I crept forward over the grassy field. I had seen photos of Houston Memorial Gardens from coverage of George Floyd's funeral before, but this was the first time that I had ever been here in person. And let me say, all those photos for Floyd's funeral must've been taken after a cleaning crew did some major work, because the graveyard that I saw was in terrible condition. The tombstones were cracked, the flowers were wilted and putrid, and the entire grounds were infested with weeds and ivy. As you may have guessed, niggers have no respect for their dead. This distinguishes them not only from Whites, but from literally every other race. Asians, Arabs, Indians, and-yes-even Jews respect their ancestors and tend to their graves. However, the only time a nigger feels anything, or rather pretends to feel something, for their deceased is whenever a nigger gets killed by a cop, where they ape sorrow and mourning for their "loved one" so that White people would feel bad for them and donate to their GoFundMe. It truly was sickening how heartless these monkeys were.

As I was busy looking at a grave with a bullet hole in it (niggers are known to try and murder each other at funerals) I heard a voice.

"Hehehehehe mayne, I smell a cracka."

My heart skipped a beat because, judging by the low pitch, there was no way that it was Ja'quariaushawn.

"Who's there?" I said, turning around and trying to find the voice's owner. I then noticed that Ja'quariaushawn the bug black was nowhere in sight. "Ja'quariaushawn? Are you there? Is this some kind of prank or are you trying to mug me or something?"

Quickly I drew out my Walther PPK, my concealed carry firearm of choice. And before you ask, no, it's not because James Bond used it.

The voice continued. "You crackas always takin' muh turf mayne. Houston be my home mayne, but you be givin it all away to otha niggas with yo Section 8 housing and shieet. I ain't nevah gonna forgive y'all crackas for dat."

There was a rustling sound coming from a tree. I reactively turned and fired twice at it. There was half a minute of silence after I fired. As I began to think that all was well the voice began to speak again.

"Hehehehehe mayne, you can't stop me with dem bullets. Nothin' can stop me from reclaimin' what is mine mayne," the voice said as I felt

something grab my ankle. “Especially now dat you have brought me a way to revive my body.”

In a panic, I stomped on whatever was clutching my foot with my other foot, and when it wouldn't let go, I emptied my magazine into it.

As a line of gunsmoke wafted up into the air, the moonlight finally shone on what I had been shooting at. I gasped as I saw it was Ja'quariaushawn. His body was full of bullet holes from where I had shot him, but that was not the first thing my eyes were drawn to. It was his throat. There was a strange, black shadow around his neck, constricting his windpipe and keeping him from speaking or breathing. I tried to reach down and touch it, but as soon as I did the shadow vanished and Ja'quariaushawn began gasping for air.

“Mayne...” Ja'quariaushawn gasped, dying from his wounds, “He be here mayne...”

“What do you mean nigger?” I said, not caring since it was obvious that the bug black was gonna die at any moment now.

“Floyd...he-he be angry.” Those were the last words that came from Ja'quariaushawn's ugly, oversized nigger mouth.

The voice then began to speak again. “He be perfect. Has all that I need.”

This time I could tell that the voice had a source, and was coming from a grave. Although I was nearly pissing myself, the Monster Energy Ultra Zero had awakened the Faustian spirit within me, allowing me to overcome my fear and dash towards the direction of the voice, reloading my Walther as I did.

When I stopped in front of the grave that was the source of the voice, my jaw dropped as I saw whose grave it was. The BLM fist on the headstone left no doubt. It was the grave of the criminal nigger, George Floyd.

“Hehehehe, now all I need is dat blood mayne.”

As soon as I heard that, I saw Ja'quariaushawn's body levitate into the air. I watched in horror as the blood in the dead bug black's body gushed out and floated towards George Floyd's grave. It then splashed onto the ground and began seeping in. From deep within the soil, I heard his voice.

“Hehehehehe. Oxygen, trans fat from KFC, sugar from grape fanta, all of its good shieet mayne. Too bad it be dat codeine from dat Lean dat dem weaker niggas use, which only be a weak opiate. Much better if it were fentanyl, but I ain't nevah complain-”

A coal black, gorilla-like hand burst out of the soil. "As long as I getta habe muh turf back, I don't mind."

I watched in horror as the grotesque, rotting corpse of George Floyd crawled out of its grave. The body was even blacker than it had been in life due to the extensive decomposition it had gone through, although I must add that there wasn't much of difference between the zombie and your typical nigger when it came to the odor.

Zombie Floyd grinned, his mouth crawling with worms and maggots. "Thanks fo' comin' here cracka. Now I can take muh home back and shieet."

"Go back to hell you stupid monkey!" I said as I shot Zombie Floyd in the face. The force of the bullet knocked him back, but judging by his reaction it didn't do meaningful damage.

"Hehehe that tickles," Zombie Floyd giggled. "Say cracka, tell me. What's happened since my death. How my family doin' and shit? They sad that I gone?"

Even though I was shivering with fear, I grinned as I told him the truth. "Quite the contrary you dumb nigger. All of your family is filthy rich off of exploiting the guilt of White people over your deserved death. They're all living lives of luxury thanks to your death, so you could say that they're quite thankful that you OD'd on fentanyl and meth."

Upon hearing that, Zombie Floyd roared in anger. "Dat should be MY money!" he shrieked like a bonobo. "Dey be libin da good life I nevah had cuz I died? BULLSHIT!"

Floyd then looked me straight in the eye and said, "Imma take dat dead nigga's car and yo gun. Imma smoke all dem muthafuckas."

Before I had time to react, I felt a punch to my gut, follow by Floyd prying the Walther PPK from my hands. "You stupid fucking nigger," I said as I tried to take it back, but it was too late.

Whilst holding the gun sideways like all niggers do, George Floyd shot me square in the chest. "Hehehehehe, goodbye you rayciss muthafucka," he said, then ran off into the night.

I must've lain there for a good long moment, probably knocked unconscious from the shock of being shot. And when I awoke the first thing I remember doing was coughing up blood, but I grinned as I forced myself to my feet. I tore my suit off, revealing the bulletproof vest that I was wearing underneath. Due to my occupation, I wore a kevlar vest wherever I went to prevent myself from being shot by niggers.

However, I also knew that I couldn't waste any time as Zombie Floyd was on the loose. I checked the time. It was 1:23 AM. Although he had said that he was going to go after his family members first, I knew that based upon Floyd's personality characteristics, he would likely go after pregnant White women as soon as he was finished murdering his own kin.

I knew what I had to do. I called my Uber driver, a Mexican named Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos.

"Hello, this is Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos," he answered sleepily.

"Hey, this is Redrum," I said urgently, "I need you to come out to Houston Memorial Gardens ASAP."

Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos gasped. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Redrum. Si, Mr. Redrum, anything for you sir."

"I'll pay double the normal rate, just drive here as fast as you can," I said.

"Right away," the Mexican said.

While I waited for Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos to come and pick me up, I began browsing the Internet for any clues on how to defeat Zombie Floyd. However there was one problem: whenever I looked up zombies, I got one of three results. The first set of results was stuff about The Walking Dead, which was a cringey show that I think featured race mixing. The second set of results was about some weird fetishists online who wanted to fuck zombies. The third set of results was the worst of all since it was all about Call of Duty: Nazi Zombies, a video game that demonized the Third Reich and its soldiers as evil Satanic zombies when in reality, they were the good guys who were fighting for the light of the world.

However, it was precisely as I was looking through this particular search result that I heard Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos' car roll up outside the cemetery. I hurried over to the fence and crawled over it, then got into his car.

"Where to sir?" Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos asked. He was a greasy, five foot three Mexican who smelled of cigarettes and salsa sauce. He had a Broly figurine from Dragon Ball Z hanging inside his car, a sign that he was an authentic Mexican and not one of those White libtard race traitors who pretended to be a spic for diversity points.

"Take me to Cuney Homes," I said as I strapped in, "I'm afraid that a criminal nigger has been resurrected and is on the loose."

"Dios mio, not el negro," Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos said as he revved up the car engine. "My family's quesadilla shop was destroyed by el negroes, Mister Redrum. Negro must be sent back to Africa."

I nodded in agreement. Even though I hated spics for invading through the southern border, I hated niggers even more.

We pulled away, heading towards Cuney Homes at break-neck speed since there was little traffic to get in the way. Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos' car was, based upon my experience with all the other Uber drivers in a nigger-infested city like Houston, was the best ride there was. It was decently clean since Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos' gremlin wife was a cleaning lady who kept his car clean, which was more than could be said of any nigger driver's car. The only problem was that the only music he played were Spanish covers of the Dragon Ball Z themes. Although at times they made my ears bleed, they were still better than the typical nigger hip hop or, God forbid, those awful modern pop songs and Soundcloud rap.

It was 2:34 AM when we made it to Cuney Homes. We drove around looking for Zombie Floyd. Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos had lent me a sweet fully automatic P90 that his cartel family members had given him for self-defense against niggers, while he kept hold of his trusty magnum pistol since he had to drive.

"Where is el negro?" the Mexican said, driving at a crawl around the neighborhood.

I shook my head. "I don't know. Floyd's pitch black skin is the perfect camouflage for the night."

As we kept driving, I had this constant feeling of fear and excitement at the same time. I had never felt this alive before, and the Aryan blood in my veins was tingling as if electrified. Hunting Zombie Floyd was probably the greatest thing I had ever done in my-so far-boring and ordinary life, and I knew from reading Mein Kampf that struggle, and specifically the struggle for life and death, was the means to transcendence for Aryan man.

"I don't see el negro," Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos said, yawning. "Mister Redrum, was this all fake? If it was, please just let me go home."

"No, Jose, wait--"

Right as I said that, gunshots rang out. I recognized the sound as that of my Walther PPK.

"Jose!" I yelled, but he was already driving towards the sound of the gunshots. As we approached, I saw him. There, standing outside an apartment complex, was George Floyd.

That was when I felt the car accelerate. "Hyaaaah! Super Saiyan Nigger Smash!" Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos exclaimed as he crashed his car into the zombie, running him over.

The George Floyd Zombie went flying, decaying parts of him falling off of him as he tumbled. I hopped out of the car, bringing the P90 to bear on the criminal nigger zombie. "Down on the ground you fentanyl snorting criminal," I said.

The Floyd Zombie staggered to his feet, snarling angrily. "I ain't even gonna ask how you is still alive, but come on mayne, I just gonna kill my own family mayne. Besides, ain't dat what you rayciss crackas want ta happen. For us niggas to kill otha niggas?"

I was taken aback by what seemed to be a rational argument from the George Floyd Zombie. Niggers were undoubtably the race that killed the most niggers, that was for certain. I was so startled by his newfound ability to make a basic argument that he surprised me with a leap attack, slamming me to the ground. I scraped my elbows as I did, making me bleed.

The Floyd zombie then began drying to bite my head off, saying "But still, no matta how many of us our own kind keel, we will always, *always* hate y'all rayciss crackas mo!" as he did.

I thought I was about to die, but that was when Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos came to the rescue by shooting George Floyd off of me with his magnum. He then helped me to my feet. As he did, out of the corner of my eye I saw another dark figure come into my field of vision.

"Hey, what's going on here?"

It was a nigger, but I saw that he was carrying a little small niglet child with him, who also seemed to be gravely injured.

"Who are you?" I asked, wiping the blood off my elbows.

"My name be Derrick Delane and shit and dis here be my little baby girl, Arianna Delane."

"Holy shit," I whispered to Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos, "The nigger actually lives with his child."

"Si, that's better than can be said than most of them," the Mexican replied.

The Floyd Zombie then got up, brandishing my Walther PPK. "Hehehehehe, dat be who I wanted to smoke. Dat be my grand-niece, one of dem muthafuckas who profited off my death and shieet."

As he slowly brought the gun to bear on Arianna, I noticed something off about the Floyd Zombie. That his arms seemed to be sizzling and emitting smoke as if it were being burned. When I looked closely, I saw that they were covered with my blood. That was when I remembered what Floyd had said about Ja'quariaushawn, how his blood had 'all that he needed' to come back. I then remembered the tingling feelings, the feeling of electricity coursing through my veins that I had gotten from drinking the Monster Energy Ultra Zero, and how I had jokingly thought that it had activated my Faustian Aryan spirit.

I clenched my fist tightly. Perhaps, it was worth giving it a try. Right as he fired at Derrick and Arianna Delane, I tackled the nigger zombie. The bullet strayed off course, which gave Derrick time to run to his car, after which he presumably drove away to the hospital.

"Ah shieet! What you doin'?" George Floyd said as he tussled with me on the ground. "Why ain't you letting me reclaim muh muhfuggin turf? And why is a rayciss cracka like you not lettin' me keel my own family mayne?"

I punched the Floyd Zombie in the face with a fist coated in my Aryan blood. Sure enough, the blow singed off half his face, causing him to cry, "Ah shieet! Mama! Mama!"

"Why I won't let you kill your own nigger family? I'll tell you why." I said, righteous fury burning within me. "It's because if that niglet were to die, do you know who is going to have to pay? White people. I can already see the GoFundMe page for that 'poor baby girl' getting over a million bucks."

I punched George Floyd again, knocking out whatever remaining teeth he had. "You are a race, no, a subspecies that does nothing but live as parasites off of my people. Sure, it'd be good if all you niggers were **[redacted]**, but whenever a nigger kills another nigger, do you know who has to clean up after that? White people. White society. And for every nigger that dies in a shooting another two are shit out by negresses. And a nigger who kills niggers is eventually going to kill White people too, so--"

I grabbed George Floyd's neck and began to strangle him. I could feel my Aryan blood, infused with the power of Monster Energy Ultra Zero, purifying the zombie. "-so die again, you criminal fentanyl monkey!"

The Floyd Zombie's rotting eyes began popping out of their sockets. "Ah shieet! Oh gawd mayne, I can't breathe! I can't breathe! Mama please! I'm claustrophobic and shieet and your grip is keepin' me from breathing!"

I crushed George Floyd's throat, strangling the life out of him. After precisely fourteen minutes and eighty-eight seconds, he went still. As Floyd died once more, his corpse disintegrated into a pile of ashes at such a speed that, if the Nazis had been able to cremate bodies at the same rate during the Second World War, the Holocaust could logically have happened.

I rolled over on my back, completely exhausted after my battle with Zombie Floyd. When I looked up I saw Jose-Carlos Tacos Enchilada Burritos staring down at me.

"Mr. Redrum, are you ok?" he asked as he helped me to my feet.

"Yeah," I said, grimacing, "Now, uh, can you take me home?"

He nodded, "Si."

I am now writing this report of my battle with the George Floyd Zombie as my fully accurate documentation of who was truly responsible for shooting Arianna Delane. The moral of the story is that, as can be seen from the story, it always ends up being a White guy who saves niggers from their greatest enemy, which are other niggers. Although I believe that I did the correct thing by stopping the George Floyd Zombie that day since he likely would've gone on to hurt White people, I am still conflicted about nigger-on-nigger violence. Is it our duty as their civilizational superiors to keep them from killing each other? Or is it better not to intervene in their incomprehensible petty and stupid acts of violence?

Regardless of whatever solution you believe is best, it still does not change this critical fact: that niggers are the inferiors of White people and frankly are lower than every other race, and therefore if they are to exist anywhere, they will do so either in isolation or under the supervision of a superior race. For they, unlike you or I dear reader, are not even human.

The George Floyd Planet

By Gorg Floydson

To anyone reading, this is a highly classified document and I'm sure you'll be killed once they find out who read it and by "they" I mean black niggers and jews. But before I begin, I must provide some context.

I am a researcher at NASA. One day I was looking at star systems with NASA's newest most advanced and powerful telescope. I enjoy looking at the night sky, looking at all the different constellations like the Breonna Taylor and Trayvon Martin constellations.

I've made several groundbreaking new discoveries such as the George Floyd blackhole and a new galaxy far far away from the Milky Way that I've named the nigga galaxy.

However on this one day, I saw something that made me question reality. The telescope is able to look further than the furthest galaxy currently discovered which is galaxy GN-z11.

On a peaceful and quiet night without the chatter of niggas and if you couldn't tell I am a **based** racist chad who fucking hates niggers because they are useless insects that contribute nothing to society. But never mind me, I looked further away from GN-z11 and looked at the nigga galaxy.

That's when I saw a solar system, it had the same formation of our own and looked nearly identical. I thought I had just stumbled upon a jackpot so I looked at the 3rd planet from the sun to see if it had any similarities to planet earth. I gasped upon seeing the planet, the surface had water but not only that, it also had continents. I noticed the planet had 7 continents all in the shape and appearance of Africa, the poor ass 3rd world nigger shit hole. I tried checking for life on this new exoplanet however the telescope could not expand any further.

I was just about to tell my colleague, Nate Higgers about the new discovery when two titanic sized holes opened on the surface, they appeared to be eyes. Now I'm not some nigger druggie but I'm not lying when I mean the planet had eyes. Not only did the planet have eyes but it also had a massive mushroom shaped nose and large monkey lips. The planet looked identical to that Minneapolis nigga monkey who couldn't breathe, George Floyd. I flinched when the eyes looked directly at me. My sweat ran cold, it looked as if the eyes were looking directly at me however that couldn't be possible as the nigga galaxy is about 1 trillion light years away.

I immediately closed the telescope and just sat there in total shock. After what felt like an hour, I noticed that I wasn't breathing,

"Ah fuck, I can't breathe!" I said weakly before shortly passing out.

When I woke up, I noticed that I was in the hospital.

"You good bro?" "When I woke up, I saw you lying on the floor out of breath," Nate said.

"I'm good, but more importantly I need to get back to the office," I said in a weak tone.

"You need to take some time off, if I didn't check on you earlier you would have ended up like that nigger George Floyd," Nate warned.

Afterwards Nate left, the nigger nurse came to check up on me.

"OOGA BOOGA cracka, how yo motherfucka doing n shiet?" The nigger asked.

"Fuck off, you useless monkey!" I yelled, trying to punch the nigger, however I was too weak and my chad strength hadn't returned to me yet so the nigger managed to dodge and socked me in the face.

The nigger nurse ran away while making monkey noises. When I woke up, I noticed that I had regained my chad strength, the first thing I did once I was ready to get discharged was give the nigger nurse payback, I punched the nigga monkey so hard that her entire upper front row of teeth fell out. It also hurt my fist to the point where the pain was noticeable despite the fact that I could break wood planks with a punch like a chink.

After the animal abuse, I returned back to the office to examine the George Floyd planet that I had seen last night. When I looked back into the telescope at the same solar system in the nigga galaxy, I was shocked to see that the 3rd planet with the face of George Floyd was gone.

"What the fuck?" I said out loud.

Planets don't suddenly just disappear out of nowhere unless it was sucked into a black hole, however the George Floyd planet's moon which had the face of Ronnie McNutt was still there. It's very unlikely for a black hole to only take the planet and not the moon when the moon's gravitational force is tied to the planet's. I frantically checked the nearby systems for the George Floyd planet.

Suddenly the alarm went off which usually means there is an unidentified object closely approaching the earth. I zoomed out and pointed the telescope in the direction where the object was first seen. It was the George Floyd planet! A voice boomed,

"Hehehe mane, I am the George Floyd planet. Ma planet is rapidly losing air so I will take yours mane!" The George Floyd planet said.

Our forces began firing missiles at the George Floyd planet however it had no effect on it.

"Hehehe that tickles mane!" The George Floyd planet giggled.

The missiles had no effect whatsoever on the George Floyd planet. The planet stopped about 15 miles away from the earth causing earthquakes and tsunami waves. The George Floyd planet then began to inhale all the air of earth. I joined with the planetary defense which only included **based** racist chads to discuss how to stop the George Floyd planet.

"How are we going to stop this nigga monkey from stealing all of our air?" I asked.

"Since this planet is clearly a reincarnate of George Floyd, it could be possible to lure it away with fentanyl," one of our top scientists, Mr. Wilcock said.

"Where would we get such large amounts of fentanyl?" I asked.

"I recently found out that my daughter Heather faked her death to run away with her shit skin pajeet boyfriend Jayesh and have started making drugs such as fentanyl, we will steal all the fentanyl they've made since they are planning to sell the fentanyl to crack whores and niggers," Mr. Wilcock explained.

"How long do we have until the George Floyd planet sucks up all of the air?" Nate asked.

"About 48 hours," Mr. Wilcock said.

Nate and I drove to heather's drug lab which was super easy to find because heather is a dumb BBC whore who named her drug lab "Heather and Jayesh's company". Once we arrived, Nate and I mowed down all of the nigger and pajeet workers who were probably getting paid below minimum wage because the place stank like shit and Heather and Jayesh were covered in cow shit.

"What the fuck are you oppressors doing?" Heather asked.

"Shut up jew!" I yelled.

"We are here to take all of your fentanyl," Nate said.

Heather and Jayesh jumped out of the pile of cow shit which smelled like a motherfucker, but before they could do anything, Nate shot them both in the neck.

"Ah shit, we can't breathe!" Heather and Jayesh said in unison.

Nate found boxes and boxes of fentanyl in the basement. There was enough fentanyl that could overdose and kill 10,000 George Floyds.

"This should be sufficient," I said.

Nate and I made our way back to the planetary defense with the fentanyl. Mr. Wilcock was shocked upon seeing how much fentanyl heather and jayesh made. We informed him that Nate killed both heather and jayesh to which Mr. Wilcock thanked

Nate. Our team loaded the fentanyl into a rocket which was programmed in the direction of the George Floyd black hole located in the Ahmaud Arbery star system.

There were still 42 hours until the planet's air gets sucked. We had plenty of time, however we heard explosions come from outside the facility. The security cams showed an army of nigga monkeys and even actual monkeys, I'm not kidding when I say actual monkeys because there were actual chimps and gorillas outside the facility

"It's BLM," the security guard alerted.

The security guard turned on the microphones attached to the cameras to hear what the niggers were saying.

"OOGA BOOGA, we will not let yo racist ass organization destroy the George Floyd planet!" The sister of George Floyd, Bridgett Floyd said.

"We wuz kangz and dat planet shall be our new home oo oo ee ee ah ah!" Bridgett Floyd chimped.

Nate went over to the intercom and spoke.

"We are happy to do just that, all you niggers err I mean black "people" can board the rocket and we'll send you to the George Floyd planet," Nate said with a giant smile on his face.

"This way we can kill two birds with one stone," Nate explained. "Not only will we get rid of the George Floyd planet but we also get rid of blm and all those niggers."

The niggers all boarded the rocket without a second thought given how retarded niggers are. Mr. Wilcock launched the rocket and we watched as the fentanyl rocket filled with niggers were heading straight to the George Floyd planet.

"Oh shit, is that fentanyl I smell?!" The George Floyd planet said.

The rocket zipped right past the George Floyd planet at a supersonic speed.

"No mane, don't go!" The George Floyd planet said as it began heading in the direction of the rocket.

Mission control cheered, our team rejoiced knowing that all the niggers in the rocket were 100 percent dead and we had gotten rid of the George Floyd planet. After the long and stressful day at work, Nate and I headed to a Burger King for dinner. I got the Ronnie McNutt whopper with large fries and a cream soda while Nate got the George Floyd meal along with an Ahmaud Strawberry cheesecake. While we were eating, I noticed that this dirty female nigga kicked a man wearing a Burger King crown.

"Kick that nigger bitch out of here!" The Burger King crown man yelled.

Unfortunately, the owner of the Burger King was a nigger lover because he asked the Burger King crown man to leave.

"What a cucked establishment," Nate said angrily.

We left the burger king without paying and headed home. I couldn't sleep that night and decided to return to the NASA facility to look at the stars. I was still curious to see if the George Floyd planet had made it to the black hole yet. I looked around the Ahmaud Arbery star system looking for the George Floyd black hole. The rocket nor the George Floyd planet were nowhere in sight.

"I guess the planet and niggers were already sucked into the black hole." I thought.

I decided to look in the nigga galaxy where I had originally seen the George Floyd planet. My jaw dropped when I saw the nigger planet consuming the fentanyl from the rocket. The planet had returned to its original place.

"Hehehe mane, thanks for the fentanyl and shit, but I shall return to yo planet soon to take yo air once again!" The George Floyd planet laughed.

I called Nate to tell him about what I saw.

"Dude come to the facility now, the George Floyd planet is still out there!" I said panicking.

"What are you talking about?" Nate mumbled.

Fast forward 2 hours, the entire planetary defense committee was gathered in the facility.

"How could this have happened? I thought we had programmed the rocket to head towards the black hole," I said.

"It is possible that the rocket malfunctioned," Mr. Wilcock said.

"We need to go to the George Floyd planet to stop it once and for all," I demanded.

"That's impossible, we don't have the technology capable of travelling that far in a short period of time," Nate said.

"I may be able to help with that," Mr. Wilcock said. "I've kept this hidden as it is still technically a prototype."

Mr. Wilcock walked us to his lab where he unveiled a spacecraft the likes of which I've never seen before.

"This is the Wilcock model G-0 YIUM," Mr. Wilcock explained.

"It's powered by a newly discovered unstable atom which allows high energy propellants to travel at incredible speed, we could reach the George Floyd planet in the nigga galaxy in only a matter of days!" Mr. Wilcock said.

"We'll use this to kill that nigger planet!" I said. Nate, Mr. Wilcock and I, along with Joey McNutt agreed on the mission.

"We'll leave tomorrow morning," Mr. Wilcock told the three of us.

We suited up in a newly designed space suit which gives much more flexibility and isn't as chunky as the previous generation models. Mission control gave us the signal and we launched. I had never been to space since I worked in the research department instead of working as an astronaut. Mr. Wilcock put in the coordinates to the George Floyd planet in the nigga galaxy. Mr. Wilcock hit a switch and we left our solar system at faster than light speed. We arrived at the nigga galaxy in only a matter of minutes which was faster than Mr. Wilcock had predicted. We landed on the Ronnie McNutt moon to observe the George Floyd planet.

Upon landing we heard Ronnie talk.

"Hey guys, do any of y'all have nudes of the Equinox comet?" The Ronnie McNutt moon asked.

"Shut the fuck up, you cucked celestial body," Nate said.

"I guess that's it!" The Ronnie McNutt moon said in a depressed tone.

Mr. Wilcock observed the George Floyd planet. We saw that it was still consuming fentanyl from the rocket.

"We need to get down there, for all we know there could be life on that planet," Mr. Wilcock said.

"Regardless of life, the planet is a reincarnation of the violent nigger George Floyd," Nate said.

"Despite making up 13 percent of the population, nigger celestial bodies commit more than 50 percent of all space crimes," Nate explained.

We took off again in the spacecraft and landed on the George Floyd planet. The planet was too retarded to notice us since it was still consuming fentanyl like a wild chimp. Once we landed, our suits detected no oxygen since the George Floyd planet is unable to breathe.

"Wow this is mind blowing!" Joey said.

"There were no signs of any life on the surface," Mr. Wilcock said.

We strode to a body of water, I noticed that the water was a dark muddy colour similar to the skin of a nigger. "Wait, I'm detecting lifeforms under the water!" Mr. Wilcock exclaimed. Joey peaked over the body of water looking for signs of life.

"I don't see anything," Joey said.

That's when a giant fish came up and bit Joey's head off. The stump of Joey's neck was gushing blood like one of those paper mache volcanoes.

"It's the Floyd Fish!" Nate yelled.

"How could this nigger fish have lived on this inhospitable planet?" I asked.

"This isn't any normal water, this is fentanyl water!" Mr. Wilcock explained.

The Floyd Fish was able to survive in this harsh environment due to the fentanyl water. We continued on our way to explore the planet. In the grasslands, Nate and Mr. Wilcock found some poorly constructed mud huts. They looked like they were made by muskrats if muskrats could build 4 foot tall huts. The huts looked like those you'd see back on Earth in the shit hole Africa. This was an indication that there used to be life on this planet.

"Guys, we need to come up with a way to destroy the George Floyd planet now or we could potentially all die on this nigger world!" Nate said.

"It's impossible to destroy a planet of this size without nuclear weapons," Mr. Wilcock said.

"You'd need 225 million trillion trillion joules of energy to destroy a planet like this and we don't have anything capable of producing that kind of power," Mr. Wilcock explained.

"If we could get the Ronnie McNutt moon to crash into the George Floyd earth, then we'd have more than enough energy to destroy this planet," Nate said.

"That's outrageous, Mr. Higgers!" Mr. Wilcock said angrily.

"Well it's a start to a plan and we're going to do it," I said.

We headed back up to the Ronnie McNutt moon. Luckily, our spacecraft had a built in hook capable of pulling something of the mass of a moon. Nate was piloting the craft and hooked the Ronnie McNutt moon, deep enough to carry it away from its axis.

"Ouch, I guess that's it!" The Ronnie McNutt moon yelped in pain.

But before Nate could smash the moon into the George Floyd planet, he was shot!

"Hehehe, you think I'd let you goys ruin my plan!" Mr. Wilcock giggled.

"You shot Nate!" I yelled in rage.

"And what does he mean by goy?" I thought.

"You goys are retarded as fuck, if my daughter Heather was a jew whore then that would mean I am also a jew!" Mr. Wilcock said while laughing hysterically.

"I was the mastermind behind everything, I programmed the rocket to head in the direction of the nigga galaxy rather than the black hole so I could further study this planet!" Mr. Wilcock said.

That's when it all hit me like a Breonna Taylor dump truck. Mr. Wilcock always had an unnaturally large and hooked nose. Mr. Wilcock said he is married to a jewish woman which is just as if not worse than fucking a nigger or tranny. And finally the spacecraft model G-0 YIUM really just spelt goyium!

Mr. Wilcock began shooting the control panel, damaging all the equipment. I tackled Mr. Wilcock and since he was a jew, there was no way he could match my chad build. I began to choke Mr. Wilcock with both of my hands.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Mr. Wilcock yelped before I snapped his neck.

"30 minutes until oxygen depletion," the system warned.

I am not a mechanic of any kind so I had no idea how to repair the complex machinery. I was on the verge of tears since dying out here in space on the surface of the Ronnie McNutt planet is the most embarrassing way to die. I grabbed Mr. Wilcock's handgun and held it to my chin. Killing myself like Ronnie McNutt would be a better death than dying of asphyxiation. But before I pulled the trigger, Nate hit the gun out of my hand.

"What are you doing, you shouldn't be moving!" I said frantically, tears welling up in my eyes.

"Don't worry, I'll fix the panel and you'll be the one to kill the George Floyd planet!" Nate said weakly.

Nate began to repair the machine despite the fact that he was shot in the face.

"Ok I'm done," Nate said before dropping to the floor.

"I guess that's it," Nate said in a weak tone before dying in my arms.

I was about to cry, then it dawned on me that crying is for weak betas and now was not the time to mourn. I reattached the hook into the Ronnie McNutt moon and swung it in the direction of the George Floyd planet with as much force as possible. The hook detached and cut the fuel line. However I couldn't give a fuck as I watched

the Ronnie McNutt moon crash into the George Floyd planet causing a massive explosion.

“Ah shit moon in my lungs, I can’t breathe!” The George Floyd planet said before vaporizing into dust along with the Ronnie McNutt moon.

It was a success, the George Floyd planet had been reduced to atoms and now it no longer posed a threat to mankind. I am now typing this out on my phone while the spacecraft floats in the vacuum of space. Since the fuel line was cut, there was no way of returning to earth.

Moral of the story, never trust anyone and I mean anyone, you never know if it is a jew in disguise. Do not make the mistakes that I’ve made. NASA was infiltrated by jews long before I even joined the program. I have to admit, floating in the vacuum of space has brought peace to my mind. Being alone while peering out in space looking at the stars and galaxies away from niggers and jews.

These are my final words, White power and fuck niggers!

I Know Why Our Young Generation is Clearly Lost

By Gorg Floydson

Faggots, trannies, femboys and furies. They all make up a large portion of the young generation, often called Gen Z. To say our young generation is clearly lost is an understatement. Even the big lipped nigga monkey, George Floyd would agree with this despite being a low IQ monkey. But our young generation wasn’t always lost. A catastrophic event led to the surge of the lgbtq community. But before I begin, I must provide context. Generation Z, also known as Gen Z or Zoomers were the generation succeeding the millennials starting from the mid to late 90s to the 2010s. My name is Fleshlight, I worked at a TV station in 2007. You see the earlier age groups of Gen Z weren’t as lost as the newer ones. The majority of the 97’s to 04’s were **based** and racist. However it all fell off from there. It was a late night in August around 3 AM. The station was dead as the channel we broadcasted were children’s cartoons. I was asleep at my desk when I heard loud banging coming from the back door. I jolted up in shock.

“What the hell,” I said out loud.

I checked my watch to see that it was 3 AM. Who would be out this late and knocking on the door of a TV station, I thought. Being the Good Samaritan that I was, I went to check in case it was someone who needed help.

“Who’s there,” I asked. “Open up mane, me and my mane’s just robbed dis pregnant woman n shit,” a voice replied.

Immediately I knew there was trouble. Whoever was on the other side had just admitted to committing a robbery against a pregnant woman but that was not all, the voice was clearly that of a black nigger. I lived in Texas so niggers weren't uncommon. The nigger continued to bang on the door.

"Please mane, my niggas and I needs somewhere to go mane, we ain't bad guys mane, we ain't bad guys," the nigger chimped.

By now I was getting worried so I reached over to the landline to dial 911. Suddenly a gun shot rang out from behind.

"Das it cracka, we ain't playin around no mo ya here," another voice said. "Our leader and saviour, Big Floyd will smoke yo ass," 5 voices said in unison.

I began to sweat profusely. I now knew there were at least 5 men who were armed. The banging continued.

"OOGA BOOGA, cracka, we wuz kangz so y'all crackas gotta treat us like kangz," the niggers yelled.

By now the wooden door had begun to break down. I was contemplating on what to do when I heard a click and the front door opened. I had forgotten to lock it, I thought. A dark figure walked into the dimly lit room. I saw that it was a nigger. He was a tall 6 foot 5 nigger.

"Hey mane," the tall nigger said as he pointed a gun to my belly. "Sit yo ass down, whitey," the nigger demanded.

I sat down in fear as the other 5 niggers walked in from the front door. "OOGA BOOGA, big Floyd, what we doing now," one of the niggers asked.

The tall nigger who I presumed to be Big Floyd responded.

"Ight niggie, we gotta ruin da white race, they are inferior peoples compared to da black man, we wuz descendants of Egyptian pharaohs!" Big Floyd said. "We will brainwash these snow people by broadcasting a message for all dey children to see." Big Floyd cackled.

Big Floyd walked over to the equipment hooked up to the play out software. There is no way a bug brained nigger like him could figure out how to broadcast a message, niggers didn't even know how to create fire until recently, I thought. Big Floyd clicked a button labelled stream. Big Floyd began the stream by talking into the mic.

"Saw my own girl Nikki from south London lost her son mane, our young generation is clearly lost mane, clearly lost mane, like like I don't even know what to say no more mane, like you youngsters just going around just busting guns in crowds, kids getting killed, and you know it's clearly the generation after us mane that's so lost mane, you know mane I came back to Houston a nigga told me yeah young nigga truth mane right there because he could bust a gun I mean I knew I was crazy then a nigga my age saying it and condoning this shit bro, You know what

I'm saying, and half them young nigga shooting guns go home and their knees shaking at night, but they don't show it to nobody because they aren't tough then, Come on, come on home, mane, It's going to be you and God. You're going up or you're going down." Big Floyd said.

You've all probably seen this video by now as it had recently resurfaced on the internet however most of what George Floyd said was cut. Big Floyd continued,

"Our race is greatest race on da planet, we is smartest, strongest and built with biggest penises mane, we can't just be killin ourselves while da crackas be watching and laughing at us mane, if we is going down, den we gotta take the crackas down wit us mane!" Big Floyd said. "Now a message for all the young crackas in the world, boys can fuck other boys and girls can scissor other girls, trans rights are human rights, gay people are human too mane, go watch dem Japanese cartoons and dress up in furry animal costumes mane, boys can be girls and girls can be boys, but most importantly fuck da patriarchy." Big Floyd said as he ended the broadcast.

"What the fuck have you done, you nigger ape!" I yelled. Hehehe mane, it is time for the white race to decay. "We wuz just robbing pregnant women and shit but now we will be kangz just like our ancestors," Big Floyd giggled.

"Now mane, since you have witnessed what we've done and heard that we robbed a pregnant bitch, I'm afraid, I can't allow you to live no mo," Big Floyd said happily as he pointed his gun to my head.

"Hehehe, Big Floyd about to bust a cap in yo skull, cracka," the other niggers giggled.

At that point, I had already accepted my fate. Although I was a 300 pound racist chad, Big Floyd along with his 5 nigger friends were all armed. Suddenly a miracle happened, a large truck crashed into the television station killing all 5 of Big Floyd's cronies instantly. A fat short man in glasses along with an ugly blonde waltzed out of the car. It was Ronnie McNutt and Equinox Autumn. They were drunk as fuck and appeared to be lost. Ronnie was holding a shotgun while dancing in an intoxicated manner.

"Hey guys, I guess that's it," Ronnie McNutt said

as he began blasting the inside of the building with his shotgun. Luckily none of the shots hit me. Ronnie McNutt finally fell down and dozed off along with his ugly girlfriend who dropped some photos. Upon seeing the photos, Big Floyd exclaimed with excitement,

"Oh la la, are those belly pics?" Big Floyd asked.

Instead of finishing me off, Big Floyd rushed over to the belly pics, he pulled down his pants and began to jack it. I watched in disgust as Big Floyd busted a nut onto the faces of Ronnie and Equinox. There was a lot of semen, almost an entire no nut

November's worth of semen because it completely covered both the faces of Equinox and Ronnie.

"Ah shoot, I couldn't breathe for a moment there." Big Floyd said.

I took the chance and grabbed Big Floyd's gun while he was busy jerking off.

"Woah woah mane, don't shoot mane, I'm not a bad guy, I'm not a bad guy mama," Big Floyd cried.

Just then, Ronnie McNutt got up, semen covering his entire face and glasses.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Ronnie McNutt said. "Why the fuck is there semen in my mouth?!" Ronnie asked.

Since Ronnie McNutt was a low testosterone beta who gets pegged by his girlfriend, he obviously knew what semen tasted like. The thought of that made me vomit. I watched as some of the vomit shot into Big Floyd's mouth and nose.

"Ah shit, vomit in my lungs, I can't breathe!" Big Floyd said as he choked on the vomit.

Big Floyd walked back a few steps while holding his neck.

"Ah fuck mama, I love ya mama." Big Floyd said.

He tripped over the passed out body of Equinox autumn and upon looking at her, Big Floyd gagged which finally killed him. His body collapsed onto Equinox which caused the semen that was already on Equinox to cover the floor and my pants. Upon looking at the monkey semen that now covered my pants, I vomited all over Ronnie's face. I called the police afterwards and reported to them about what had happened. 5 hours later, I was informed by the chief of police that Big Floyd whose real name was George Floyd had somehow survived.

"That George Floyd nigger has caused quite a negative impact on this community as all niggers do,"

the **based** chief of police whose name was Derek Chauvin said.

"He will surely be punished for his crimes now," Chauvin said.

I thanked him for the update and headed home afterwards. When I got home, I checked the news. There were reports all over the world about how young White children between the ages of 6 to 17 had all started dressing up like emo goth faggots. Articles that went further into detail showed videos of kids watching degenerate Japanese cartoons such as Naruto, Gurren Lagann, Gundam and the worst one of all, an anime called Neon Genesis Evangelion. I watched in horror seeing the future of the White race being turned into fags and furies.

"Our young generation is clearly lost," I said in defeat.

I remembered the broadcast that George Floyd had done. It shouldn't be possible for a small broadcast from a small city in Texas to affect the entire world in such a short period of time, I thought. George Floyd's monkey speech was also broadcasted at 3 AM when most kids here would be asleep. Something wasn't adding up. I decided that I needed to interrogate George Floyd. I arranged a meeting with George Floyd in the visitation room of the prison he was staying at. It sucked balls to go visit the nigger. Usually the visitation room is used to visit a loved one. George Floyd and I had 2 minutes to talk.

"Hey mane, how nice of you to visit me, OOGA BOOGA." George Floyd said.

"Cut the crap nigger," I said.

"What the fuck have you done to our young generation." I asked.

"All around the world, young White children have started identifying as gay or trans and they are all entranced by Japanese cartoons," I said angrily.

"You see mane, I ain't a bad guy, yung nigga gotta do what he gotta do to save his race, you know what I'm saying?" George Floyd chimped.

"All I did was brainwash yo White children to become useless members of society that would achieve nothing in their entire lifetime," George Floyd said.

"That couldn't be possible, you broadcast your message in a small tv station in Houston, how would that message reach all corners of the earth?" I asked. "I had help from some long nosed fellas ooo ooo eee eee ah ah, it's too late mane, the damage has already been done and you can't change dat," George Floyd laughed.

I left the prison shortly thereafter. It's been 13 years since then and I had mostly forgotten what transpired that night in the TV station. However all of that came flooding back into my mind when I saw a news headline on May 25th. "Nigga monkey criminal kneeled to death by police officer." The front image was that of a White police officer kneeling on the neck of a nigger monkey. I chuckled upon seeing the image however that smile immediately left my face when I saw the name of the nigger. "George Perry Floyd." I am now writing this on my laptop for someone, anyone to see. Fags and trannies have doubled in popularity since 2007 and now Japanese anime has made it into mainstream media. Please adhere to this warning. Our young generation is clearly lost however that wasn't always the case. It was all caused by George Floyd and the Jews.

Moral of the story. Fags and trannies are just as subhuman as niggers and spics. Faggots, trannies and furies are all a byproduct of the Jews to subvert and divide the White race to weaken us. Although the Jews broadcasted the message to all White children of the world to brainwash them into becoming fags, the real mastermind of the broadcast was George Floyd. If you see your child cross dressing or thinking of dating the same gender, beat some sense into that nigga!

The Ancient Floydgypt Expedition

By Jordan Cleeman

My name is Geminiah. I am a formal journalist who worked for an archeological television show called The daily Crusade. We travel around the globe, making discoveries of new geological locations every day. In our show, there is a narrator who describes all the specific observations projected by the new revelations. If you are familiar with national geographic, you'll get the picture. My job when we go on these expeditions is to write down all the important documents and snap photographs throughout the journey. Our travel team consisted of other responsibilities such as the cameraman narrator, the technical supervisor, and the geologist.

I have this one particularly dangerous expedition which I want to share with you all. It is the reason why I now hate niggers even more. We were responsible for studying and filming this newly discovered mini metropolitan.

On October 9th, 2021, The Daily Crusade's management team announced that ancient Egyptian fossilized structures have been located by our company's scout pilots. They have been reported to be found in the country Niger, Africa, submerged underneath the ground. Our travel team's mission was to traverse inside the underground chamber, conducting exploration-related activities, such as observing and commentary to put together a new episode. I was stoked, since we haven't discovered a super unique piece of architecture in a while and it could be our chance to make it big enough to win a Nobel prize.

The people who were assigned to tag along on the journey were Johnny (who is the cameraman narrator), Mike (who is the technical supervisor, Adrianna (who is the geologist), and of course me being the journalist. This excited me, as I've always had a crush on Adrianna ever since I got my job. She has that stereotypical big titty secretary look, but I never revealed my feelings to her thus far since I am a racist chad who would rather focus his mind on more important matters, such as bullying faggots and hunting furies in his spare time. This is important for the story, because she was actually the primary reason why I decided to embark on the expedition. You see, I despise niggers so much, that going to the continent Africa, let alone to a country called Niger is the last thing I'd ever do. However, I thought this would have been an excellent opportunity for me to get to know her better.

We boarded onto a private jet and flew over to Niger, Africa. The flight was twelve hours, so it was very boring. I tried to keep myself entertained by playing Ark: Survival Evolved MTS Capture the Artifact on my laptop. Eventually I got bored of it after eight hours, so I tried to think of something else to do in order to pass the time. I ended up attempting to strike up a conversation with Adrianna. I began by asking her about her thoughts on the prospective trip.

"So, um, Adrianna," I stuttered. "What do you think we are going to find?"

"Hopefully something that will change the world," Adrianna replied. "Maybe something that can cure cancer."

"The cancer being niggers and Jews and Spicks?" I asked jokingly.

"Woah woah, watch ya language kiddo," the private jet pilot Max Taylor said, his head turning back.

I seriously considered chucking that unbiased liberal out of the aircraft for a moment, but realized that none of us except him know how to fly a plane, so I resisted.

"Haha that's funny," Adrianna chuckled at my remark.

"All jokes aside, I myself hope we will find something that will earn us worldwide fame," I said. "We are already nationally renowned, but parallel to what you said, I believe whatever we are coming to is going to be a world-changing discovery."

"We'll see about that."

Our conversation seemed to make time fly for me, because when I peeked through the window beside my seat, I noticed that we were much lower relative to the sandy ground, and now in a heavily deserted area. It was a breathtaking view, seeing the sandy hills being brushed by the wind, forming a light orange mist flowing just above the terrain. The otherwise pure blue sky was being shielded by the mass of blown away sand, which gave the environment an overall warm hue. I looked forward parallel to the jet and noticed a group of ominous-looking structures, where most of them looked to be at least two hundred meters tall. There I saw, a couple dozen pyramids that look like lego buildings made by a nigger toddler, except scaled up to life size. They all matched the tan-colored sand which they rested upon, resembling a somewhat off brand variation of the great pyramids of Egypt. This must be our destination, I thought.

"We are about to land folks, so please stay seated and fasten your seatbelts if you haven't already, as we descend to the ground," Max Taylor announced.

The jet eventually skidded onto a hardly distinguishable road that was approximately a couple kilometers away from the peculiar structures that I spotted earlier. Even though we were still relatively far away from there, they gave off an optical illusion of being more so one hundred meters away, since their heights were at such a large magnitude.

As Johnny, Mike, Adrianna, and I marched out of the jet in a line, we thanked Max Taylor like how I would thank the battle bus driver in Fortnite before I deploy onto the battle royale island to clap niggers in the African servers.

We trudged through the deep sands for about half an hour, until we finally made it near the front of what looked like the sphinx variation of that from Egypt. Now, I've been to the great pyramids of Giza in the past when I was undergoing an apprenticeship program before I landed the job in The Daily Crusade, and believe me, the buildings here literally dwarf the ones in the former. For this story, I will dub them using the term "Nigerien" instead of Egyptian since they are in Niger instead of Egypt. I stared up in awe, as my neck could barely angle my head to observe the peak of the new found Nigerien Sphinx. It was at least five times the height of the one in Egypt. However, there were other physical attributes that it exhibited. Other than its sheer size, the Nigerien Sphinx had a giant well-sculpted nigger-shaped nose, unlike the Egyptian one which doesn't even have a nose at all. Along with that, it had big fat lips as its sculpted mouth. It would have to have taken whoever the constructors are, a hundred thousand years to built the nose and lips alone given their size.

"Holy shit this is ginormous," Johnny pointed out.

"Yeah this statue is no doubt going to be the main point of interest of the assortment of buildings here," Mike said.

I inspected the Nigerien Sphinx more closely, and noticed a crevice in between its front paws, which was no doubt an entrance of some sort.

"We should head over to that tunnel," I said as I pointed it out. "It will most definitely lead to somewhere interesting, like a secret passage."

"I don't know if we should, I have a feeling there might be traps or guards that will prevent entrants from going in," Adrianna said.

"Remember Adrianna, we as the personnels of The Daily Crusade are here to learn about the world at all costs, which is what the majority aren't willing to risk their lives doing. This is not any different from our previous hundreds of trips," Mike said reassuringly.

Adrianna tends to hesitate like this almost every time we are about to delve into an unknown chasm. One of us would always have to remind her of the company's mission statement one way or another: *high risk comes with high reward*.

Adrianna, as per usual, agreed with us, and so we headed into the mysterious crevice.

Once we arrived at the line of passage that separates the outdoor heat from the dark indoor chill, we were met by a corridor that quickly diminished into a dark hallway that was impossible to see in since it was as dark as nigger skin. It was somewhat similar to what I was expecting to see way back before we boarded the jet: impossible to see without a manmade light source, and ancient looking with specks of dust falling above our heads.

Mike was well prepared, as shown by his quick decision of pulling out a flashlight from his backpack. I prepared the blank pages of my notebook, as it was now possible to clearly document observations.

Johnny set up his tripod and camera and started recording. He began the narration, which was somewhere along the lines of, "Hello ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to the Daily Crusade! Today we are going to venture into this strange undiscovered structure. Stay tuned as we catch our first glimpse of this godforsaken place."

We continued through the hallway. The corridor's shallow interior looked just like any ordinary temple that we've created documentaries of previously, and therefore, my excitement started to wear off since a part of me was expecting peculiar visual enhancements that distinguish whatever this place was from the others. All that we noticed so far were simply the tan bricks stacked upon each other perfectly rather than the usual staggered patterns which most brick buildings are built, indicating that whoever or whatever constructed it is a dumb nigger who doesn't understand basic physics.

"Is this it? I was hoping for a bigger cave," Mike said.

"Shut the hell up, we haven't even walked a yard yet," Johnny scolded him.

While I was able to relate to Mike's shortsightedness, Johnny had a point. Even with the flashlight that Mike held, which is meant for exploring dark places such as the tunnel we were in, we still couldn't see any more than fifteen feet away. This was truly a nigger-esque architecture we were dealing with. We stopped in our tracks when Adrianna noticed something that was almost directly behind where Johnny's camera lens was pointing at, as Johnny rambled about irrelevant facts to the prospective audience while we still hadn't found anything newer than a fresh can of pop that a nigger hasn't yet stolen from a convenience store.

"Look, I see a small opening up there," Adrianna said. "I can't reach it, is anybody able to climb into it?"

The crevice was hardly accessible due to how high up it was. Mike was the first to volunteer. He tried to jump up and peek into it, but failed since he is a fatass who deserves to be bodyshamed in a Tik Tok video comment section. I would have volunteered myself, but didn't since he was a couple inches taller than me though, so I decided to give him a boost. I am a 300 pound lean racist chad, so lifting his Breonna Taylor body-type body was short work for me.

"This way!" Mike said. "There is an extended path here."

I helped both Johnny and Adrianna up the crevice, before climbing myself up there myself. Upon my first glance of whatever unfolded in front of us, I beamed with excitement, because there were visible embellishments used to decorate the hallway behind the crevice. Ornaments and designs, such as vases that are shaped in a certain way to be used as a powdered drug storage such as for fentanyl, disc masks hung on the walls that traditional nigger African tribes would use to elongate their bottom jaws, and even ancient coins that appeared to be made out of counterfeit plastic. Johnny carefully filmed each of the objects, with his jaws dropped due to his overwhelming curiosity. He was too stunned to utter a word for the episode's commentary. The rest of us looked around out our own paces as we continued walking through the hall.

About half an hour of exploring, we noticed a dim light coming from a tunnel shaped like a perfectly rectangular doorway. It got us even more curious, and so we peeked in. What was behind that very doorway contained elements that made everything that we saw earlier pale in comparison. There was a form of Egyptian-like art that covered almost the entirety of both the walls across. It was a goldmine of cave paintings that looked aesthetic enough to please the eye, yet possessed a certain child-like look as if it was a nigger artist that painted them. That is, from an artist from a nigger civilization that hadn't invented paper, unlike the actual Egyptians who used the first form of paper, Papyrus paper. In a split second, Mike, Johnny, Adrianna, and I gathered into that room without further thought.

"Start recording Johnny," Mike demanded, even though Johnny was already full-on documenting everything in his line of sight.

"Alright, we are back folks. We have been searching through this chasm for about an hour, and looks like we are finally getting into the neat stuff!" He said.

I took a close at the pieces of wall art that Johnny was currently focusing his camera on. It was a scene depicting the gradual steps of the building of the Nigerien pyramids in sequential form. They were ordered in a way in which the further right you look, the more advanced the pyramids were built, until there was a drawing to the far right of the exact same pyramid assortment as we saw outside of the Nigerien Sphinx. On each of the images were tall dark figures that appeared to be big lipped monkeys being slaved into building the behemoth structures brick by brick. Above the particular section of art was an extra tall being wearing a pharaoh neme that looked to be the leader of the big lipped monkey slaves, commanding them with force. For example, it held one of the big lipped monkey slaves that appeared to be a pregnant one at slingshot point, as that one looked too exhausted to work. The big lipped monkey leader sketch had a string of carved text above it that I recognized to have read "King Floyd Tut." I was able to translate it instantly since remember when I had to briefly learn ooga booga language before pretending to be part Jamican to be able to say the word nigger anytime I want whenever we'd go on Jamaican expeditions.

"As you can see guys, these monkeys look like George Floyd the fentanyl addict!" Johnny speaking into the microphone.

Adrianna's personal enthusiasm genuinely grew.

"I am going to take a closer look at them," she said. "While you guys are at it here, I will be right back in the room next door."

"Just be careful out there!" I told her.

Mike fetched her one of his spare flashlights, and then she tip toed toward the next doorway that neither Mike, Johnny nor I dared to explore yet. I jotted down a blend of both my own observations and Johnny's commentary. Other than the violent pregnant slavery methods that the tall slender black monkey-like overlord induced, we noticed comparatively pleasant artwork depictions, such as another one of the big lipped monkey figures slurping a white syrup-like substance from a familiar looking vase that resembled the one which we saw in the last room. I was about to finish writing the notebook page discussing that, when I heard Adrianna's voice calling for us.

"You guys need to check this out!" she cried to us, her voice echoing.

Johnny, Mike, and I ran to the room that we saw Adrianna venture into by herself, to see her standing right next to a shiny tomb that was in the shape of a pharaoh. Not any ordinary pharaoh though. The pharaoh that the tomb was modeled after had a big nose and lips, which made it obvious that it was the tomb of King Floyd Tut that appeared in the wall paintings. A million questions flew through my mind as I tried to process what I was seeing. The first being, is this real or a hoax? Who buried it? And

"What are you going to do with this? Open it?" Mike questioned.

"Yeah, I guess so," Adrianna said.

"Are you crazy?" Mike said. "Who knows what kind of diseases could be infesting inside, for all we know a million year old corpse is lying inside."

"Mike, just remember The Daily Crusade's motto. High risk comes with high reward."

Mike was thoroughly convinced, and so we got to work. Using all my strength, I karate chopped the neck of the pharaoh tombstone, which instantly crumbled it to pieces as if it was actually made out of fentanyl instead of real bricks.

"Holy shit, are you getting this Johnny?" I said out loud.

"Yeah, I am," Johnny said as he resumed the camera's recording.

To our amazement, there we saw a real, breathing mummy lying in the cavity of the tomb that had bandages wrapped around every surface of its body except for its closed eyes. Around the eyes were dark patches of skin which I assume to be dead flesh. Wait a second - did I say breathing? To my horror, the mummy opened its eyelids, revealing a set of black pupils that lacked any sign of intelligence. It sat up, which caused the four of us to jump back in fear. The mummy then slowly stood up in a similar fashion to movie zombies rising from their graves. If that wasn't hair-raising enough, it began to speak.

"Ooga booga, you who who, I can't breathe in these bandages!" it cried in a muffled voice. "Unwrap my bandages please mains!"

Johnny, Mike, Adrianna, and I froze in fear. All of us knew the consequences of physical contact with an ancient corpse. But somehow, we instinctively knew the negative implications of an undead one.

"Hurry up mains, unwrap me so I can breathe, and in return I will give y'all a tour of mah home!" it said. "I can show you crackas da history of mah acculturation, if you help we with dah simple action mains."

I turned to Johnny.

"Should we listen to it?" I asked urgently.

"I don't know," Johnny replied, scratching his head. "It sounds like a nigger mummy and you know how untrustworthy niggers are."

"High risk high reward," Mike mumbled, as he walked up to the mummy, and then started to unwrap the bandages. Once it was completely free of bandages, the mummy beamed with excitement.

"Mike, this better work," I said.

"Yippee! I can finally breathe with the bandages off me!" it cackled.

The first thing I noticed though, was that its dark skin wasn't actually due to its dead flesh - it was actually because it was the mummy who I thought it was - King Floyd Tut, with his nigger skin somehow appearing as if his mummified body hadn't began decaying at all.

"So King Floyd tut, give us the tour as you promised," Mike demanded.

"Bahaha, you mains have been tricked," King Floyd Tut giggled. "You have instead unleashed mah Floydgyptian curse!"

"What do you mean by-?" before Mike could finish his sentence, a purple mist disseminated from King Floyd Tuts now exposed nostrils, which then entered Mike's body via every available body hole, such as his own nostrils, mouth, ears, and even his dick hole. As a result, Mike's face instantly turned purple, and he began to cough violently.

"Hehehe, you have officially suffered mah Floydgyptian curse cracka," King Floyd Tut cackled again. "You dumbass crackas really be gullible."

Mike eventually coughed so hard, he spat out his lung, which was now a failed organ. It was completely shrivelled up, looking like the wheelchair worm grandmother from Spongebob Squarepants. It was the barbarous doing of the Floydgyptian asphyxiation curse.

"Oh la la, look at you beautiful White bitch," King Floyd Tut said seductively as he turned to face Adrianna. "You would make a nice pregnant pyramid-building slave in mah empire, gimme a kiss."

Johnny, Adrianna, and I were absolutely petrified of what it had done to Mike, so we turned back and ran as fast as we could. We pedalled through every room that we had already visited, and without any indecision, somersaulted down the high crevice that we previously had troubles climbing up.

After what felt like hours, we finally made it out of the cave. We met up with Max Taylor, who waited for us in the private jet.

"We have to leave now! Fly the damn plane!" I cried. We buckled up our seatbelts, and Max Taylor initiated the flight. At first, we were very relieved. But then, I heard some monkey noises beside me. Along side, I noticed a dreadfully familiar putrid smell that composed of fried chicken, fentanyl, old bandage sweat, and rotten breath. I turned to my right. What I saw shocked me. King Floyd Tut had managed to make it inside the plane, perhaps using his nigger speed which is probably just as mystic as his Floydgyptian curse.

"Get this nigger bitch off the plane!" I demanded the team.

Max Taylor shot it with his gun. As the bullets landed on the chest of King Floyd Tut, he put his hand on it and groaned like a zombie.

"There, I shot it, We are all clear!" he said.

The flight back was rather silent. Johnny, Adrianna, and I were still distilling everything that had happened. Looking at them both, I could tell they weren't sure whether this all happened or not, but the dead King Floyd Tut corpse lying in between the seats reminded them of the adverse reality.

We returned back to our facility. Once we arrived at the office, the first thing we did was tell our management team what we saw and ran away from. We showed them the video clips that Johnny managed to film and even King Floyd Tut's corpse in the jet. However, they didn't believe us and thought we used practical effects to enhance the television program for clout.

I quit my job a week later. I still have recurring dreams of witnessing Mike getting his lungs torn to shreds by the Floydgyptian curse. I can no longer handle these images in my head. I was diagnosed with depression recently and I am now considering suicide. I hope Adrianna is mentally well, after seeing what we all witnessed. I am about to post this on the internet. I am now preparing my shotgun to blow my brains in honour of Ronnie McNutt. I hope this serves as a warning to you all to beware aware that some things are best left unexplored, especially the monuments of nigger civilizations which are usually covered in dangerous pestilence whether they are of biological origin or mythical origin.

I Was Attacked by George Floyd and Trayvon Martin

By IrishKlansmanWizard

Many of you should be aware of the Black Lives Matter movement, but for those who live under a rock let me quickly explain it to you. Black Lives Matter is a nigger movment that was started over the death of a monkey called Trayvon Martin who was clapped by a chad named George Zimmerman. This caused rioting for a short while after Zimmmerman was found not guilty for defending himself. Later in 2020 a monkey named George Floyd tried to pay with a fake 20 dollar bill at a store in Minneapolis where while being held down by a police officer, he overdosed on fentanyl and died because he "couldn't breath" despite having a big-ass nose. The Jews in the media lied and told everyone that the officer holding him down was responsible which caused the chimp outs in 2020 which greatly damaged the U.S infrastructure.

Since the beginning, the kikes on the TV have been lying about these two niggers, and that's for a fact because I know the true story of what happened with Trayvon Martin and George Floyd. Here is that story. In 2012, I was taking a vacation in Florida to go to the 2012 Ku Klux Klan convention where I bought various items like a Klan hood, DVD's of niggers being killed, a Confederate flag hat, and a limited edition copy of "Moonman Doom." I also met many great people at the convention like Moonman, David Duke, and the CEO of Papa John's.

When the convention was over I had to find a way back to my hotel since I flew to the convention from Texas. I didn't have a buddy with a car to take me there

and I didn't want to take the risk of being picked up by a nigger taxi driver, so I concluded it would just be easier to walk back to my hotel. As I was walking back, my stomach started to rumble, and since there was a gas station on the way back, I decided to get something to eat there before going back to the hotel. After five minutes of walking, I finally made it to the gas station. I walked inside and started to look around for something to buy. I went into the candy section and picked up a Snigger's bar and a can of Cola. I went to the back of the line.

There were two niggers waiting in front of me. The bigger nigger—who I now know was George Floyd—was in a black basketball jersey and jeans. The other one, Trayvon Martin, was in a black hoodie and sweatpants. The disgusting stench of fried chicken and fentanyl wafted off of them. Since they were niggers, I knew they were up to something suspicious, and when I listened closely I heard them whispering something to each other.

I leaned in a little closer to hear what they were saying. I heard George Floyd whisper to Trayvon, "Ooga booga, let's rob that pregnant woman in front of us."

Trayvon replied "Hell yeah, steal her money to buy fentanyl."

Shocked, I looked over in front of them to see a White pregnant lady in front of them leaving the store.

Worried, I yelled out to the woman, "Lady! Get the hell out of here, these two nigger monkeys want to rob you."

Trayvon and Floyd turned to me as the pregnant lady began running away. My heart started to thump hard as I grabbed my bag that had all the things I bought at the convention.

Trayvon Martin angrily said, "What the hell are you doing you cracker?"

George Floyd joined in and yelled "Ooga booga now I can't get pics of her pregnant belly."

As I was about to respond the cashier said for George Floyd and Trayvon Martin to come up next. They went up to pay for ice tea and skittles. George Floyd pulled out a twenty dollar bill and gave it to the cashier.

"Sorry sir, we can't accept this," said the cashier.

"What do you mean?" Trayvon Martin replied.

"This is a counterfeit 20 dollar bill," the cashier said, exasperated with the nigger buffonery.

I squinted my eyes to see the fakest looking 20 dollar bill of my life. Instead of Andrew Jackson on the front, the portrait was replaced with Martin Luther King on the front of the bill. I let out a small chuckle at the fact that these chimps were dumb enough to think that they could fool anyone with that fake bill.

Trayvon looked at George Floyd and said to him, "What the fuck are you thinking?" Trayvon then pulled out a real 20 dollar bill (which I assume he stole) and paid for the iced tea and Skittles. They started to walk out, but before they left Trayvon turned around and yelled to me, "You're gonna regret fucking with us."

Thinking it was a bluff I laughingly walked to the counter to pay, I told the cashier "One cola and a Snigger's bar please," as I handed him a genuine 10 dollar bill.

"Thank you sir, I'll give you your change and you'll be all good to go."

"Thanks," I replied. As I waited I noticed something disgusting on the wall behind the cashier. It was a gay pride flag.

Appalled, I asked the cashier, "Are you a shit pusher?"

"Am I a what?" he replied.

"Are you a shit pusher? You have that faggot flag behind you." I said.

"I support them. You know, LGBT." he replied.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"My name is Ronnie McNutt." he answered.

"Go blow your brains out with a shotgun, Ronnie McNutt," I told him as I grabbed my items and left the store, not wanting the change from his diseased hands.

With that mess finally behind me, I started to walk back to the hotel, it was nearly pitch black outside which was the time when the niggers were usually running rampant. Thankfully, this was a quiet, White part of town so I wasn't worried too much about being mugged or running into any niggers. As I walked I heard the sound of a twig breaking behind me. I quickly turned around to see nothing behind me. I assumed it was probably an animal like a rabbit that stepped on it so I thought nothing of it. In retrospect, I really wished I hadn't ignored it. I continued to walk until a few minutes later I felt a tap on my shoulder. Surprised, I turned around to see who it was.

When I turned around my heart skipped a beat, I saw George Floyd and Trayvon Martin right behind me. Horrified I tried to run, but these nigger monkeyes caught up to me quickly and Trayvon tackled me down.

"Hee! hee! Hee! Got you now!" George Floyd said, "We told you we were going to make you pay." Trayvon Martin screamed in my ear as he picked me up and held me in a choke hold.

George Floyd said, "Give us fentanyl and pregnant belly pics or I'll rape you."

I tried to break myself free from the choke hold of Trayvon Martin but George Floyd suddenly pulled a gun out of his pocket and put it against my belly. I was now too unsure of what to do now, I hated gay people but George Floyd had me at gun

point and there wasn't anyone to save me. As I struggled, Trayvon Martin threw me down on my stomach and George Floyd held me down.

"I'm going to check this cracker's bag, keep him down."

I knew it was all over, Trayvon Martin was going to find what's in my bag from the convention, then kill me after they finish raping me, and finally sell my corpse to buy fentanyl.

"Someone help me." I shouted, "These two niggers are going to rape me."

"Ooga booga no one can help you now." George Floyd yelled. I closed my eyes knowing there's nothing I can do now.

Suddenly, I heard a loud bang. George Floyd and I looked over and we both saw Trayvon Martin laying on the ground dead. A man ran towards George Floyd and myself from the darkness, carrying a handgun.

The man yelled out to George Floyd, "Get off of him you nigger faggot."

George Floyd slowly put his hands up and got back up on his feet. I swiftly got up and ran to the man. "Too slow!" the man yelled out as he shot George Floyd down.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, thank you so much!" I replied.

"No problem," he responded.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"My name is George Zimmerman," he said. We looked over and we saw George Floyd laying face down, breathing.

George Zimmerman told me, "Wanna do the honors?" "Sure!" I replied. I quickly walked over to George Floyd and I firmly placed my knee on his neck.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe with your knee on your neck!" George Floyd cried. After a few minutes George Floyd was finally dead. I stood back up and walked right back to Zimmerman, we talked for a little bit and after about five minutes. The police finally arrived I told them the whole story of what happened and how Zimmerman saved me from being raped. I pointed to Trayvon Martin's body and when I was going to point to George Floyd's body but it had vanished. Zimmerman, not wanting to get me into potential trouble, took the heat for me. I went back home to Texas the following day and I later found out that Zimmerman was found not guilty which was a relief for me. And a little over a year ago, this nigger monkey George Floyd was supposedly killed by a police officer, causing chimpouts throughout America. Do not buy into that. George Floyd is still alive and he will never die. I am right now hiding in an secret location writing my story in secret to be safe from the nigger monkey George Floyd. Moral of the story, if you ever see

George Floyd, run and don't look back, he's more than capable of doing evil things to you if you don't give him fentanyl and pregnant belly pics.

George Floyd is Still Alive

By Gorg Floydson

One day I was scrolling through Instagram looking at funny Ronnie McNutt and George Floyd edits while trolling fur fags. One of my **based** friends sent me a video of some nigger's Tik Tok saying "He's still alive!" I didn't know what he was talking about so I watched the video. In the video, someone asked a nigger if he could breathe, that's when I got a good look at the nigger's face, he had a massive nose and large lips. Those were undoubtedly the features of the deceased criminal nigger, George Floyd!

However the nigger responded, "I sure can, I can breathe and I own my own business."

That didn't make sense since George Floyd couldn't breathe and he was a criminal nigger who was never smart enough to own a business.

I asked my friend if he had any other videos of this George Floyd lookalike to which he sent me a link to his YouTube channel. The nigger's name was Jessie Lloyd, the videos on his YouTube channel were just clips taken from his Tik Tok. Apparently the nigger is a motivational speaker and life coach. But watching the nigger's dumb Tik Tok's only motivated me to want to McNutt myself from how retarded he sounded. The nigger provided both his website and email for booking sessions. Since I had nothing better to do, I decided to book an appointment.

Interestingly enough, the nigger's base of operations was in Minneapolis, the same shit hole city where George Floyd died. Minneapolis was only a 1 hour drive away from my place so it would be no trouble to see what this nigger was all about. I had booked an appointment for Friday which was 3 days away so I continued on with my day bullying trannies and pajeets online. When Friday came, I drove out with my McLaren F1 to Minneapolis. It was a retarded thing to take such an expensive car out to a nigger shit hole like Minneapolis, I knew that I would probably get carjacked by niggers. When I arrived at the destination 1 hour later, I noticed that this used to be Cup Foods, judging by the outline of the sign as well as the murals of George Floyd everywhere.

I walked in when I was greeted by the receptionist, she was a well dressed White woman albeit her face was on the uglier side however it brought my hopes up knowing that this place at least had a bit of professionalism despite operating out of a dirty corner store.

"Hello, do you have an appointment today?" The receptionist asked.

"Yes, I have an appointment with George err I mean Jessie Lloyd at 2 PM." I said.

"Alright, please take a seat and mister Floyd will let you into his office shortly.

The receptionist walked to the back while I sat down. What did she mean by mister Floyd? I thought. As far as I knew there wasn't a Floyd mentioned as one of the life coaches on the website. The only life coaches the site listed were Jessie Lloyd and a White man named Rodney McWalnut. I took out my phone and tried to see if the site had any customer reviews about their services, unfortunately there were none which just made me even more suspicious about what was going on. Suddenly the door opened and a tall 6 foot 5 nigger walked out.

"Hey mayne, I be Jessie Lloyd n shit, you may come into ma office n shiet."

I reluctantly walked into his office. When I entered, I noticed a foul smell of menthol cigarettes. There were wrappers of Popeyes chicken sandwiches along with empty buckets of KFC all over the floor.

"Sit down mayne," Jessie Lloyd said.

I sat down in front of Jessie Lloyd. I saw that there was a half eaten banana and mayonnaise sandwich along with a Pabst blue ribbon which had some white powder at the top of the can.

"Alright mayne, what can I help you with n shiet?" Jessie Lloyd asked.

"I became a life coach n shit because yung generation clearly lost mayne clearly lost, dem young folks be fucking da same gender and even transitioning to the other gender, it hurts ma soul seeing the yung ones so lost," Jessie Lloyd said.

I agreed with the nigger, despite Jessie Lloyd's retarded ebonics, I knew he was speaking facts.

"Mayne I help people make progress in their lives in order to attain greater fulfillment n shit and I can see that you're clearly lost mayne!" Jessie Lloyd said.

"What?" I said confused.

"You be a racist cracka n shit, you more lost den dem trannies and fags," Jessie Lloyd said.

"Now hold on a minute nigger, I know who you really are, you aren't some life coach, you're George Floyd the criminal nigger!" I said angrily.

I thought this would get the nigger mad however Jessie Lloyd just sat in his seat.

"Now mayne, do I be looking like dat George Floyd mayne?"

"George Floyd was a handsome negro with a magnificently shaped nose and the lips of a greek god, he were killed by dat evil police Derek Chauvin who is rotting behind bars."

"Floyd couldn't breathe, while I can breathe." Jessie Lloyd said.

"Why are you so obsessed with breathing?" I asked.

"Cuz if a nigga can't breathe, he'd be a dead nigga, you know what I'm saying?" Jessie Lloyd said.

"Anyway enough questions n shit, I will rehabilitate yo racist ass mayne!" Jessie Lloyd said as he opened a bag of white powder and blew the substance into my face.

I began coughing profusely.

"Yeah lil cracka, dat fentanyl be yo way to rehabilitation hehehe!" Jessie Lloyd giggled.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" I said as I was gasping for air.

I was on the verge of passing out, but I managed to hang on due to my racism and hatred towards niggers.

"Damn nigga, you a strong ass cracka n shit, most crackas be passed out as soon as taking da fentanyl and dead within 9 minutes." Jessie Lloyd said.

"So mayne, it do seem you caught on to da fact that I be George Floyd n shit and you be right n shit, I be George Floyd and da other life coach Rodney McWalnut be da real Ronnie McNutt who survived his attempted suicide!" Jessie Lloyd or should I say George Floyd said.

"How the fuck did you survive?!" I said in a weak tone. "I be using a breathing machine created by dem Jews and I had myself a face change so no one will know I'm George Floyd," George Floyd said.

I laughed at this. "You dumb fucking ape, you look basically identical to your old face with your nose and lips but my main question is what are you doing this for, why pretend to be life coaches and get young White people to O D on fentanyl, is Rodney, I mean Ronnie in on this as well?" I asked.

"Oh Ronnie be a soy boy and shit, he my bottom bitch and if he don't listen to me then I peg his ass along with the receptionist Equinox," George Floyd said.

“ I be doing dis operation to make da easy money off yung crackas n shit, I be giving dem advice to fulfil their pointless lives and den have them overdose on da fentanyl and den rob their shit for my pregnant only fans!” George Floyd explained.

“Now dat you know ma secret n shit, I’m afraid I can’t let you live no mo!” George Floyd said.

Suddenly the door opened, the receptionist Equinox along with Ronnie McNutt who had gotten a face change due to nearly turning himself into the demogorgon.

“So this guy figured out your identity, George?” Equinox asked.

“Das rite baby gurl, we gonna dispose of him now!” “Ronnie, check if he got any valuables on him n shit,” George Floyd said.

Ronnie walked over to me in a timid manner due to his soy instincts. As Ronnie began to search my pants, I immediately punched him in the face. Despite being in a weakened state due to the fentanyl in my system, I still managed to land a good hit.

“Ouch, I’m done!” Ronnie yelped crying like a baby as his nose began to bleed. George Floyd pulled out a handgun and shot me in the belly.

“Hehehe cracka, guess I be taking care of you myself!”

“Look closer you dumb nigger,” I said revealing the chest armour underneath my shirt. I got up and punched George Floyd in the nose.

“Oh shit, that hurt mama!” George Floyd said as he began to wail like a baby bornean orangutan, crying even louder than Ronnie.

I ran out of the building screaming like a madman which made all the nearby niggers look over at me. But since niggers are heartless animals, the niggers simply ignored me instead of trying to call the police. I looked for my McLaren F1 but my worst nightmare came true, my car was carjacked by niggers!

“Hey, get that White man!” A voice said behind me.

I turned around and saw Equinox Autumn along with George Floyd and Ronnie McNutt who was holding his shotgun. Ronnie fired a shot at me but since he had trash aim, he ended up shooting a 4 year old niglet girl who was a few feet away from me in the belly.

“Shit mayne, why’d you gotta do ma niece like that?” George Floyd said angrily.

“I was gonna smoke her ma self.”

“Oh shit, ma baby girl’s been hit!” A nigger’s voice yelled.

I saw that a male nigger picked up the injured 4 year old niglet.

"Oh shit, oh shit, dat be Derrick Delane n shit, dat be ma relative n shit!" George Floyd said.

"George!?" "Wuz you da one who smoked Arianna n shit?" Derrick Delane asked.

"Shiet mayne, I was gonna smoke all yall niggas anyway, you be living off ma death n shit, ya'll be living in wealth while I gots to drug and rob da White boys!" George Floyd said angrily.

Derrick passed the injured niglet to a sheboon next to him who I presumed to be the niglet's mother.

"You fucking coon, I will smoke yo ass!" Derrick Delane said as he pulled out a gun from his back pocket.

George Floyd and Derrick Delane began to fight like two silverback gorillas. Using the distraction, I ran to a back alley and hid. By now, the fentanyl was overpowering my chad body. I began coughing up blood,

"Shit, I might fucking die because of that nigger," I said out loud.

I tried to get up.

"Don't move, or he'll blow your face off!" A voice said behind me.

It was the voice of Equinox Autumn. She must have followed me while George Floyd and Derrick Delane were increasing the black on black crime rate.

And judging by the fact that Equinox said, "He'll blow your face off" it meant that Ronnie McNutt was also behind me.

I slowly put my hands up but that's when I heard a gunshot from behind followed by a body dropping to the ground. I slowly turned around and saw Equinox autumn on the floor spazzing out. Her face turned inside out like a smashed tomato.

"I guess that's it!" Ronnie McNutt said.

"I'm tired of getting used by this ugly bitch and that big lipped nigger, I fucking hate niggers!" Ronnie said heroically.

Ronnie bent down and gave me a hand.

"Thank you," I said as I began to cough up more blood.

"We gotta get you to the hospital," Ronnie said as he helped me up.

It's been several days now. I was able to be treated at the hospital and was discharged 2 days later. Local authorities reported the death of Derrick Delane who was beaten to death by an unknown assailant. But I know the truth, it was George Floyd! George Floyd is still at large. He faked his death and got a face transplant along with a machine to help him breathe thanks to the jews.

Please adhere to this warning, if you ever see a nigger with a big fat nose and leathery large lips who is obsessed with breathing, it is likely that that is George Floyd. If you ever see him, please kneel on his neck. He is a violent criminal nigger who contributes nothing to society. If George Floyd is not stopped then the crime rate will rise!

The Floyd Invasion

By Gorg Floydson

Before this event transpired, I was never a believer of extraterrestrials nor the existence of beings of a higher plane of existence. Some would call me the type of loser who wallows around in the degenerate hell hole known as Reddit however this is not true. My whole life, I've just never been a believer of god nor life on other planets. But that all changed one day.

On that fateful day that altered human history for the worse. An event so horrific it makes past wars and genocides look tame. I am of course referring to the Floyd Invasion. But before I begin, I must provide context. I worked at NASA. I cannot say the name of the program I worked at but the program I worked at was trying to find ways to launch garbage up into space. Because as you know, our planet is literally becoming a massive dump with all the garbage humans produce every year.

We developed a machine with the force and strength able to shoot 500 tonnes of garbage into deep space. I had really hoped that we could later on use the machine to launch niggers and trannies into space because they are useless human garbage that contribute nothing to society. So far on our past attempts, the waste made it past Mars heading to Jupiter. By what we've done currently, it was a huge success, soon we will have a solution to all the waste built up on the planet.

One day, my coworker, a nigga named Tyrone was shooting up fentanyl on the job. You're probably wondering how a nigga got into a NASA facility, well you see, NASA had recently implemented a diversity program for niggers and spics. Niggers have been able to get into prestigious universities such as MIT and Stanford because they need to score the lowest score possible to get in. Highly respected schools such as MIT were run by nigger lovers or Jews.

Tyrone somehow managed to not only get his hands on the drug but also snuck a syringe past security. We were told to shoot another load into space today

and in his high state he threw the syringe into the device with the pile of garbage. I thought nothing of this, just another piece of garbage about to be shot up into the empty vacuum of space. However I noticed that some of the fentanyl had gotten into the machine which produced a white glow. I watched as the fentanyl charged machine blasted the load so fast that the garbage along with the syringe of fentanyl disappeared upon leaving the atmosphere. This was the part I regret the most. If I could ever repeat a day, that day would have been the only day I would repeat. It was because of that syringe of fucking fentanyl that turned everything to shit. A living hell on earth.

After we shot this latest pile of trash into space, I simply thought that the trash had disintegrated because of the super charged fentanyl which sounds too absurd to be true, no one at NASA believed me and just thought that I was picking on Tyrone for his skin colour.

Almost 4 months had passed since that day. I continued to work on the project but strangely every load after the one containing the fentanyl syringe would not travel more than a few miles away from the moon, I thought that the fentanyl had broken or at least damaged the machine. It was an average day at work when suddenly sirens rang out with a deafening noise. Everyone panicked and stormed out of the building. I took this opportunity to go home and have a day of relaxation playing black lives splatter. That's when I saw it, a wormhole above the skyline. A massive mothership came out of the wormhole. It resembled the face of a nigger. I looked up in awe and that's when these beings came down to the ground. They were humanoid with pale skin, large muscles, the most jacked beings I had ever seen and keep in mind, I'm a 300 pound racist chad. The beings were about 8 or 9 feet tall. Their head was the weirdest feature. It was brown with a face. It was the face of George Floyd. No doubt about it. He was a black criminal who was caught using counterfeit bills and was killed by a police officer. The creature took something out of a container. It was the syringe that Tyrone had thrown into the garbage shooter. The garbage pile containing the fentanyl syringe didn't disappear into atoms but instead had been teleported to a different world because of the fentanyl charged machine. That's when it spoke in my head.

"OOGA BOOGA, we are the trans dimensional council of George Floyd!" The beings said. "Two of our spies were killed on this very planet, George Floyd FM-2 was killed by the evil man, Kyle Rittenhouse and George Floyd-Prime, our master was killed by the police officer Derek Chauvin." The creature said angrily. "You will give us fentanyl in return for killing the two of them and we won't harm anyone if you just give us more fentanyl OOGA BOOGA!" It said,

Everyone looked shocked and I could tell the same thing was happening to everyone around me. They were speaking to us telepathically.

"We don't have any fentanyl," I said.

The drug was banned after the incident with George Floyd. And that's when it all went to hell.

“OOGA BOOGA, our world da Floydverse had recently ran out of fentanyl, our people need da fentanyl to breathe, if you will not give us da fentanyl, then we’ll have to take it by force!” The Floyd creature said.

The creatures went up back into the giant mothership. Suddenly it fired blasts at everyone. I ran for my life while chaos was unfolding around me. People who were hit by the beam turned into fentanyl which was then taken to the ship by drones.

I hid in my apartment for 5 whole days. During those 5 days trapped inside my house, I’ve learned that black lives don’t matter. I had little food and water but I couldn’t leave my apartment while those aliens were out there. Those things were far more advanced than humanity. They are not an extraterrestrial species, they were multiversal beings capable of travelling to different universes to plant their spies. If you’re a nigger retard, the multiverse is a hypothetical group of multiple universes. Together, these universes comprise everything that exists: the entirety of space, time, matter, energy, information, and the physical laws and constants that describe them. Meaning that there are an infinite amount of universes and therefore infinite earths where the Floyd creatures could go plant spies and take fentanyl. You’re probably thinking, if a race is so advanced to the point of being able to travel to other universes then why not just make their own fentanyl? The most likely scenario is that there was a race far more advanced than even the Floyd creatures and they simply stole their technology and killed them all off as niggers are tend to be violent as fuck no matter what kind.

Occasionally I turned on the news to see what was happening outside. The Floydians as I’ve started calling them have destroyed most of the world and world casualties are in the billions. Most of the things the military threw at the Floydians were repelled and had little if any effect on them. As I watched videos of Russian and Chinese military fighting off the Floydians, I noticed that whenever they were shot in the neck, they would die. The neck must be their weak part. The prime George Floyd died in the same way so it must also apply to the Floydians. I acted fast and immediately posted the videos on social media platforms and told everyone that their weakness was the neck and to repost my videos.

In just a few hours, the video spread like wildfire and the world's militaries managed to kill all of the Floydians as well as blowing up their spaceship. It was all over. The people of earth had united as one. Whites, Asians, spics and even black monkeys. I went outside my apartment for the first time in a long time. There was destruction and death all around me but I couldn’t help but laugh, and shout nigger, nigger, over and over again. I’ve never felt this free or happy before. And all of a sudden, an even bigger space ship descended down from the wormhole. It was much bigger than the last one. The mere tip of the ship engulfed my city. And I heard that terrible voice in my head again.

“OOGA BOOGA give me more fentanyl!” A voice boomed.

3 Floydians came out of the ship, however they were different. The 3 creatures were bigger, about 12 feet tall and had even larger muscles.

"We are the Floydaukar legion, the elite soldiers of House Floyd!" The leader said. "You have done well against our troops, however cracka, we will not leave without the fentanyl," the Floydian said.

I ran back into my house in fear. "It's all over," I thought. I was out of food and water, the only thing I could do was go back onto Reddit. I found a subreddit called /r/FloydAliens. People there were thinking of ways to defeat the new Floydaukar army which appeared all over the world. One man by the name of Ronnie McNutt said that the Floydians turned his girlfriend Equinox Autumn into fentanyl.

"Hey guys, my name is Ronnie and these Floyd aliens turned my girlfriend Equinox Autumn into a pile of fentanyl with a shotgun labelled fentanyl sprayer 3000!" Ronnie said in a voice message. Ronnie continued, "I believe there is a way to stop these creatures once and for all but I need your guys help or else we are all done!" Ronnie exclaimed.

I privately messaged Ronnie and to my surprise found out, he only lived an hour away from me. The only problem was the Floydaukar who were turning people into fentanyl in my area. I checked my apartment for anything useful. The only things that I had were my George Floyd ski mask, a **[Sam Hyde]** Chan kit and George Floyd toy. I thought the George Floyd ski mask would help me blend into the Floydians army as they are retarded nigger beings. The **[Sam Hyde]** Chan kit came with a replica of his AR and shotgun which would come in handy. I walked out of my house while wearing the ski mask, however there was a foul odor coming from the mask, I realised that this was the same mask I had busted a nut on and never cleaned it. 2 Floydaukar soldiers noticed me immediately.

"Wassup nigga!" I said. "Good good niggie, we just turning these crackas into fentanyl 'n shit," the Floydaukar soldiers responded.

I walked away and headed to my car, I started it and drove off to where Ronnie McNutt lived. An hour later, I arrived at the McNutt house, a short man with a beard came out with a shotgun.

"Are you Ronnie McNutt?" I asked. "Yes yes and I presume you are the man I talked with on Reddit," Ronnie said. "I have a plan to stop the Floydians and it involves sneaking into their mothership and disabling their breathing machine!" Ronnie said. "Sounds good," I replied.

I gave Ronnie a second George Floyd mask so we could successfully sneak onto the mothership. We arrived outside where the mothership was parked, a corner store called Cup Foods. Ronnie and I managed to get into the ship while the other Floydians were busy buying bananas with counterfeits. We found the breathing machine in the main command room which produced oxygen for the Floydians to breathe.

"Look over here!" Ronnie said excitedly.

There was a remote labelled stop all breathing machines meaning that not only would it disable the breathing machine on the ship but also all the breathing machines back in the Floydverse. However all the Floydians soldiers were on earth so they'll still be breathing the air of earth even if the ship's breathing machine is destroyed. Ronnie had an idea. "We'll broadcast a video of my now deceased girlfriend when she was impregnated by a BBC," Ronnie said. Ronnie went over to the intercom and began to talk. "All Floydian units on earth, return to the ship immediately, we've got a pregnant woman video n shit mane," Ronnie said. Within seconds, all the Floydians came rushing into the ship all shouting pregnant belly, pregnant belly.

"But dude, once the breathing machine is disabled, we won't be able to breathe either," I said concerned.

"That's why, you'll leave the ship immediately, I will disable the machine myself!" Ronnie said.

"But you'll die," I said.

"It's ok, I was going to kill myself with a shotgun and livestream it on Facebook before these nigger creatures showed up," Ronnie said heroically.

"You may be a low testosterone beta cuck, but you are mankind's saviour Ronnie McNutt," I said, tears welling up in my eyes.

I rushed out of the ship as Ronnie disabled the machine.

"Hey guys, I guess that's it," Ronnie said as all the Floydians began choking. "Ah shit, breathing machine disabled, I can't breathe!" The Floydians said in unison.

I saw that Ronnie with the last remaining air in his lungs drove the ship into the wormhole and then blew his face off with his shotgun. The Floyd invasion was over and mankind had to rebuild itself. Luckily most of the casualties were niggers, Jews, trannies and bbc whores because they thought they could ally themselves with the Floydians.

Moral of the story; niggers are too retarded to be allowed to work in NASA facilities or be allowed into prestigious universities. Their low IQ bug brains will surely cause major problems later on for all of mankind to face.

George Floyd's Ghost Visited My House

By Jesus Pepe

I was 15 when the nigger George Floyd got his neck stood on.

My story starts a year after, on the night of the anniversary of his death.

I was home alone. I live in a rough area in Minneapolis, Minnesota even though I am White, because my Father got his job taken away and was replaced by a nigger. He had been an executive for a large paper company. From what I have heard from listening to my parents' arguments, the company has since gone to hell. The paper is hair thin and of uneven texture.

Back to the story, I was home alone. My parents had left with my brother for the weekend and had left me to guard the house since, as I said, we live in a very rough area that teems with niggers. This particular night was a strange one without even considering the strange and horrifying events to take place later that night. Even though it was the middle of November, it was 78 degrees fahrenheit with no wind. The trees outside were completely still. This fact is important for later, to convey the sheer horror factor with this story.

Anyway, I was sitting on my couch, waiting for the inevitable sound of gunshots that are a part of life in the Minneapolis area, when I heard a strange whooshing sound immediately followed by

the sound of someone frantically typing on the family computer accompanied by heavy, labored breathing. I went into the den, which held the family computer and the first thing I noticed was a strange smell that smelled like burning chemicals and a homeless person who hadn't washed in weeks. I noticed that the computer was on. *Weird*, I thought, *they never leave the computer on*.

I walked closer to the computer, turning on the light as I approached. I noticed a strange white powder all over the desk. I picked some up with my fingers and sniffed it like an investigator from a TV show might do. An hour later I woke up on the floor with a nosebleed.

I almost called my parents to tell them about what happened, but at about that time I noticed what was on the computer screen and I forgot about calling my parents at all. I first noticed the dark mode screen with a contrasting orange logo. Then I saw what the person who had been here had been doing. The search bar said "whyt wimins pregnint an sheeit" and there were videos of pregnant women chained up all over the screen. I was still confused and scared from waking up on the floor from the seemingly harmless powder all over everything, so I didn't realize what the nigger babble meant for a second. When it dawned on me what it meant, it didn't help me figure out what was going on. I had never heard anything about George Floyd, and I didn't care at the time, but seeing the site made me physically ill and I spent a good 30 or so minutes in the bathroom.

Once the effects of the powder started to wear off and I was feeling more in my right mind, a realization hit me. There was someone here, maybe even while I was on the floor knocked out. They may still be here. My first instinct was to call the police. I was answered by an operator after 10 minutes, probably because of the riots downtown. When the operator answered, I felt a wave of temporary relief wash

over me. I explained the situation to the operator who responded by saying “cracka whatchu think, imma send a nigga to yo house an sheeit?” and then she hung up.

A feeling of hopelessness weighed heavy on me and I gave up and went back to the couch, grabbing a knife on the way to the den. Before I could get to the den, I heard the same whoosh, but this time it was followed by a semi-clear voice saying “ I caint breev offisuh” over and over. I didn’t know much about George Floyd but I knew his voice from watching the news bulletins about him for weeks after his death. The voice had clearly come from my parents’ bedroom at the rear of the house.

I ran to my parents’ room as fast as I could. the voice was still hollering in ebonics “ I can't breathe, I can't breathe, I can't breathe" nonstop over and over. Having to hear the sorry excuse for a language that is ebonics for an extended period of time made me have to vomit in the toilet before reaching the bedroom.

When I got to the bedroom, I ran through the door to see the tail end of a black man running through the wall, except that he wasn’t running. He was hovering 6 inches off the ground.

At this point I was ready to leave the house, but I would have had nowhere to go and there were still rioters out, so I decided to follow the black man into the next room. It was my pregnant sister’s room. She had moved out months before this, but most of her old clothing was still in the dresser. I walked in and saw the black man at the dresser rifling through the drawers.

“ I smell a pregnant White woman,” he kept repeating while throwing aside articles of clothing.

I had to be extremely quiet so as to keep myself hidden, so I used some painters tape to cover my mouth, but when a sneeze came, I was unable to stop it.

The black man heard my sneeze and whirled around so see me in the doorway. He said something that sounded like monkey screeches mixed with the sound a dolphin makes while having an orgasm. When I remained silent, he started towards me. At that moment, the doorbell rang twice and the black man, who I now presumed to be George Floyd, or at least his ghost, disappeared into thin air.

I ran to answer the door, since anyone who wasn’t a floating, violent black man was welcome company right then, to see a manlet with longish purple hair, a beard, a jean jacket and a shotgun standing in front of me. I knew this guy from somewhere.

It took a minute to put together, but I eventually recognized the pitiful man as Ronnie McNutt, the cuck that shot his own face off. Somehow, he was standing in front of me, face fully intact, and he was wearing a police badge. “ I heard from the operators that you have a nigger in your house,” he said.

“Um, yeah I guess you could say that,” I replied.

“Ok then. Can I come in to investigate?” McNutt asked.

"I guess," I replied, "but be careful."

He walked past me, apparently with more confidence than he had had when the video of him with the shotgun had emerged, and immediately marched into the room I had just faced the ghost nigger in, almost as if he knew what had happened. The whole time, he was yelling

About niggers and crime rates and loading his shotgun. All I heard were 2 gunshots and then Ronnie screaming. I ran into the room to see Ghost Floyd standing over McNutt, forcing white powder down his throat.

"Help," Ronnie screamed, "I'm going to die of an overdose".

There was nothing I could do. Ronnie was dead.

Ghost Floyd turned to me. I knew if I could get him to monologue, I could buy myself some time to get away, so I asked him why he was here.

"It be's the anniversary of my death an sheeit," he said, us niggers be stealing the air of White niggas that be home alone at night."

I saw that as he talked, a bottle of powder in his hand leaked out onto the floor. The bottle said Fentanyl in big letters on the side.

I finally knew why I had passed out after smelling the white powder on the computer desk.

"I see you noticed my nigga powder," he said "This made out of White skin an sheeit."

I started scooting slowly towards the shotgun laying in Ronnie's hands. To my luck, Ghost Floyd didn't seem to notice.

"If I steal the air of 666 whypipos tonight, I come back to life and I can rape all the pregnant White women I want," Floyd said laughing in a demonic voice. "You stupid whypipos never noticed that niggas be comin back to haunt y'all an sheeit?"

I ignored his question, which didn't seem to bother him. After a minute of silence, Ghost Floyd started the process of collecting the skin cells from Ronnie, keeping an eye on me.

He threw the shotgun aside like the dumb nigger he is, which allowed me to take it. I shot him with the 4 remaining shells inside of the gun, but they went right through him. Not even shifting his attention, he said "Stupid nigga, you can't shoot me. The only way to kill a black ghost is with an IQ test an sheeit."

I immediately got an idea. My father had his IQ test hanging above his bed. He had scored 145 and was extremely proud. "Sorry dad, I thought as I ran to his room. I grabbed the frame from the wall, broke the glass and shoved the test down the barrel of the shotgun. Then I loaded in another shell from the few that hadn't been stolen when riots passed our neighborhood, and ran back to the room where Ghost Floyd stood stealing Ronnie's skin to make fentanyl.

I had a clear shot and I took it. Ghost Floyd let out a horrible scream, blood dripping from his eyes and ears.

"I CAN'T BREATHE!" he screamed. I couldn't fire again so I had to hope one shot was enough. "MOMMA I CAN'T BREATHE AN SHEEEIT", he continued to scream.

He was shrinking smaller and smaller every second until he was the size of a baby. Then he simply disappeared.

I am sitting at my computer, a year after the incident. I have since had many other nigger ghosts come to haunt me, but none as strong as Ghost Floyd. I am afraid that if he comes again I may not be able to stop him.

If you do not take anything else from my story, remember to keep IQ tests on hand. You never know when you might need them.

The End

Black Goblin

By Jordan Cleeman

Hey guys my name is Stewart Maytum and I have something to get off my chest. A story about one of the evilest beings on the planet. It all started when I was at school in my math class working on an assignment. It was an assignment where I had to draw a picture on the desmos online virtual graphing calculator. It was a huge pain in the ass and unrelated to math at its core (keep in mind, I am in twelfth grade), so I was mostly on my phone instead of doing any work related to it. My math teacher is a nigger, so of course, he would assign us students such a mindless task, I thought. Only dumb low IQ niggers would find an activity like this fun since it is the one thing irrelevant to math.

It was only midway through the period and I was on the verge of falling asleep. The only thing keeping me awake was the breathtaking creepypastas I was listening to on this Telegram channel called George Floyd Creepypastas. I had to hide my earphones though because my Jew ran school has a no music policy, even at times where there aren't any lectures. Sometimes I miss online classes. I was in the middle of listening to a particular Creepypasta called The Penis Monkey Part 3, when I suddenly remembered that the assignment was going to be due tonight at 11:59 PM. I still barely made it through fifteen percent of it at the time, so I decided that it would be best to focus one hundred percent on it.

By the end of class, I was disappointed to see that I only managed to complete the eyes and mouth of the Patrick Star picture I had picked to draw, so I decided that I was in a situation where desperate times call for desperate measures.

One of my long-time childhood friends whose name is Till Krannies has a father who has a PhD in mathematics, so I decided that he could probably help me with the assignment. Way back in elementary school, he'd help me with math homework whenever I'd come over to Till Krannies's house, so I thought he'd be my only hope. He works at a company called FloydCorp Industries until late at night, so that would mean I was going to have to visit him at his workplace if I wanted to get the assignment done before the due date. I was at first hesitant to visit the FloydCorp towers since it is a company ran by niggers and Jews, but I thought of the counterargument that my nigger teacher will probably give my overall grade a zero if I screw up this one assignment despite my straight A's, since my friends and I would harass him for being a nigger teacher in lunch hours.

After school was over, I drove over to the FloydCorp building downtown which was ironically next to this convenience store called Cup Foods, and was surprised to see how messy the place was. Hundreds of sheets of paper were scattered and there were large holes punched into the walls. Not to mention, every employee was running around, screaming at the top of their lungs. Despite all this though, the only thing in my mind was trying not to fail the math assignment, so I went over to the sign next to the elevator to navigate my way through the building. It was a poorly constructed layout (as all nigger creations especially in Africa are), so it took a good while for me to find the office of Doctor Krannies. After what felt like a maze marathon, I made it to his room. There I saw Doctor Krannies, hiding under his office desk, as if there was something dangerous out there. I approached him and said, "I have a mathematics assignment due soon and,"

"Stewart, you have to get out of here now!" Doctor Krannies interrupted me.

"What is going on?" I asked.

"Come down here first and I will tell you what this is all about."

I followed Doctor Krannies's order and crouched under the desk with him.

"I knew I shouldn't have worked with a nigger and jew company," he said, with audible regret in his voice. "It all started when the owner of this company, George Floyd, wanted a serum made which functions as a race changer if you will. Essentially, George Floyd wanted to become White through the means of the race changer serum to cure his breathing problems, but after he consumed the first prototype, everything went wrong."

"Woah woah, I thought that nigger monkey was dead," I said.

"The jew media lied about his death and any employee at FloydCorp is to keep their mouths shut about it or they will face a death punishment. I am sorry I haven't spoken about it to the public earlier. Believe me, I am a nigger hater too."

"So, um, what happened after?" I asked, eager to hear what Doctor Krannies was to say next.

"I don't know exactly how it happened," Doctor Krannies continued. "I am not something of a biologist myself. All I can tell you is the race changer serum somehow turned him into this hyper-aggressive goblin-like being with superhuman strength. He started to attack everybody in close proximity using his fentanyl grenades and then mounted onto his glider and flew off to continue murdering every worker in his line of sight. I don't know whether he is still in the building or not, so here I am hiding in case."

"What the fuck?" I said. "How exactly is a nigger smart enough to even run a company inventing these science-fiction machines?"

"Well you see, George Floyd wasn't even responsible for even a small sliver of the technical processes of the company. All he does is boss everyone around since the top managers of the company are nigger-loving sheep who support BLM."

I suddenly noticed a reddish-orange light flash which looked to be a grenade explosion behind Doctor Krannies, and then instinctively warned him.

"Doctor Krannies, look out!"

Followed by the flash was the sound of what you'd imagine discharging fentanyl would sound like. The force caused Doctor Krannies and I to fly into the wall opposite the office door. Despite me being a three-hundred-pound shredded football lineman in my high school football team, I flew like a paper airplane.

Once we landed, a voice that sounded both jewy and ebonic could be heard. "Ooga booga goys, it is me, Black Goblin and I am here to take mah revenge hehehe."

Stunned, I looked up, to see the figure who said those words. He was hovering a few feet above the ground using his glider. What I saw still haunts me to this day. All of us racists can agree that Jews and niggers are the worst races on the planet. Picture a being that exhibits the physical characteristics of both of those subhuman creatures, but ten times worse than the resulting offspring of a disgusting race-mixing nigger and jew couple. The figure that I saw walking into Doctor Krannies office possessed a nose that had the length of a jew nose, yet had the fatness of a nigger nose. It looked like what would happen if you take a carrot and mash it into a potato to create a giant fruity mass that looks gigantic when it comes to every dimension. Regarding his expectedly terrifying eyes, they showed no semblance of intelligence, while exhibiting the soulless nature of Kyke eyes. When I looked at his lips, god fucking damn, they were of the exact same proportions as the stomach rolls of Breonna Taylor. After seeing all of those characteristics, I instantly knew why he dubbed himself the Black Goblin; he looks exactly like how a professional 3D model artist would portray a nigger goblin, because of all those prominent Jew characteristics glued onto a default nigger face template

"I see it is you goy, Mr. Krannies," Black Goblin continued to speak. "I shall get back at you for turning me into this mess."

"But Mr. Floyd, I had nothing to do with that damn serum!" Mr. Krannies exclaimed.

"Hehehe too bad mane, I keel everyone I see anyway."

Black Goblin shoved his warty hand into his duffel bag, and then retrieved this hand-sized plastic pouch containing a white powder. I figured it was one of his fentanyl grenades that Mr. Krannies mentioned earlier. Before either of us could react, Black Goblin threw it in Mr. Krannies's throat, like how a professional nigger basketball player would dunk a basketball.

"I... can't... breathe," was Dr. Krannies last words.

There was no practical way I could help him at this point, so the only thing I did was stand up and run to the wall furthest from him as fast as I could. Shortly, the fentanyl grenade detonated, blasting Dr. Krannies's brains, looking like some cheap reenactment of Ronnie McNutt's infamous suicide video.

"Hehehe. one goy down mane!" Black Goblin cackled.

I ran toward what was leftover of Dr. Krannies's body; only his torso and legs were intact while his entire head was now completely gone.

Dr. Krannies has always been good to me, so his death hit me hard. The thought of it built up anger in me. I turned to Black Goblin, wanting to avenge Dr.

Krannies's death. However, despite me being a three hundred pound racist chad, I was no match for all the tools Black Goblin had at his fingertips. The fentanyl grenades would mean certain death. His glider appeared to be a weapon in itself. At the front of it were a dozen sharp spikes. Anything in the way of the flying glider at high speeds would get impaled to death.

"Fuck you Kyke nigger, you killed him," I said. "Why the fuck did you do this?"

"You see goy," Black Goblin began. "The serum that them crackas worked on that was supposed to turn me into a normal breathing White man, turned out to be a serum that turned me into a niggie Jew instead. I am now angry because now mah extra large jew nose be making it even harder to breathe."

"Okay nigger goblin," I said, as I formed a battle stance.

"Atta main," Black Goblin laughed, as he motioned his pointer finger at himself.

My anger fueled me to run at Black Goblin, probably even faster than the nigger Usain Bolt, and I talked him off his glider.

"Oof goy, you bettah be careful," Black Goblin said.

We tumbled onto the ground and I pinned him for a good five seconds until I heard an eerie whirl behind me because it caught me off guard. I glanced back, so see Black Goblins' glider facing directly at me. I then turned back to look at Black Goblin. On his wrist was a visible watch that looked to be a remote control of the glider.

"Hehehe, I told you you shoulda be careful main," Black Goblin cackled once again. "Prepare to get yo belly impaled by them glider blades."

I thought I was doomed because the glider was only a few feet from me and it seemed like it would be impossible to dodge. I decided to capitalize on the only advantage I had over this Jew nigger: intelligence.

I quickly distracted Black Goblin by saying the word, "air," and then did a high vertical jump that made it look like I was going to lash at him. However, I instead jumped high enough to cling onto one of the hanging lights on the ceiling. This startled Black Goblin enough to induce him to fly the glider not at me, but directly at himself. The glider flew in between my legs, and then into the neck of Black Goblin. The frontal blades of the glider pierced through his throat, preventing him from being able to breathe.

"Ah shit, you who who, glider blades in my throat, I can't breathe!" Black Goblin choked out.

After I was certain he was dead, I evacuated the scene as fast as I could. I knew that if I were to be caught near Black Goblin's corpse, I would likely get arrested and thrown into prison for the murder of a black man, even though everything was self-defense. Hell, Black Goblin was technically the one who killed himself because he drove the glider into his neck.

I am now typing this at my house. I really hope the authorities don't trace Black Goblin's death to me. But if they do, I will certainly lose the court case because of all the nigger lovers running the city. Moral of the story, fuck niggers and fuck jews, but more importantly, fuck nigger jews.

The Real Purpose of Die Glocke

By BuckFlackPeople

Many conspiracy theories have popped up over the years. Some are obviously true, like the United States and Israel's involvement in the 9/11 attacks, Jewish-Elite Pedophile Rings, or the fact that the Las Vegas shooting was a false flag operation. Some conspiracy theories are obviously false, like the theory that there are two Joe Biden's or the theory that Michelle Obama is a woman. However, there are some conspiracies which to this day are surrounded in so much mystery that few can even decipher what they truly mean in the grand scheme of life. Perhaps the most famous of these theories surround the project known as Die Glocke. Die Glocke, meaning "The Bell" in German, was reported to be a large bell shaped device created toward the end of World War 2 by Germany. It was theorized by some to be a flying saucer prototype, a time machine, or just a flat out hoax. However, I was there in 1945, and I saw what the true intention of Die Glocke was. And I know how it summoned the malevolent being known as George Perry Floyd.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Bob Daniel Breaker, but my friends call me Buck Breaker. I grew up in the rural South in Georgia. There was only one nigger in our town. He went by the name of Big Floyd the Landlord, which was ironic as he was a homeless bum who spent his days asking for people's welfare checks, which he referred to as "stimmy checks."

One day I was with my Q.T. big booty racist girlfriend when a nigger walked by and said "Gah damn baby girl I would def buss a nut on yo ass what yo numba?" and slapped her ass, then attempted to rape her.

Naturally, I did what any sane person would do. I gathered a crowd of around 40 armed men, and we hanged him from a telegraph post in the town square. While he was hanging we shot him at least 60 times. While all this was happening he yelled out "Ah shit mane, I can't breathe!"

I can tell he died when he farted and pissed and shit himself. His lifeless body then fell to the ground, landing in the Family Guy death pose. When he fell many people took souvenirs off his body. I took his fat nigger nose as a trophy, which I incorporated into a necklace and gave to my girlfriend. Unfortunately, lynching niggers, which mind you was always done because they had committed a horrific crime, is now not as common in America. This was why niggers would stay in line as they knew if they fucked with a White man or his woman they would be immediately obliterated. Hell, if you look up lynching cases in the United States, the vast majority of them are related to murder or rape. The media tries very hard to hide this, but even the most basic investigation will show that most if not all lynchings were warranted in some way and were never simply because the victim was black. Anyway, I would not find out Big Floyd's true identity until many years later, on an ill-fated mission in Germany.

During World War 2, I was an agent of the Office of Strategic Services, AKA the OSS. I joined the OSS because there were very few if any black people in it. This is because members of the OSS had to blend in with the environment and not seem out of place in places like Germany and France, and in the 40's a nigger would stick out in Europe like a sore thumb. Jew'd games like Cod Vanguard would have you believe that multiple ethnicities were members of the OSS, but this is a lie. I was deployed to France, mainly to hunt down and eliminate the heads of Soviet backed Partisan movements, ones that could threaten a free Western Europe once France was liberated. It is a well hidden historical fact to this day that many partisan groups during World War 2 held communist sympathies, including the ones who killed Benito Mussolini. This makes sense as fascist leaders were true men of the people, so obviously the majority of the people would rather they stay in power. However, only a small portion of people need to disagree with a good idea to completely fuck it up. But I digress.

One day in May 1945, I had just killed a Jewish, Marxist leader of a communist cell when I was approached by my handler. I was briefed on a mission deep into enemy lines to investigate a Nazi wonder weapon in development that supposedly had some kind of supernatural abilities. My mission was to gather info on the prototype weapon, and report any findings back to base. The weapon was to be preserved at all costs, as the Americans wanted to salvage it for their own purposes. Before I left for my mission, I was introduced to a second agent who would accompany me on my mission, Agent Geedis.

"Hi, I hate niggers," he said as he shook my hand.

"Same, fuck niggers," I responded.

We got into a Jeep and headed towards the German lines. Because the war was almost over, it was very easy to sneak past the German lines. Hell, even if we did encounter any Germans they would probably just surrender to us as they had far better chances of survival with us then in their current situation. We were ordered to keep casualties to a minimum, as the scientists and even the guards at this facility would be able to help us with the weapon once the war ended. Once we came within a few miles of the facility, we disembarked and headed out on foot. We were supposed to go in with Welrods, which are only .32 ACP silenced pistols. However, Geedis managed to smuggle a .30 caliber Browning Automatic Rifle in the Jeep just in case things got messy. And get messy, they would.

When we approached the facility, we were hit with the stench of cheap weed, body odor, and low tier cologne. It was so powerful that we didn't smell the stench of the mutilated corpses of the facility staff until we were very close. We realized the staff had been completely wiped out by some unknown force. It couldn't have been a bombing since the facility was in tact. And it certainly wasn't another army, because there were no signs of bullet wounds on the bodies. The bodies looked like raisins, as if something had sucked the life essence out of them. A strange white powder lay on the ground near some of the bodies. I picked it up with one finger and sniffed it, and immediately regretted it. I grabbed my handkerchief to blow my nose, and

when I did there was blood. I pushed through, not knowing what to make of the situation. What hell had the Krauts unleashed upon this world?

We slowly entered the facility, which was completely dark as all the lights were out. We pulled out our flashlights, holding them with our guns. Blood splatters coated the walls, and dead Wehrmacht soldiers and scientists laid all over the floor. As we were walking through the dark, I fell through a hole in the ground, plummeting a floor or two. I yelled up at Geedis that I was okay, and he told me he would look for a way for two down. I looked around with my flashlight. I was clearly in a big room as even the flashlight didn't reveal anything as I looked around. It was completely silent and pitch black. In addition to this, I was only armed with a Welrod pistol to make matters worse. I looked around for anything that could help me distinguish my surroundings. As I was walking, I tripped over a massive wire. Before I could turn to investigate where the wire was leading, I noticed what looked like a person in the distance. They were tweaking the fuck out, almost like a zombie. In fact, it looked like they were doing a little circular hopping dance. I got closer, against my better judgment.

"Sir," I said, "Are you alright?"

The man immediately lunged at me. I couldn't even see his face as he wrestled with me for my gun. He yelled at me "Ah shit man I ain't that type of guy man I ain't that type of guy!" in a nigger-like voice. I threw a punch into the darkness and felt my fist connect with his face, knocking him away. Suddenly a bright light shined on both of us, blinding me. All I heard was a series of almost deafening noises, what seemed like explosions. I opened my eyes to see it was Geedis who had just cut the assailant practically in half with his automatic rifle. I thanked him and investigated the corpse. To my utter astoundment, it was a nigger. However, that wasn't the craziest part. The craziest part was that it was Big Floyd, the nigger whom I had lynched many years ago. He looked a little different though. His clothes weren't the normal clothes I remembered him wearing back in Georgia, rather they were a black tank top with jeans.

"What the fuck?" I said. "I killed this man."

"Well actually, I kinda killed that dumb nigger when I fucking chopped him in half with .30 caliber bullets," said Geedis, being a little sarcastic.

"No, I mean I killed this man years ago, before the war," I responded. None of this made any sense.

We started to hear screeching monkey noises emanating from the room, and we ran like hell up the stairs Geedis came from. As we were running I picked up a Kar98 from a dead German. While it wasn't exactly the best thing I could get my hands on it was certainly more effective against whatever the fuck we were up against than a shitty silenced pistol. As we were running, we noticed a dim light coming from a room, so we jumped in and closed the door. We held the door shut as we heard a stampede of footsteps pass along with a shitload of nigger noises. Once it was

finally over, we heard two guns cock behind us. We turned around to see two Germans in lab coats, both with guns pointed at us, looking very scared.

“Fuck man, you better not miss,” I said to the Germans.

Geedis tried to diffuse the situation. “Listen guys, I know you may not understand me, but we can be friends. We can fight together against them. Us. You. Friends.”

The Germans lowered their guns and the tension suddenly dropped from the air. The Germans introduced themselves as Otto and Heinrich. They spoke English, albeit very broken. They tried to explain to us what had caused this nigger onslaught, but they did not know the words to explain such advanced concepts to us. All we could really gather was that there was a machine, and there was a generator we could turn on to try and get rid of these monkeys once and for all by powering the machine back on. They also kept mentioning one name, “George Floyd.” We assumed this was Big Floyd’s true name. We would venture outside, where it was now nighttime, and protect Otto and Heinrich while they tried to get the power back on. We managed to sneak outside to the backup generator, which was in a trench line at the perimeter of the facility. They started to power on the generator and immediately it started emitting loud ass noises, giving away our position to any living thing in the area. Me and Geedis prepared for battle as he readied his automatic rifle, and I picked up and mounted an MG42 that was in the trench. We heard some noises coming from outside the perimeter, so I took a warning shot to see if anything was out there. When I did, I was horrified with what I saw.

The brief muzzle flash revealed that there were a hundred if not more George Floyds in the woods, each wearing a different outfit, about half a kilometer from us. We started to spray wildly in that direction, with each muzzle flash revealing the Floyd rush to be closer and closer. We shot burst after burst. In between each loud burst of gunfire phrases could be heard like, “run me yo stimmy checks”, “Please man can I get a dolla for the train mane” and “I’m boutta steal all yo air mane”.

The George Floyds looked as if they were running like the zombies do in cod zombies, with their arms and heads flailing everywhere. When the generator finally turned on, the lights went on and revealed that the rush was way closer to us than we thought. The Germans signaled us to follow them so we ran behind them as the horde followed us.

We ran back into the main building, back down the stairs we ran up earlier. As we were running, a George Floyd, dressed in a traditional Jewish outfit with curls and all, picked up Heinrich and drained the life out of him, as if he stole all of his air.

“Oh scheiss, ich kann nicht atmen,” he said as he died.

I shot the nig-Jew in the neck with my Kar98. He said “Ah shit, I can’t breathe,” then immediately died.

Otto said, “Die Maschine, go!” before picking up an MP40 and running back towards the horde to try and buy us some time. It looked like we were on our own to figure

out how to stop this. When we got to the bottom, I realized the wire I tripped over before had been running to the machine we were sent here to gather intel on. It was a massive, bell shaped machine, with a portal emitting a purple light in the middle. It was Die Glocke, and this must have been where the George Floyd invasion originated. Before we could make a plan, the George Floyds started rushing down the stairs. We started firing at them but we were getting overrun and we were running out of bullets. Geedis looked at me as if he already knew how it was gonna end. He pushed me into the portal, and my hand got stuck in it, slowly dragging me into the portal. I watched as Geedis pulled a pin on a belt of grenades. He fired his rifle in one hand and a Luger in the other while kneeling on a George Floyd's neck. This one in particular was dressed in a pizza delivery guy outfit similar to what you would see at Papa John's. The explosion from the grenades pushed me fully through the portal.

When I awoke, I was standing in some kind of void, surrounded by a purplish haze. I saw thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of what looked to be windows into other realities. Each one had one thing in common. It was George Floyd suffering some kind of injury that was preventing him from breathing. At the center was George Floyd in the tank top and jeans getting kneeled on by a cop, saying "Ah shit man I can't breathe." Around this scene were an infinite amount of alternate scenes of the same scenario. One had George Floyd in a security guard outfit getting kneeled on by an animatronic bear. Another scene had a George Floyd fortnite skin getting suffocated in a vacuum chamber, dying and dropping all his loot. Another was some kind of dinosaur kneeling on what looked to be a George Floyd equivalent of King Kong. I even saw the scene from a few years ago where my town hung George Floyd. I not only saw all these realities, but I could hear them as well, and they all echoed the same voice "Ah shit, I can't breathe." Except for one.

One was a guy saying "Hey guys, I guess that's it" and blowing his head off with a shotgun. That one made me chuckle a bit.

"Crazy, isn't it. Infinite universes with one outcome," said a voice originating from a point I could not discern.

"Who said that?" I said, waving around my rifle.

Suddenly, a man materialized right in front of me. He was a White man in a suit, wearing a name tag simply saying "Hello, my name is Jordan."

"I am the Keeper, and I keep track of George Floyd throughout the multiverse. There seems to have been an incident that unleashed the Floyds into your timeline, I apologize for that."

I was so confused. "Can you just explain to me in plain English what the fuck is going on and why there's so many niggers running around out there," I said.

"It's simple really," said the Keeper. "The Germans ran many scenarios and in every single one they lost the war, so they wanted to defy fate by looking at alternate realities to see how they could win. They wanted to defy what they thought was a

set event to occur. However, Germany's defeat was not guaranteed. There is one, and only one constant in life. George Floyd. In an infinite amount of realities, in an infinite amount of scenarios, in an infinite amount of times, George Floyd will exist, and he will not be able to breathe. And then, of course, niggers will chimp out and kill each other as well as White people. When the Germans activated the machine, they accidentally pulled through the one thing every universe had in common, which was George Floyd."

I was processing what felt like the biggest red pill of all time. "How the fuck do I get out of here?" I asked.

"I can send you where you desire quite easily, would you like to go to a reality where George Floyd is a pitbull? Or where he's SpongeBob? Or where he's-

I cut the Keeper off "Just send me the fuck home man."

"Ah, it was worth a shot," he said, snapping his fingers and making a portal appear. I waved to him and walked through it emerging to daylight.

When I stepped out of the portal, I was outside the facility. It was completely destroyed by the explosion, and all the George Floyd's were gone. The machine must have been anchoring them to this reality. When high command saw the machine was lost, I was immediately discharged from the OSS. I wasn't even given the chance to explain what had happened, not that they would listen to me anyway. Maybe it was for the best as I don't think I would trust America with that sort of weapon, especially today. I shudder to think of what a weaponized George Floyd army would look like. It would put the H-Bomb to shame.

I am now almost a hundred years old. I'm a pro Among Us and Call of Duty eSports player. I live very lavishly, but I also run a secret business on the side. I run an organization named the Buck Breakers. Our objective is simple. Stop any George Floyds from entering our timeline. And if that fails, make sure he cannot breathe.

The George Floyd Paradox

By Gorg Floydson

Hello my name is Delphian Koman but my friends call me Dick destroyer and I work for the FBI. I've stumbled upon something that could change the course of human history as we know it. Before I begin I must go back to that fateful day that changed the world for the worse. May 25th, 2020. The death of George Floyd. On that day, a store clerk at Cup Foods called the police on Floyd because the nigger had used a counterfeit \$20 bill to buy a banana. George Floyd supposedly died because Officer Derek Chauvin had his knee on Floyds neck for 9 minutes but here at the FBI we know the truth. George the monkey Floyd died of a fentanyl overdose, the reason

why we kept this secret and let Chauvin get sentenced for the murder of Floyd was so we could avoid a country wide riot from BLM. It has been years since George Floyd died and yet there is something else going on related to George Floyd. Since the start of the covid pandemic there has been less and less work for the FBI. I had used most of that time on social media and YouTube.

Being an agent with level 3 clearance, I could practically do anything on the web without other agents seeing what I am doing. This is where I stumbled upon the George Floyd creepypasta phenomenon. Hundreds upon hundreds of creepypasta videos about George Floyd, some involving George Floyd hybrids such as the nigga whale, Floyd Kong, Slenderfloyd and Ronnie McFloyd. I chalked these up to be stories made by edgy teens who wanted attention; however upon a further investigation, I noticed that there were related cases with George Floyd creepypastas. A town near the coastline where many missing persons cases have popped up, eye witnesses describing the creature responsible for the disappearances as a George Floyd mermaid. A case 10 years ago where two 13 year old children were found dead inside the old Ronnie McNutt house. I thought these cases were just coincidences, my boss, Agent Nate Higgers has asked me to investigate Minneapolis which was a main setting in many of the George Floyd creepypastas.

"A recent brawl of sorts went down at Cup Foods, Minneapolis," Nate said. "Our drones caught footage of what appeared to be a legion of George Floyd snowmen along with Ronnie McNutt Santa Claus!" Nate said.

I had listened to the George Floyd snowman creepy pasta however I had never heard of a George Floyd snowmen legion. Another agent who we'll call Ray Cist and I booked a flight to Minneapolis with George Floyd airlines. On the 5 hour flight, I noticed a she boon kicked a man wearing a Burger King crown,

"Ah fuck, I couldn't breathe for a moment," the Burger King crown man said out of breath. "But more importantly, kick that nigger bitch off the plane!" The Burger King Crown man yelled.

Since this was the George Floyd airlines, a **based** flight attendant did what the Burger King crown man had asked and kicked the nigger bitch off. 5 hours later, we arrived in Minneapolis. Ray Cist and I booked a room at a shitty hotel called Coon's Inn. We woke up early the next day to investigate Cup Foods.

"What a crappy nigger dump," Ray Cist said.

As we made our way into the Cup Foods, Ray Cist noticed a trapdoor which led to an underground room. There were 2 enormous rooms, the first was an empty room whereas the second room held a strange machine.

"This is an inter-dimensional teleporter!" Ray Cist exclaimed.

I noticed a computer hooked up to the machine. It read specimen: George Floyd. That's when it hit me like a tonne of bricks, this machine was capable of bringing

people from different universes through the multiverse to this very location. There were other options made default by the machine, names such as Ronnie McNutt and Heather Wilcock came up.

“Who could have built such an advanced machine?” I asked. Ray Cist looked around the machine until he found a label. “Look over here,” he said. The label reads the property of blm. “How could some primitive negroes have built such a complex machine?” Ray Cist asked. “I don’t know, but whatever they were using the machine for, it wasn’t good, George Floyd was a criminal nigger who contributed nothing to society like all niggers so bringing versions of him from different universes will cause so much more crime,” I said. “We need to get this machine out of Minneapolis before blm brings in more versions of George Floyd!” Ray Cist said.

Suddenly, we heard footsteps coming from behind us, followed by a gut wrenching noise. “OOGA BOOGA!” A voice said.

“What the fuck was that, is that a gorilla?” I asked.

Ray Cist and I drew our Nigger Destroyer 3000 provided by Golden Nigger Corp. An army of figures dressed in gothic robes approached us. The person leading the group unveiled himself, it was Ahmaud Arbery. However that wasn’t possible as Ahmaud Arbery was killed by 2 **based** racists, so that meant this was an alternative universe Ahmaud Arbery.

“Cracka, don’t try to stop the George Floyd cult from bringing our saviour to this world!” Ahmaud Arbery chimped.

Ahmaud Arbery along with the rest of the George Floyd cult charged at Ray Cist and I. We quickly shot them all down with the Nigger Destroyer 3000 turning the niggers into banana sandwiches. I realised that the situation had just escalated.

“Agent Ray Cist, the situation has become too dangerous for the two of us on our own, we must return to headquarters.” I said. I called Agent Higgers to inform him of the gravity of the situation. “Agent Higgers, I request you send backup, we have found the cause of the George Floyd creepy pasta phenomenon, George Floyd creepypastas are real!” I said. “No, I’m sorry Agent, but if it is true that there is a device capable of bringing beings from other universes to our own then we must keep this information under wraps, imagine what the jews or Chinese could do with such technology,” Nate said.

Ray and I heard a loud buzz come from the direction of the machine. To our shock and horror, a figure walked out. It was Derek Chauvin, however something was off. It was a Derek Chauvin toy!

“Must eliminate,” the Derek Chauvin toy said.

I watched as the Derek Chauvin toy lunged at Ray Cist.

"Oh fuck, I can't breathe!" Ray gasped while the Derek Chauvin toy was choking him.

I fired shots at the Derek Chauvin toy with the Nigger Destroyer 3000 to no effect. The Nigger Destroyer only works on living niggers. I tried my hardest to pull the toy off Ray's neck however it wouldn't budge, it was like someone had super glued the toy. After 9 minutes, Ray Cist dropped dead. The Derek Chauvin toy then turned to me.

"Must eliminate all niggers," the toy said.

But before the toy could get to my neck, it was blown to bits by a shotgun. It was Ronnie McNutt, or should I say a variant of Ronnie as the Ronnie McNutt of this universe had died years ago.

"Where the fuck am I?" Ronnie asked. "I was just having sex with my ex Equinox Autumn and suddenly, I was teleported to this place," Ronnie said. "You don't belong here, your small cuck brain might not believe me but there are multiple universes, a multiverse is the proper term," I said. "What?" Ronnie said, confused. "It doesn't matter now, but I need your help to take this machine back to FBI headquarters and afterwards you can be reunited with your ugly bitch ex," I said.

Ronnie and I brought the machine out of the Cup Foods which was hard as fuck because Ronnie is a weak beta, we only managed to get the machine out because I am a 300 pound racist chad. Once we got out of the Cup Foods, Ronnie and I noticed a large group of mud sharks waving Black Lives Matter and Antifa flags.

"OOGA BOOGA, leave that machine alone," the niggers yelled. "That machine belongs to da black folk, y'all crackas are just doing what yo ancestors did, you be stealing our land and our culture n shit," the leader of blm said.

Ronnie held his shotgun tightly. I thought that Ronnie would begin to blast these monkeys out of existence but instead Ronnie pointed the gun to his chin.

"Dude, what the fuck are you doing?" I asked. "Hey guys, I guess that's it," Ronnie said before shortly blowing his brains out.

Blood and gore covered my face and clothing, I looked like Carrie from the horror movie of the same name. I blacked out afterwards. When I woke up, I was tied up in a dark room.

"Oh good, you're up mane," a voice said.

My eyes were still adjusting to the darkness of the room. I looked up to see a nigger wearing a suit. It was Philonise Floyd, George Floyd's brother.

"Now mane, shall I explain my evil plans?" Philonise Floyd asked. "Mane you see, ever since my bro big Floyd died cuz police brutality n shit, I looked fo a way to bring him back, dats when I found a whitey

scientist named Darius, Darius wit his big ass brain developed a machine capable of bringing niggas from other dimensions n shit." Philonise said. "For the past years n shit, I've been bringing versions of my bro from other dimensions, unfortunately they were even more violent than George so once they came to our reality, they began to wreak havoc, but now I've found the closest version of my bro!" Philonise Floyd said. "George Perry Floyd from Earth-N3GR0 is the most similar to my bro and once I bring him here, black folk gonna bust a cap in all y'all pale ass monkeys!" Philonise cackled.

Philonise Floyd went over to the machine and typed in Earth-N3GR0 under specimen: George Floyd. The machine began to glow blue as a tall figure in a tank top walked out, it was George Floyd.

"You who who , thanks for opening the portal mane, I couldn't breathe in there for a moment," George Floyd said.

This George Floyd was a spitting image of the original one, no body modifications such as slender Floyd or George the cucumber, this was just simply George Perry Floyd, a nigga monkey who loves pregnant bellies and fentanyl.

"Ayo bro, we going to take over da world cuz we wuz kangz n shit!" Philonise said. "Yeah bro, yung generation clearly lost mane, clearly lost mane," George Floyd responded.

Philonise went back to the machine and began to type in coordinates.

"OOGA BOOGA, I will gather an army of George Floyds!" Philonise said.

Another figure walked out however something was off, it was a George Floyd toy. The George Floyd toy ran at Philonise pulling out a small handgun, the George Floyd toy shot Philonise Floyd in the belly and began to choke him.

"Ah fuck, I can't breathe!" Philonise Floyd yelled.

This was no ordinary George Floyd toy, this was SCP- N1998! After Philonise was dead, his corpse fell onto the machine which began inputting random numbers. SCP-N1998 who I will just refer to as the toy fished out a bag of fentanyl from Philonise's back pocket. I realised how dire the situation had truly gotten with different George Floyd's all arriving in one place would surely destroy the fabric of spacetime. Two more figures came out, one was George Floyd wearing a suit and glasses, dubbed Floyd coin otherwise commonly known as George Floyd finance. The other was the George Floyd Fortnite skin. While George Floyd finance kept the other Floyds busy by getting them to invest in George Floyd NFTs, I managed to untie myself. I walked over to the machine without the other George Floyds noticing me. I began to look for specific George Floyds that would help me get out of this situation. The only White George Floyd variant was Ronnie McFloyd and there was no way that nigger cuck hybrid could do anything. The next best candidate was the Minneapolis Police Officer George Floyd.

"Although George Floyd is a criminal nigger, if there is a version of him that became a police officer then he must abide by the law somewhat," I thought.

You may be thinking, why didn't I get the help of a variant of someone besides the bug brained nigger George Floyd, the only problem was that Philonise had erased the data of other people's variants except George Floyd. Officer George Floyd arrived, as soon as he saw SCP-N1998 consuming fentanyl, he shot the nigger doll 15 times.

"Ayo brotha, want to invest in George Floyd NFTs?" George Floyd finance asked. "Nah nigga, NFTs are dumb as fuck," Officer Floyd said.

Officer Floyd shot George Floyd finance in the neck. "Ah shit, I can't breathe mama!" George Floyd finance cried.

The only other person left now was the George Floyd Philonise had summoned.

"Ooo ooo eee eee ah ah, yung generation clearly lost mane, clearly lost mane!" George Floyd said.

Officer Floyd and George Floyd began to brawl like two silverback gorillas, both pounding their chests. However Officer Floyd had the upper hand and pressed his knee on George Floyds neck.

"Ah fuck, please mane I can't breathe!" George Floyd cried. "Please officer, I ain't done nothing wrong mane, I'm not a bad guy, I'm not a bad guy!" George Floyd continued to plead for his life but Officer Floyd did not budge. "Please mane, ah I can't breathe, mama, I love ya mama, my stomach hurt, my neck hurt, everything hurts mane,"

George Floyd continued to cry like a baby baboon until he ran out of breath. Before Officer Floyd could do anything else, I shot him with the Nigger Destroyer 3000 which turned him along with the other bodies of George Floyd into dust. The George Floyd problem wasn't over yet as the machine was still making noises and glowing a white glow indicating that more George Floyds were on their way here. I heard a knock at the door, Nigger Destroyer in hand, I walked over to check it. To my relief, it was a White person in a lab coat.

"Hello, I'm Darius," the man introduced himself. "I'm Delphian but my friends call me dick destroyer," I replied. "What is this place anyway?" I asked. "The Floyd residence," Darius responded. "Since that ape, Philonise tampered with my machine to the point of breaking, the George Floyd paradox will never end unless we put that niggers soul to rest so it can return to hell," Darius said. "How can we do that?" I asked. "With this!" Darius said as he pulled out a golden George Floyd toy. "Shoot this toy with the Nigger Destroyer 3000," Darius said. I did as he asked, turning the golden George Floyd toy to dust.

The machine stopped glowing and shut off for good. I thanked Darius and headed back to FBI headquarters to give a report to Nate. It's been a few weeks now and

after careful monitoring of the internet, George Floyd creepypastas have since stopped with no more George Floyd related incidents popping up around the world. I am now at home relaxing, after the big incident at Cup Foods, Nate higgers had given me a 2 week break from work. I've been at home since playing black lives splatter and trolling trannies on Instagram. I've kept in touch with Darius who plans to use the inter-dimensional teleporter for good. Today, I received a message from Nate, it was a new George Floyd creepypasta along with a recent incident relating to it.

"Do not screenshot George Floyd NFTs." I had screenshotted a few George Floyd NFTs which count as buying them. I am now typing this on my phone as I had just heard tapping from my window, followed by a voice that whispered something that made my blood run cold. "You should have never screenshotted those NFTs mane!"

A Breathtaking Celebration of Martin Luther King Jr. Day

By Toast Man

In the United States of America, there are four birthdays that are celebrated as national holidays.

First and foremost, there is Christmas, which as you all are certainly aware is a celebration of the birth of Jesus Christ. While in the modern capitalist West Christmas has been degraded by Jewish consumerism into a crude mockery of that age-old celebration, the root of the celebration is undeniably based upon the entry of God's only son into the world of man.

The second holiday is President's Day, which is the celebration of the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln on the third Monday in the month of February. Originally, Washington and Lincoln's birthdays were celebrated on separate days-the twenty-second for Washington and the eleventh for Lincoln-but the days were combined into President's Day as a celebration of both of their birthdays. As most **based** people are already aware, Abraham Lincoln was the worst president in American history. Not only did he free the slaves, which cursed all White people from the day of Emancipation Proclamation onward to bear the burden of the black menace, he also started a war with the Confederate States of America-which had rightfully seceded-that led to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of White people. This loss of White life in a war of brothers all over the fate of some outdated farm equipment should make one's blood boil, even a hundred and sixty years after the Civil War. On the other hand, views about George Washington tend to be a bit more nuanced, even among

racists. While he was one of the founders of America, a country originally founded by and for European Christians, he also took really poor advice from Alexander Hamilton, who might've been a crypto-Jew. I would recommend listening to Fash The Nation's "American Mephistopheles" on this subject, but I digress. What I'm trying to get at is that in America, we celebrate the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln in a single holiday. Although one or even both of them may have been awful for America, it is undeniable that they have had a lasting historical impact on the country.

Now, from the above two examples, you would think that the third birthday that Americans celebrate as a national holiday would be of a pretty damn important person. We're talking about the birthdays of two past presidents combined into a single holiday for one and the birth of the literal Son of God for the other. And in some respects, the person-if that thing can be referred to as a human-we are talking about is indeed just as important in the Jew-controlled, fag-loving, and nigger-worshipping America of modernity.

Allow me to introduce myself. While I cannot reveal my name, I go by the moniker of "Balex McSneed" online, where, besides promoting racism and anti-Semitism, I am known for being an avid proponent of bodybuilding and making fun of cyclists. I am also super tall, have small ears, and have a full head of blonde hair.

However, in real life, I am unfortunate enough to be a White guy who was forced to go to college by his liberal parents, where I am forced to go against what I know to be the truth in almost every single class I take. For example, I had to refer to trannies by their so-called preferred pronouns and to niggers as humans. However, just recently, I had an experience at my college that has traumatized me beyond belief. Here is that story.

It was Friday, and I was busy training in the gym. I was having a real good time as I was listening to my favorite workout music, "1 Hour Woman Sobbing and Crying Sound" on YouTube. However, right as I was about to start another set of weighted pull-ups, I received a notification for a text. Since my workout mattered more than any message, I finished doing my set of 10, then checked my phone.

I rolled my eyes when I saw that it was from my "girlfriend," an art hoe named Eliza. She and I had met in a political philosophy class, where she had obviously fallen for me because I was the only tall, fit Aryan chad in the room (and probably the entire school). Eliza seemed hesitant to approach me at first as she thought that I was a Trump supporter, but she opened up to me when I told her that I was a socialist. That isn't a lie by the way, since I am a 'socialist'-just a 'national' one.

She was decent looking; a seven out of ten-and the sex great. However just like any other left-wing woman she had obvious mental health and father issues so I intended on ditching her when I found a girl who was wife material.

When I saw that she had sent me an image, I opened it up expecting nudes since she was that kind of chick, but instead saw that it was a screenshot of an email that the dean of the college had sent. She had written "Let's go to this together!" underneath the screenshot.

I groaned as I saw that. The email was a request to the student population to attend the Martin Luther King Jr. remembrance session for that babbling baboon's birthday, which, you guessed it, was the federally mandated holiday that I was talking about earlier.

If you were unfortunate enough to have been brought up in the Church of Holocaust Remembrance and Negro Worship, also known as the American education system, you would know just how much the Jews push this particular baboon-mouthed preacher. You see him everywhere; in textbooks, in videos, on murals and in thousands of student projects. He even has as many schools named after him as countries Jews were expelled from, which is 110. And all of this pushing of "Doctor" Martin Looter Kang in education is intensely ironic, as it has been confirmed by Boston University that at least a third of his doctoral thesis, the most important thing you write as a PhD candidate, was plagiarized-which is to say, stolen-from another student.

I replied with a quick, "Sorry but I'm busy so I can't go."

However, when I sent that, she immediately came back with, "But I thought that you said earlier that you were going to spend all day at the gym since you didn't have class that day?"

"When did I say that?" I wrote.

After a minute, she replied with a screenshot of me saying, "Gonna finally leave humanity on Monday with the Rich Piana 8-hour workout."

I grimaced as I realized that she had me there. "Yeah, but its gonna be boring as Fruck. It's just gonna be a speech by the dean and the black student's union."

"Okay maybe, but please just do this just once?" Eliza pleaded with me through text. "I'll do anything you want if you go with me. Anything, and I mean it."

I sighed, knowing that I shouldn't give in, but decided that since the MLK event was only supposed to last one hour, I could do the Rich Piana workout once it was over. And so, I replied, "Fine. Let's go."

That mistake, relenting to Eliza the art hoe's demands, was probably the greatest mistake of my life.

On Monday, I walked onto campus and met up with Eliza. She had dressed herself up as if she were going to a party; Gothic Lolita from head to toe.

"So do you like it?" Eliza said, twirling around to show off to me.

"Of course Eliza, it looks great," I lied, thinking that the style was awful. The bitch had dressed in what essentially amounted to frilly black curtains and make up straight out of a Twilight film.

As she grabbed my arm and tugged me towards the place where the MLK remembrance event was supposed to take place, I slowly realized that she had asked me to come along and dressed up for the occasion for a single reason: it was to show off.

The event hall for the MLK event was a full blown festival. There was everything; a buffet, punch bowl, cotton candy machine, enormous boom boxes playing awful nigger rap music, and even a goddamn dance floor where some of the niggers who got into my college through affirmative action were busy twerking and grinding on each other.

There were banners on every wall that had famous quotes from the Baboon of Birmingham Jail embroidered on them. You know, ones like *Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that* and *Intelligence plus character-that is the goal of true education*. I burst out laughing when I read those because most-if not all-of the quotes were from speeches and articles that Martin the Monkey hadn't written himself. Almost every word that had spewed from the King of the Apes had been written by a Jew named (((Stanley Levison))), who served as the treasurer of the American Jewish Congress, where he defended (((Julius and Ethel Rosenberg))), who were spies who passed atomic secrets to the Soviet Union.

And not only was Martin a fraud and a puppet of Jewish power, but he was a literal criminal like most other American black males. There are audio recordings of his laughing as he watched one of his fellow nigger preachers rape a woman, as well as numerous records of him having sex with White women, many of which were undoubtably rapes because any White women with a BMI under 30 would never willingly step in a twenty meter radius of one of those charcoal chimps out of fear of their lives. He also produced an

illegitimate niglet child, who he of course abandoned just like any other nigger absentee father.

I laughed so hard at the quotes that Eliza asked if I was okay.

Shaking my head, I replied, "I'm fine babe, I'm just mind blown by how inspiring these quotes are. Kinda like Ronnie McNutt."

Eliza's brow furrowed. "Who is Ronnie McNutt?"

I ignored her when she asked that since, as a man, I had a right not to answer a woman's questions if I chose not to. She didn't pursue the question either because while Eliza professed to be a feminist, she knew her place around me.

For the next hour or so, we walked around the hall, with Eliza basically showing me off to her fugly feminist friends like a trophy. I could not only see the seething jealousy in the piggish eyes of the mystery meat mutts, with their rolls of blubber and skin bursting with pus-filled acne, as Eliza paraded me around, but I could smell it as well.

If you don't know, most feminists-and especially black and brown women-become feminists as compensation for the fact that they are total biological failures. They are genetically inferior in almost every way; appearance, intelligence, and even personality traits like agreeableness and motherliness, which are determined in large part by genetics. Dr. Edward Dutton, an actual academic unlike Martin Looter Kang, has referred to these errors of nature as 'spiteful mutants.' Men don't want to have sex with them, let alone date or, may God above forbid, marry them, so they cope with that fact by becoming feminists and saying stuff like "Kill All Men." This plays into the hands of the International Jew, as feminism is a social corrosive used by Jews to destroy Western Civilization and White people.

After a while, it was finally time to sit down so that we could listen to the speeches in honor of Saint Martin. And by time to sit down, only the White and Asian students did so because the niggers and spics were still busy freaking out and partying. The dean of my school, an old guy named Mr. (((Goldsteinbergowitz))), got up on the podium and began to speak.

"Oy vey goyim, erm, I mean, students," (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) said, adjusting the yarmulke on his head. "We are here today to celebrate the life of a man who we at the university believe to be the greatest man of the 20th century."

Eliza leaned over and whispered in my ear, “I mean, I guess MLK was a great guy, but I don’t like how he said ‘greatest man’ of the 20th century. It excludes women and non-binary folk.”

I whispered back. “Well I don’t think MLK was the greatest man of the 20th century.”

“Who do you think it was then?” she asked.

I felt a tear come to my eye as I thought of Him. “A painter, a brilliant, magnificent painter,” I said, my voice immediately becoming hoarse.

((Goldsteinbergowitz))) continued speaking. “However, we need to remember that even though Martin Luther King Jr. made phenomenal contributions to American society, his work is not finished. As early back as 2020, we witnessed one of the most horrifying affronts to the safety, dignity, and the very lives of black people with the murder of George Floyd.”

As the dean said that, a massive projection of George Floyd’s face appeared behind him. It was the famous brick wall photo, and I couldn’t help myself from chuckling when I saw it as I was reminded of all the memes that had been made of that criminal chimp. For those of you who aren’t aware, George Floyd was a career criminal who was a chronic drug addict, a porn actor, and had even beaten and robbed a pregnant woman at gunpoint. Making White people mourn that monkey’s well-deserved death via fentanyl overdose was one of the greatest tricks that the Jewish media has played, only beaten by the COVID-19 media circus and the Big Lie known as the Holocaust.

The dean continued his speech, speaking in his very nasally accent like any other hook-nosed heeb from NYC. “So in honor of the contributions of Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and in memory of George Floyd, whose death has reminded us of how much needs to be done in order to dismantle systemic White supremacy in America, we are unveiling these new statues of those great men!”

The dean gestured behind him as two life-sized statues of Martin Luther King and George Floyd were rolled out. And when I say life-sized, I mean it, because everything from their height to their proportions to even their builds were perfectly replicated. Curious George towered over MLK, standing at six foot five inches and covered in bulging, bull-like muscles; even as a statue, it was possible to tell that he was descended from a genetic line that had been selectively bred to be farm animals. Meanwhile, the Prime Pastor of the America Primate Population stood an entire head shorter than Big Floyd and had his grotesque gut, which resembled that of an orangutan, bulging out.

Although I was on the verge of laughing at the two statues as they had so precisely replicated how ugly those two nigger saints of America had been before they had bit the dust, my mirth quickly became an unbridled rage as I realized that my extraordinarily high tuition fees had helped to cover the cost for making the statues of those apes.

As the audience of mindless normies clapped like seals around me, I felt the anger burn within me like a firestorm.

Eliza, noticing that there was something off about me, grabbed my arm. "Hey, **[Balex McSneed]**, is there something wrong? You seem angry all of a sudden."

I suddenly felt like a fool-no, I knew that I had been a fool. Even though I had been forced to do so by my parents, I had helped to pay for those statues of the Bonobo Baptist and Six-foot Tall Simian. I had relented to Eliza's feminine desire to show me off to her feminist spiteful mutant 'friends' and, worst of all, I had sacrificed my Rich Piana 8-hour arm day workout to come here in the first place.

I couldn't hold it in anymore. Like a nuke over Hiroshima, I exploded.

"Listen here you Jew!" I shouted at (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) "Both of those niggers right there? Both of them were criminal monkeys! Both of them Frucking deserved what they got. Martin was a rapist fraud plagiarist and Floyd was a drug monkey who robbed pregnant women!"

The entire ceremony hall fell dead silent as I said that. I immediately felt the cold stares of hundreds of normies, blacks, spics, and Jews. However, my pure fury numbed me to their ire.

(((Goldsteinbergowitz))) looked down at me from the podium, the nostrils on his toucan-esque nose flared in disbelief and outrage at what had just come from my mouth.

"What...what did you just say? Goy?" he said.

"The truth, you lying Jew," I said. I felt Eliza tugging on my sleeve, mouthing to me to sit down and calm down, but I pulled away from her. I started walking up the podium, hands splayed. "I'm speaking the truth. That both King and Floyd were who contributed nothing to society except violence, crime, and illegitimate offspring that they fathered with sheboon single moms on welfare. They aren't any different from the rest of the African race, which are used as a ethnic sledgehammer against White people by you, the so-called Chosen People of God."

(((Goldsteinbergowitz))) was taken aback by what I had just said, staggering backwards. But then, to my shock, he began to laugh, raising his witch-like nose high to the sky as he cackled from the bottom of his flabby gut.

“Oy Gevalt, of all places, I didn’t expect to meet one of you here,” he said, his expression of indignation morphing into a grin. “But by the name of Father Abraham, I will graciously take this chance to test them out against our greatest enemy, an Aryan man.”

I blinked in confusion. “Test what out you hook-nosed goblin?”

The dean took out what I recognized to be a Talmud scroll and began reciting prayers in Hebrew. As he read out lines that probably said stuff about how Jesus was boiling in Hell in a vat of feces and how it was okay for chosenites to rape gentile babies, I saw that everybody in the audience was growing pale and gaunt. Right before my eyes, I could see that their life force was being drained from them.

That was when I heard him speak.

“Where are the White women at?” The Martin Luther King statue said as it creaked to life, stepping forward. His eyes glowed a bright, burning red. “Let me ask again: Where are the White women at?”

There was another voice behind me, this one deeper and even less intelligent sounding. “Ahhh shieet mayne. First time outta Hell and not a pregnant bitch in sight mayne. You gotta be kiddin’ me mayne, foolin’ with me mayne.”

It was the Monkey of Minneapolis, George Floyd. I looked down at the auditorium to see that everybody down there was dead, their corpses shriveled like prunes. Hundreds of Whites, Asians, Mexicans and—yes—even the blacks, had been sacrificed in a Kabbalist ritual to reanimate Martin Luther King Jr. and George Floyd.

“Hmm, it is as I expected,” (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) said, retreating as his two African-American warriors advanced towards me. “An Aryan who believes deeply in the greatest enemy of our people, that damned Austrian painter, is immune to having his soul utilized in our golems. Good to know for the future.”

“You won’t get away with this, you blood-sucking parasite. Always using dirty tricks like this to cover up for how physically pathetic you are,” I said as I squared up against the reanimated statues. It was illegal to carry a gun on campus so I didn’t have my glock on me, so all I was left with were my fists.

“Haha dumb goy, but I will get away with it,” (((Goldsteinbergowitz))) cackled, then turned to address George Floyd and Martin Luther King Jr. “Now, my African golems, kill whitey!”

King and Floyd began to charge me, roaring like the simians they were as they began throwing blows at me.

“Ooga booga, die you White cracka!” George Floyd chimped as he tried to clobber me with his fists. I easily rolled out of the way because while buck negroes like Floyd are strong as hell, they lack any semblance of technique. The blow however was powerful enough to break the wooden flooring of the stage, sending splinters flying everywhere.

Right as I thought I was safe, Martin Looter Kang slammed into me at blinding speed. “I need to breed with a White woman!” The leader of the Monkey Rights Movement said, “It is the God given right of every black man to plant his seed in a White womb!”

I tumbled to the ground. The blow hadn’t hurt me much, but it had certainly dazed me. The two nigger golems were the perfect duo, kind of like Ornstein and Smough from Dark Souls. The King of Criminals was small, fast and twitchy while Big Floyd was lumbering, massive, and absurdly strong.

I knew that I had to find a way to divide the two from each other and deal with them individually. I leapt from the stage and began running through the rows of seats. The auditorium had become a maze of corpses due to the ritual, and because of that the African golems had trouble chasing after me.

“Come here you racist anti-Semite!” Martin the Rapist Reverend said, “Face me and let me prove to you that I, as a black man, am far more virile and potent at impregnating White women than you pale folk!”

I looked back and saw that, due to his greater size, George Floyd was still struggling to climb over the dead bodies. “Hey Martin mah nigguh, you betta be sabin dat White cracka for me too mayne. I wanna beat da shieet outta him too mayne!”

Since the two nigger golems were separated for now, I knew that now was my chance. I pulled out my smartphone and opened up Telegram. I scrolled to my files and, to my relief, found what I was looking for.

I turned towards Monkey Martin with a grin. “Hey you low IQ puppet, take this!” I said, then plunged my phone into his chest.

Martin staggered back, confused at what I had just done to him. "What? What have you done to me?" he said, checking to see if he had been damaged.

I waved to him. "Sayonara, Mister Kang."

The audiobook began to play.

"...he who would live must fight. He who doesn't wish to fight in this world, where permanent struggle is the law of life, has not the right to exist..."

Martin squealed like a pig as he realized what I had just planted in his chest. "Is that...Mine Krampf?" he said as his golem body crumbled around him.

"Of course it is, you simian slave of the Semites," I said, quietly thanking Murdoch Murdoch, the alt-right's hit anime, for having taught me all those years ago on how to destroy Martin Luther King Jr. in their Halloween Special.

"Noooooooooooo!" the Uptalking Ape from Alabama screamed as he crumbled into dust. "I just wanted to bed White women, why do you racists have to do this to me? Noooooooooooo!"

I then turned to George Floyd, getting into a Brazilian Jiu Jitsu stance because I knew that in order to defeat him, I would need to grapple him to the ground then knee him on the neck. However, for some odd reason, he wasn't looking towards me. Instead, the jumbo jigaboo lumbered towards the crumbled body of the MLK Jr. golem.

"Ahhhh shieet mayne, I been waitin' for a hit mayne!" George Floyd exclaimed, then began to stuff himself with the broken chunks of Martin Luther King Jr. "Gaddamn, Missa (((Goldsteinbergowitz))), thank ya for all dis fent mayne!"

I realized to my horror that George Floyd wasn't just following his African instincts to cannibalize his own kin, but was in fact consuming the golem's body because it was made of fentanyl, which was George Floyd's favorite drug when he was alive.

"Gaddamn mayne, dis be da good shiet." Floyd said as he finished consuming Martin Luther King Jr. "So many drugs mayne. So many."

I watched, completely aghast, as George Floyd began to grow. He doubled in size, reaching a towering 13 feet in height. His face also began to change as he acquired some of Martin's facial features.

At the end of his transformation, he yelled, "Heeheeheehee, muh name be Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl! Now gimme all yo White women and yo stimmy checks and yo Dodge Chargers mayne!"

Even though my heart was thudding in fear, I had to roll my eyes at the name. "Hey, you dumb monkey, if you're gonna fuse together to become stronger you should think of a snappier name."

"Ooh ooh ahh ahh, I don't hab to think mayne, I just gonna destroy your cracka ass!" he said, then began attacking me. He swung at me with his giant, gorilla-like arms, both of which I dodged easily. The golem kept this assault up, leaving me constantly on the defensive.

I was beginning to get exhausted from how long the fighting had been going on, leaving me short of breath. I had to find a way to kill Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl quickly or else I would eventually get caught by one of its attacks and then die.

However, that was when I heard a coughing sound coming from the front row of seats. I looked up and saw that it was Eliza. By some miracle she was still alive.

The fused nigger golem headed towards Eliza, sniffing the air like a hog. "Oohlahlah! Dat be a White woman right dere mayne," Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl said, then scooped her up into his hands. "Imma have unga bunga time with you ooga booga!"

I knew that this was my chance. I got a running start, dashing between and over the dead bodies and towards Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl.

"Take this you nigger!" I said as I jumped into the air. With all of the force in my Aryan chad body, I landed a flying knee on the back of Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl's neck. The force of the blow knocked the fused negro golem's head clean off. As I landed on the ground, I caught Eliza in my arms.

"Ahh shieet, you detached muh head from muh body mayne! My lungs are in my body so I can't breathe mayne! Ah gawd I can't breathe. Please mama pleeeze mayne!" The head of Reverend Doctor Saint Martin George Luther King Perry Floyd Junior Junior of Fentanyl said, then eventually fell silent.

Eliza opened her eyes. "You, you saved me," she said. "I can't believe that you were a racist all this time, but I also can't believe that a racist like you could be the good guy."

"Eliza, it's because racists and anti-Semites are the good guys," I said, setting her down. "Now wait here, I need to finish this."

((Goldsteinbergowitz))) was on the stage, mouth agape at having seen his golems destroyed. "Oy vey goy, I spent over six million dollars on making those two!" he said, baring his rat-like teeth. "You better reimburse me for that property damage."

"Shut up Jew," I said. I then took a deep breath, held it for a long moment, then let it out onto ((Goldsteinbergowitz)))'s face. Instantly, he began to gag.

"Oh gawd, is this carbon dioxide? Oh gawd you're gassing me with it! This is like anudda shoah! Oy vey, oy gevalt!" he shrieked, then choked to death.

"There can't be another one since it didn't happen," I said, walking away. "But it certainly should have."

Eliza was sitting upright now and seemed in stable condition now, so I asked, "Eliza, the ritual should've killed you since you don't believe in National Socialism or the Great Austrian Painter. How could you have survived it?"

Eliza blushed, then said, "Well, you see, I might've gotten pregnant with your kid. And maybe that protected me?"

I felt my heart sink into my stomach as I heard that. "You got what?!!!!"

And that, my friends, is the breathtaking celebration of Martin Luther King Jr. day. There are two morals to this story. The first is that both George Floyd and Martin Luther King Jr. were tools of International Jewry and really just criminal nigger monkeys to the core. They are both low IQ puppets that are used to subvert White people and White culture and White civilization, all of which they, as blacks, had no hand in building up. The second and more subtle takeaway is that you should never date art hoes at your college, lest you knock them up and have to spend the rest of your life with them as I will likely have to do in the future. I need to stay with her now because I can't be like a nigger monkey and leave my soon-to-be-born child without a dad, but please don't make the same mistake that I made, because I am now seriously considering the McNutt option. Don't fall for the temptation because trust me, it's never worth it.

The Floyd and the Furious

By BuckFlackPeople

My name is Sneed Racer. I live in a suburban town in the United States. I live a quiet, humble life as a college student, studying engineering at a Jewish run college. Luckily I am a 4 trillion IQ White Chad so I got a free ride to the college. Little do those Jews know they're not gonna get a single cent out of me once I am an alumni.

Anyway, one thing I keep secret about myself is that I am one of the best street racers in my state. Don't worry if you don't know anything about cars as I will be sure to explain anything relating to them or their culture as I will explain anything beyond basic level knowledge. I drive a 1979 Chevrolet Camaro Z28. It is my prized possession, and I have poured thousands of dollars into this car to make it one of the fastest cars around for miles. I am also one of the lead members of a car club, called the Chauvinizers. We of course dedicated the name of the club to the one and only Derek Chauvin, as I and the other founding member of the club hate niggers.

The other founding member of the club is a man named Kike. For those wondering why he's called Kike, it is not for the reason you would think. His full name is "Kike Killer", however everyone just calls him Kike for short. He drives a new model Ford Mustang and runs a social media account with thousands of followers. One would assume that a car club founded by two **based** racists like us would be exclusively White and extremely hostile to anyone not. However, our car club is actually quite diverse in terms of the different racial demographics and types of cars that show up. Whites show up with their muscle cars and lifted trucks. Arabs show up with their white BMWs and Mercedes. Asians show up with their Japanese tuner cars. We tolerate Spics on the condition that they don't blast their trash spic music from their cars. If they do, everyone collectively jumps them and beats the shit out of them.

The only race we do not tolerate is niggers. This is because they are 100% guaranteed every single time to pull up to the car meets in droves of shitty, beat up cars blaring their loud chimp music, start fights, and do burnouts, all of which lead to us getting the cops called on us and the meets getting canceled. We also do not allow Jews to join the club, however I've never met a Jew that drove a cool car in all honesty. This is most likely because Jews are fragile and avoid anything that could provide the slightest bit of danger to them, such as fast cars. We tolerate the other races as not only do they not start trouble most of the time, but diverse types of cars that these different races bring to the meets help to expand and grow the club. In addition to this, only whites are allowed to make any decisions pertaining to the club. Finally, each race hates niggers enough to go to our car club, and not the other one.

You see, there are two car clubs in our township. The first one is ours, the Chauvinizers. We host normal car meets, where we simply park in a lot, have some music on, and let people mingle. If people want to race, they simply go to a nearby highway together and duke it out there. The second car club is known as the Pavement Apes. They are almost exclusively made up of smelly retarded gorilla niggers. The Pavement Apes do not host normal car meets. They host what are known as “full send” car meets, also known as takeover car meets, or, to people like me, nigger car meets. I’m sure most of you do not know what a full send car meet is, but I can explain it pretty easily. A “full send” car meet can best be described as a doomsday tier nigger chimpout, only in car meet form. Hordes upon hordes of ugly niggers take over an intersection, and circle the open road in the middle as cars, usually Dodge Chargers, drift in the middle. They blast their shitty jungle coon tunes, which is natural as niggers for whatever reason need to make their presence known to every single person in a 50 mile radius by being as loud and obnoxious as possible. Niggers often do this while recording on their stolen, and or refurbished, outdated iPhones, making loud ass ape-baboon noises, as well as getting constantly whacked and sent flying by the cars drifting in the middle of the intersection, leading to niggers as well as their orangutan women getting injured or dying. I’m sure you can easily find many clips of these online if you look up “street takeover death” or something similar.

While the idea of niggers getting hurt and dying as a result of their own stupidity is fucking hysterical to me, it is unfortunately detrimental to us. You see, when niggers die at these “full send” meets, the media blames it on car culture and street racing, and not nigger stupidity. This is because the media is run by Jews who try to pass off the impression that niggers are somehow intellectually equal to whites, when in fact they regularly do retarded shit like this, causing their own misfortunes. The media blaming the deaths on street racing causes towns to crack down on good natured car clubs like us that take precautions to not have anyone get hurt at our meets. Of course the niggers don’t actually get cracked down on because they are above the law, thus niggers hurt themselves and whites suffer for it, similar to the way gun control works.

Going into more detail about the Pavement Apes themselves, I already mentioned they are mostly made up of niggers, with a few Dominicans bolstering their ranks. Dominicans are basically niggers however so it’s all the same really. They are all the niggers who invade the suburbs from their city, because their city bug slave lifestyle doesn’t accommodate for having a good car. They then tear up the suburbs where good White folks live in their cars, causing damage and disruption, as niggers typically do. Their car club is almost exclusively made up of Dodge Chargers, Dodge Challengers, and Chrysler 300s. For those of you wondering why these specific cars are what they drive, it is because niggers idolize these specific cars as they look very mean and aggressive, and in addition to this rappers usually flex these cars in their shitty music videos.

A Chrysler 300 can best be described as a poor man’s Rolls Royce, and the Dodge Charger and Challenger are sports cars made by Dodge. The Chrysler 300 in particular is popular among niggers as these cars have an obscene amount of chrome on their trims, which niggers love since they live to flex on their fellow apes in the projects who have even less than them. These cars are normally known for

their powerful and great sounding engines. However, niggers don't actually get the package with the good engines, the V8s, as their income of welfare and drug money doesn't net them enough income to afford such things. Thus, they usually end up buying the V6 package, which are usually pitifully slow and sound like a fart leaving a faggot's loose asshole. The Dominicans usually drive shitty beat up 90's Honda Civics, lowered to an unnatural height, sporting mismatched doors, a Dominican flag hanging from the rear view mirror, and no muffler. They flock to these cars because they are ridiculously cheap, light, and need very little knowledge about cars to maintain.

Anyway, now that you are familiar with all this redpilled background information, let me begin my story. I just got off my security guard shift at one of those kid's pizza places that has animatronics. I left my uniform and waved to the night guard who was taking over my shift as I walked to my car. I got a text from Kike saying there was a car meet in our usual spot and that I should stop by. I came over without a second thought as my parents were out of town for the weekend so I had nowhere else to be. I showed up, and said hi to everyone. There was a great turnout that night. Kike was there with his girlfriend and his Mustang GT. My good friend Kyle Larson was also there with his Camaro. "Hey Kyle, what's up man!" I said, happy to see him. "Hey niggers!" He said.

I looked over to the part of the meet where all the Hispanics were congregating to see Beano, a light skin Mexican, was also here with his tricked out minivan, with speakers in the back. Luckily, he wasn't playing any spic or coon tunes. Instead he was using a video game setup he had in the back of his van to play Black Lives Splatter with anyone who wanted to join in and try it for themselves.

Me and Kike caught up as the meet went as they normally do. As we were talking, I saw Beano look at his phone, all the joy seemingly leaving his face in an instant. He ran over to me and Kike trying to tell us something, however we could not understand him as he talked like a dumb mool.

"Ayo niggas there's deadass some beef on the way like bruh shits boutta get crazy bruh there boutta be shmoke bruh."

"Beano," I said. "Fucking English."

"Niggas are pulling up. We gotta fucking bounce man," said Beano.

"Who's pulling up?" said Kike.

Suddenly our answer formed right in front of our eyes. Out of nowhere, a fuckload of Dodge Chargers, Dodge Challengers, and Chrysler 300's started pulling into the lot, all with niggers driving them. They were blaring their coon tunes, particularly NBA Youngboy and Kodak Black, both of which are fucking jungle monkeys who make music for dumb safari gorillas who write with their whole fists. A black Chrysler 300 led the pack. It had black tinted windows so nobody could see who was inside. Although the windows were rolled up, I could hear the song

“Wishing Well” by that dumb dead nigger Jewce World playing loud as fuck over the typical bass boosted speakers most niggers install in their cars. It had the stock wheels, which whoever was driving the car had sprayed chrome with a cheap rattle can to give off the impression that the car had actual chrome rims. It had multiple dents and scrapes all over the exterior. The car had a license plate that said “Landlord”. Finally, the car reeked of shitty Newport menthols, cheap nigger weed, and body odor. The niggers all started getting out of their cars, yelling shit like, “Ayo where the White women at yerr,” and immediately started running their hands all over peoples cars and tugging at the door handles of peoples cars to see if they could try to get in. A bonobo monkey named Barry Washington immediately honed in Kike’s girlfriend, saying “Ayo gah damn baby girl you fine as hell whaz yo numba.” Kike’s girlfriend tried to clarify that she was not single, but Barry simply said, “Ayo man what Timmy gon do.” Kike came over to tell him to fuck off, to which Barry responded by pushing him. Kike responded in kind by pulling out a Glock 19 and shooting Barry in the balls. “Ah shit, I can’t rape White women and shit no more,” said Barry.

“Fucking dicklicker,” said Kike.

“Ayo nigga whatchu du that fo mane?” said a voice from the distance. I looked on in shock as a big ass black nigga stepped out of the Black Chrysler 300. He wore a big ass gold chain, a black tank top, and saggy jeans. He had a baked bean ass head, with eyes that looked like he had a thousand yard stare, a nose that looked like a mutated mushroom, and lips that looked like two hot pockets stuck together. “Bruh you can’t be doing my niggas like dat dawg. He just saying hello man thas all, my man deadass din even do nuffin!” A couple lower caste niggers, AKA lightskins, carried Barry Washington away.

I will shortly interrupt this story to talk about how much I hate lightskins. One would think I hate them less than full blooded niggers due to the White DNA within them. But there is a reason even blacks shun them. They have zero identity outside of being an unholy combination of two races that could be argued are not even the same species. Their men act gay as fuck, and they are berated for it constantly by blacks. Their women are certainly better to the eye than a full blooded sheboon, as they have some beauty emanating from their White DNA. However, when compared to a full blooded White woman, lightskin women are still ugly as shit. Yes, a nigger’s identity comes from being a slave class race, causing destruction, getting shot at, and partaking in every sinful indulgence in the book. But at least they have an identity, it’s just a fucking abysmal one. Lightskins are stuck in the middle and try to act like they are better than both whites and blacks when in fact most would consider them inferior to both.

Anyway, having finished that very **based** rant about lightskins, I will resume the story. Beano stepped in to confront big nigga. “Bruh, you fucking niggas deadass need to get the fuck out of here bruh, like you niggas deadass blowing my shit bruh,” said Beano, trying to step up to the nigvasion.

The buck nigger flashed a shitty hi-point 9 millimeter pistol at Beano, who promptly ran away terrified. Kike and I didn’t back down however. He pulled out his Glock and I pulled out my Mauser C96. I specifically carry this gun because although

it is pretty impractical, it was used in the colonization of Africa, so if it could stop a Zulu warrior dead in their tracks I expect it to stop a low tier American orangutan nigger. Also the gun kinda looks cool. Once we flashed our guns all the niggers started to chimp out and jump around, yelling "AH SHIT NIGGA ITS ON MANE!" being as loud and disruptive as possible. I saw an Arab man named Saheel, clearly fed up with all the nigs, open the trunk of his BMW. I thought to myself the last thing we need is one of these dudes blowing himself up or pulling out an RPG.

I put away my gun and said, "Listen, why are you guys here, don't you usually just hang out at intersections or some shit like that." I tried my very hardest to refer to them as people and not niggers, gorillas, coons, moon crickets, etc.

"See nigga we was doing our thang in the section till some niggas got ran up on, so den we pulled up here because they got dat Popeyes n sheet over deh. My girlfriend wanted some of that shit nigga, oo oo ah ah," said the nigger.

To translate for anyone who does not speak Ebonics, he was at a car meet in the projects when some niggers killed some other niggers, probably because one fucked the other's 400 pound obese land whale baby mama. The niggers then all flocked here to get away. When George Floyd pointed I realized there was a Popeyes in the parking lot we were in, but it had been empty all night.

"Your girlfriend?" asked Kike.

"Yeah nigga right over deh mane," said the nigger. As he said that a disgusting fatass she-boon got out of the Chrysler 300, shifting the suspension as she did so. I wanted to vomit in my mouth just by the sight of her, even though this was a common sight for me, it to this day still disgusts me when I see a fat nigress.

"I'm George Floyd, but my boys call me Big Floyd the Landlord, Houston projects nigga. And dis here my girlfriend Breonna Taylor."

I told him, "okay George, can you please take get your fatass land whale girlfriend to get a 5 piece at Popeyes and get the fuck out of here."

"Nah mane, this spot look like dat good ass hangout spot, you know. Listen I was gonna go but I got a challenge for yo cracka asses. How about we race fo da spot? Best 2 out of 3, whoever wins keeps the lot mane. Unless you a pussy ass nigga mane," said George Floyd.

Kike and I scoffed at each other. Could this nigger really be serious? We were some of the fastest cars for miles around, and all these niggers had were V6 Dodges and Chryslers. Obviously, in the event we won, the niggers would still come back as they are dishonest and cannot hold any long term oath that doesn't benefit them. However in all honesty it sounded fun to at least humiliate the Pavement Apes. To humor George Floyd, I walked over to his beat up piece of shit Chrysler to inspect it. The interior was even worse than the exterior. It smelt like decaying flesh and cheap cologne. The passenger seat had a big ass dip from where Breonna Taylor's fat nasty ass had been sitting. Part of the seats were torn all over. The car showed serious signs of neglect. The most interesting and probably the only interesting part of the interior was a button in the middle of the dashboard. I knew it wasn't a stock

part of the dashboard. At first I thought it was a nitrous button, however I realized the button didn't read "N2O". Instead it read, "C22H28N2O". Kike stealthily wrote this down on his phone. I agreed to George Floyd's challenge, telling him, we'd race him and two friends, each in pairs, best 2 out of 3. He responded by simply saying "I don't have friends, I have fentanyl."

"Is that supposed to be a movie quote or reference or something," I asked.

"Nah nigga," he responded.

"Okay then," I said.

After that awkward exchange, Kike and I walked away and discussed our plan. He and an Arab named Saheel would race the two best racers George Floyd had to offer, while I would race George Floyd himself, with the best 2 out of 3 retaining the right to use the lot for meets. Saheel was a logical choice for the third driver as he had a White BMW which was on par in terms of speed with my Camaro and Kike's Mustang.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" said Kike, regretting this decision. "Niggers statistically have less spatial awareness than whites, meaning one could easily crash into us. Also who's to say they won't just come back to the lot if we win?"

I tried to assure him that we had it in the bag. "Don't worry Kike, we'll be flying so far ahead of them by the time they crash and spin out they won't even be near us. Also, if they do come back, we can just call the cops on them and have the police kneel on all their necks."

"Okay," said Kike. "Who's gonna be our third driver?"

"Just get Kyle Larson, he's the best racer here," I said before realizing he couldn't. "Oh wait, shit, actually he probably won't because he almost got his license taken away last time he got pulled over, since he called the officer who pulled him over a nigger. Just get Saheel, he's a brown Paki but his BMW should be fast enough."

"Alright, sounds good," said Kike. "Oh, by the way, I looked up what that button was on this nigger's car. That symbol is the chemical abbreviation for fentanyl. That shit makes no sense, why the fuck would a car need fentanyl?"

I was quite confused. "I don't know, maybe because he's such a stupid shitskin he thinks the car's engine likes fentanyl as much as him. It doesn't matter anyway, fentanyl would probably only hurt the car's engine." Little did I know how wrong I was.

Me, Kike, and Saheel all met up with George Floyd to meet our opponents. Kike would be racing a nigga named Bubba Wallace, who was a lightskin. I could tell he was despised by both blacks and whites alike. He drove a newer Chevy Camaro

with a number 43 sloppily spray painted on the side and a BLM flag completely covering the rear window, which was definitely not safe. Saheel would be racing a Hispanic driving a black Hyundai Genesis that was lowered really low to the ground and clearly had no muffler as it was loud as shit. From what I could gather, the Hispanic's name was Perez. As for me, I would have the honor of racing George Floyd.

The way the races were set to work was simple. We would race down the highway, which on nights like these had no traffic around this time. There was a bridge a few miles down the highway that would act as a finish line once you passed under it. We had people on the bridge recording with their phones so the true winner would be evident from actual evidence and not just word of mouth. Kike and Bubba Wallace were first to race. They both went down the ramp onto the highway and started the race on a rolling start. Their cars were very evenly matched in terms of performance, however Kike was a far better driver than Bubba Wallace. Kike hauled ass down the highway, however by the time he reached the finish line he was cruising pretty casually as Bubba Wallace had spun out halfway through the race. I would later learn he has never won a race before as he's a dumb nigger with no spatial awareness. I learned this from Kyle Larson, who told me he had raced Bubba Wallace many times before and beat him every time. Bubba Wallace tried to get him canceled one time by telling everyone he used the n word, but that only made everyone like Kyle Larson more as he only associated with **based** racists like us.

Next up was Saheel, going up against Perez. Now, we originally thought Saheel would have this race in the bag. A BMW versus a shitty Hyundai shouldn't even be a challenge. Saheel got much further than Perez at first. However, I quickly noticed that Perez was gaining on Saheel. As they got closer and closer to the bridge, Perez got closer and closer to Saheel. By the time they reached the bridge, Saheel had been passed by Perez and lost the race. I guess he couldn't stomach the idea of losing to a spic, because he screamed "Allah Akbar!" and pressed a button in his car, blowing himself and Perez up. George Floyd didn't really seem to give a shit though, he was just happy his guy won the race. This is most likely because niggers have a smaller frontal lobe than most other races, which means they lack sympathy for other living things. "Yeah das rite, you niggas gettin shmoked," said George Floyd, unleashing his vile nigger breath way too close to my face.

Finally, I was up to race George Floyd. He and Breonna Taylor got in his Chrysler 300, and I got in my Camaro. "Are you ready?" I asked.

"Shiet man, I live my life a quarter ounce of fentanyl at a time," said George Floyd. I was pretty positive he was making movie references at this point.

We both got on the highway and rolled around 20 MPH. I honked my horn 3 times, with the third horn signifying the start of the race. As would be expected, I was flying ahead of George Floyd. However, in my rear view mirror, I saw George Floyd doing something strange. He put a large clear tube in his mouth, kind of like he was sucking a fatass cock. He then pressed the fentanyl button on the dashboard. Pressing the button caused a large amount of fentanyl to shoot through the tube into his mouth, which for whatever reason made him go faster.

"Ah shit, I be breathin' good and shit," said George Floyd. He was about a car length behind me at this point. I heard George Floyd say, "You too thicc bitch, you gotta go," before pressing a James Bond style ejection seat in his car that launched Breonna Taylor's fat ass out the roof, sending her splatting to the ground where she splattered into blood and gore. This was pretty normal behavior to me as niggers typically chimp out and kill each other, especially when on drugs. However, I was wondering how the fuck I didn't notice all these weird ass gadgets in George Floyd's car before. After the weight reduction from dumping Breonna Taylor, George Floyd was able to catch up to me and was even with my car. I watched as George Floyd put the tube back in his mouth, with his eyes bloodshot red. He started spamming the button, sending what seemed like gallons and gallons of fentanyl rushing into his mouth. He was starting to pass me as the bridge got closer and closer. However, then something happened. George Floyd said, "Ah shit man, I can't breathe, I's is dying of a fentanyl overdose nigga!" George Floyd's car then careened across the road into a forest, where he hit a tree and flew out the windshield, hitting the ground and dying on impact. I crossed the finish line, victorious. After I stopped my car, I got out and walked over to where George Floyd crashed. I found him pretty easily, as his stereo was still blaring coon toons. To be specific, the radio was playing "Laughin' to the Bank" by Chief Keef. I found his body several yards away from the wreckage of the car. His dead body looked like the fucked up, disfigured corpse of Emmett Till, who was a niglet that got beasted on by some racist chads during the 60's. I thought it was very kek. I ran his pockets to see if he had anything valuable, but all he had in his pockets was a fake \$20 bill with a dumb gorilla woman named Harriett Tubman on it.

As I walked back to my car, I saw all the Pavement Apes drive up to the crash site to see if their leader was okay. Upon realizing he was dead, all the blacks started to chimp out. "Yo mane, they kill Big Floyd and shiet, we gon kill dem why boyz mane," said one of them. "Yo mane let's go into the town and riot-I mean peacefully protest mane," said another one. I knew I had to stop these niggers before they did some serious damage to the town, or God forbid my friends back at the club. There were too many for me to fight alone, but luckily I didn't need to fight them at all. I pulled out my phone and called 9-1-1.

"Hello, 9-1-1, what's your emergency?" said the operator.

"Hello, yes, send 50 squad cars to my location immediately. There are niggers here," I said.

The phone operator screamed in horror and then hung up the phone. Within two minutes what seemed like every cop, and even some firemen, from a 20 mile radius was on the scene. A cop began to speak over the intercom of their car.

"This is the police, you are all under arrest for muder, possession of drugs, driving V6 Dodges, and being black," said the **based** cop. For those of you wondering why he knew they were carrying drugs, the crowd of niggers reeked of cheap shitty weed, plus the fact that the fentanyl from Big Floyd's car was everywhere. The blacks were all rounded up and taken away by the police. Some of you may see the tactic I used to get rid of the blacks as cheap, however just know

blacks will use any and all cheap and dirty tactics when put into any sort of conflict with whites.

We never saw the Pavement Apes again after that night. Ever since, the Chauvinizers have existed quite peacefully in that lot. This all happened in late 2019. George Floyd would later come back from the dead and move to Minneapolis where he would die a second time from a police officer who stopped him from inhaling the entire city through his fat nigga nostrils. I am writing this message from my goon cave in the basement of my house. Recently, my friend Kike passed away as he was driving home from a local KKK meeting in his mustang when he crashed into a Toyota full of Mexicans, killing him instantly. His exploded head kind of looked like Ronnie McNutt's exploded head after he blew his head off. I wanted to write this story in his memory as this was definitely one of the most **based** moments we ever had. Anyway, moral of the story: if you can find a compilation online of niggers getting obliterated at intersection takeovers, watch them. They will bring a lot of joy into your life and are 100% guaranteed to cheer you up.

If You See George Floyd on Twitch, Do Not Watch!

By ChiefArmyCommandant

You all may be aware of the insanely popular streaming platform named Twitch.TV. It is a streaming platform where most of the streamers have no content and cater to the most braindead insipid losers possible. Along with the fact that they give women and subhuman spear chucking niggers a lot more chances before completely banning them from the platform for breaking the Terms of Service. Well besides all of that, I have found out something on the Twitch platform that nobody to my knowledge has ever spoken of.

It all started yesterday evening when I woke up from a nightmare about black people taking over America and running it. I couldn't get myself to go back to sleep due to my terrible nightmare, so I randomly decided to look at Ronnie McNutt's Twitch account out of pure boredom, just to laugh at how much of a loser cuck he was. After I was done laughing for 15 minutes straight at his Twitch VODs, I looked at the time and saw that it was 2:30 AM. Twitch seemed to be somewhat dead at this time, despite having over 15 million daily active users. I found this to be really strange, but I didn't know what I would end up getting myself into. I explored Twitch in this dead-like state, viewing the front page and looking at different categories like Just Chatting.

It was then that I decided to look at my "Recommended Streamers" list. I saw a few names that were somewhat familiar to me, but not very interesting enough to actually watch. However, there was one name that stood out to me in this list.

A user named GeorgeFloydGamingTTV, that was streaming to 0 viewers. I thought this was hilarious, as I expected this to be a **based** racist chad hacking through the Twitch systems to show his stream about making fun of the ape nigger George Floyd. I ended up being wrong thinking this, sadly. I clicked on the stream, with my expectations high. It took at least a minute and a half for the livestream to even load, and I soon realized why this was. When the stream finally loaded, I saw George Floyd's ugly nigger face pop up in the top left corner of the stream, while he played the song "Wishing Well" by that dead drug addict nigger Jewce WRLD. I was so disappointed at the subhuman that I was looking at, but I had to keep watching. He was playing GTA San Andreas, a game starring a stupid nigger named Carl Johnson as he fights against other rival gangs like the Ballas. Expected, as George Floyd is a stinky nigger coonspook himself. He was attempting to shoot police officers in game, but missed a lot of his shots due to his poor aim. This is already funny enough on its own, but it's even more hilarious knowing that his stream kept lagging and dropping frames every minute or so as a result of him having an African mud hut's Wi-Fi connection.

I then decided to epicly troll George Floyd, and made an account with the name **"All-Blacks-Are-Monkeys13-50"** and followed his Twitch with it. I did this simply because he had follower notifications that would pop up on screen and alert him to the new recent follower. Everybody knows that only uneducated niggers keep follower notifications on.

After I followed him, he saw the name of my Twitch account and said "Oh my god mane, this raycis cracka just followed me, get out of my stream you dumb mayo monkey mothafucka."

After he saw my name, I quickly started to spam his chat with things such as the 13/50 crime statistic and Bible verses about hating faggots and Jews. During my constant non stop spamming of his chat, he got shot and killed by the police in game. He chimped out immensely because of that and my spamming, then started smashing the keyboard he was using onto his table, almost completely breaking a perfectly fine keyboard over almost nothing, with it now having severe dents and keys completely broken.

He then said angrily, "All of my problems are because of you wypipo, why iz you harassin' mah stream and sheeeit?! I dindu nuffin to anyone to deserve dis kind of treatment.!"

After he said that almost unintelligible nigger nonsense, he right clicked on my Twitch name in his chatroom and banned my account, which caused me to laugh even more than I was previously. He stood up from his chair after banning me, and I saw him making a banana mayo sandwich for himself to eat. This disgusted me and reminded me of how similar niggers are to monkeys. I could smell the chicken and fentanyl stench coming from him, even from behind my computer screen. After a few minutes of George doing a monkey dance and some other random shit, he sat back down in his chair and ate his banana mayo sandwich, just like how a monkey would eat food. After he was done, he started to address his audience. He said "Aight niggaz, since dat gameplay was ruined by these dumbass crackaz, we are going to watch a movie and sheeeit nigga."

He then opened up Netflix on a stolen account and began to play the movie Buck Breaking, made by the famous film producer Tariq Nasheed. I questioned how this kind of shit was even allowed on the Twitch platform, but I then remembered that Twitch is run by greedy Jews that do not care about copyright law or enforcing their Terms of Service against niggers. I watched as George Floyd played a full unedited movie in almost complete silence, only occasionally saying words like "damn" or "sheeeit".

After the movie ended, the monkey ape George Floyd started ranting again about how Whites are the reason why he hates America, even though George Floyd and the rest of his kind have never actually contributed to American society in a positive way.

At the end of his rant, he said something along the lines of "These raycis ass crackaz will pay for being so mean and hateful to me and mah kind. I dindu nuffin mane!"

Right after he said that, his stream froze and started loading. I assumed that this was his deadbeat nigger stream lagging like it was before, but it just continued loading for no reason. I thought something was wrong with mine or George Groid's connection, so I refreshed the page. To my horror, what I saw when I refreshed was not the Twitch website at all.

It redirected to a brand new streaming platform named Floyd.TV. The logo showed an outline of George Floyd's face but with a brown outline around it and white on the inside, with text next to it reading "FLOYD".

The Recommended Streamers list was filled with filthy negroes that had viewers as high as 7,000. It then began to sink in that there were no White streamers on this platform at all. The entire platform was filled to the brim with subhuman monkeys that come from Africa. I tried going to Twitch's URL again thinking it was a joke, but it just kept sending me to the front page of George Floyd's shithole streaming platform filled with gorilla niggers. The UI completely copied Twitch's style, so much that they could probably sue. The only difference is that the colors were all different shades of brown, thus making it extremely hard to see messages in chatrooms. A perfect example of poor graphics design when you let niggers do the job.

I decided to text my friend David about my predicament, with him telling me that he could access Twitch just fine, and asking if I was on fentanyl like George Floyd. He even told me that Floyd.TV was not even a registered domain to begin with, which really confused me. I tried opening up Twitch on my phone, and surely enough it worked. So, this turned out to be an issue that affected my computer and ended up blocking me off from Twitch entirely. And now, I am forced to look at this god awful web design that looks like it was made by an actual monkey. Even worse than that, the site has Black Lives Matter and gay pride flags plastered everywhere on the front page. It made me genuinely sick. As an act of revenge, I decided to hack into Floyd.TV's source code and API, which was incredibly easy to pull off, due to niggers not knowing how to make their websites secure. I covered the entire website with a GIF of Ronnie McNutt shooting himself in the head with a shotgun, which ended up making a lot of niggers mad. The website got shut down soon after, but not because of what I did.

It was because George Floyd ran out of welfare money, and couldn't afford to keep his streaming platform's servers up. This is also the reason why you cannot visit Floyd.TV today, and is likely why nobody has talked about this. I have come up with my own conclusion to why this incident happened in the first place. I'm guessing that Twitch launched a deal with George Floyd to promote his Twitch stream in the recommended lists of random people's accounts, and then sending them to Floyd.TV after they say racist things. Which let's face it, is always going to happen if you see an ugly monkey nigger like George Floyd eating banana mayo sandwiches on your computer screen. If this theory is true, then Twitch is even more Jewish than it already was for allowing something like this to happen. I wouldn't recommend even touching Twitch at all after what I have witnessed on the platform, but if you still use the Twitch platform, and you see George Floyd live in your recommended streamers list, do NOT watch his stream. You will end up getting locked out of Twitch, and completely banned from viewing and interacting with the website.

The Real Reason Why Northern White Rhinos Are Going Extinct

By Jordan Cleeman

Many of you are probably aware of the fact that the Northern White Rhinos are one of the most endangered rhino subspecies on earth. As of now, only two females are roaming around, therefore it is impossible for them to reproduce because of the absence of an available male. Accompanying those two specimens in Kenya's Ol Pejeta Conservancy are armed guards, who aid to protect them from poachers. It is widely believed that the reason for their endangerment is the high demand for their horns and therefore they are overhunted. However, this is not actually the main reason. Like many things, there are multiple causes for an effect and this is no different. In this following essay, I will explain the preeminent reason why the Northern White Rhino population is getting fucked. Brace yourself, readers, because what I am about to tell you is going to be mind blowing, similar to Ronnie McNutt's death. It will be contrary to what the Jew media tells you.

My name is Kurder Mikes and I am a long-term volunteer who works at the National Rhinoceros Preservation Association. It is a company that keeps track of everything Rhinoceros-related, such as migration patterns, biomass, and diet. That is, we study all aspects of every subspecies of Rhinos, including the now extinct Woolly Rhinoceros, but that isn't important for the story, since all the ooga booga men hunted them down anyway. We have many outposts built across the globe, especially centered around the habitats of Rhino species in order to study them closely. Regarding the Northern White Rhinoceros, we have laboratories set up in Northwest Uganda, Southern South Sudan, and the Central African Republic; their main habitats before they became critically endangered.

My story begins way back in the 1960s, where my manager assigned me the task of monitoring the current Northern White Rhinoceros population in Southern South Sudan. That is, I was to temporarily move there and do a quick count and then extrapolate the sample into an estimated population under a certain confidence interval. I was notified of the undertaking shortly after I was finished with my coffee break.

"Good evening Mr. Kurder Mikes," my manager said, sitting at his desk, as I entered his office. "As you know, there has been an obvious rapid decline of White rhinos for the past decade, and the reason is unknown so far. I would like you to report to us a rough number which would potentially help us figure out the reason."

"Okay, but is there any payment for this because I am in student debt right now," I said. "At this point, I am doing the level of work that regular employees are doing."

"Remember, you agreed in the contract that any form of labor you undertake will be unpaid volunteership."

My manager pulled out a document on his computer and showed me it.

It was at this point I had just figured out that I've been screwed over by some organization that manipulates contracts. What was actually on the contract at the

time that I signed it was a statement that declared a five-year-long quota, while I have been a member of this organization for several more years than that. I agreed to my manager's order though, because I strongly care about the well-being of the rhinoceros species and that is ultimately why I was volunteering in the company in the first place. The animal I value highly over niggers, which are a type of subhuman ape that contribute nothing to society. As a child, I've always been super intrigued by not only the unique appearance of rhinos, but I was super interested in their behavior. I consider them to be a **based** animal, since they would ram niggers in the Congo jungle.

"Alright I'll do it," I said.

"Again, thank you for your hard work. We highly appreciate your service and you are responsible for a lot of the current rhinoceros research."

I rolled my eyes because I highly doubted his so-called appreciation due to the kyke nature of the organization.

"So Kurder," my manager continued. "Your task is simple. We will transport you through each of our built northern White rhinoceros outposts and you will spend a day in each of them, scooping data to the best of your ability."

And so, I was sent to Africa via flight, where I knew I would hate every second of because I hate being around nigger territory.

The first Northern White Rhinoceros outpost I ended up on was the one farthest to the north, called outpost seven twenty, which was located in Northwest Uganda. I entered the garage accompanying the outpost and then drove the jeep out. Now, you may be wondering why we would use land vehicles to conduct specimen counts instead of an aircraft. Well you see, the jeep has a built-in grass cutter at the front, which prevents the three-foot-tall grass from getting in the way. This allows for uber-efficient land travel. Flying high in the sky would make it easy to miscount, simply because aircraft are too fast.

As effective as our jeeps are at scouting wildlife, my favorite part of their built-in grass cutters is the fact that it also makes them super good at wiping out the mud huts of the African villagers and mauling niggers to death. This, of course, is solely for self-defense purposes. Oftentimes, the violent tendencies of the niggers over here induce them to threaten me for food and water with their primitive spears whenever I'd slow down the jeep near their villages while snacking on my Bear Paw Cookies.

Shortly after I'd speed away, they'd throw their shitty made weapons at me, which pisses me off, so I would turn the jeep right over and then turn the tribe niggers into what looks like Emmett Till's ugly fucked up corpse with the jeep's grass cutters, making it look like I'm playing Black Lives Splatter: Africa edition. Anyways, back to the story.

We set up each of our outposts a good distance away from the actual habitats of the Rhinoceros since man-made buildings tend to have a high possibility of disrupting the ecosystems in which they live. I drove a good half mile until I finally spotted the first Northern White Rhinoceros. Seeing them in person never fails to amaze me, so I stopped the jeep for a moment to take a photo. Again, it was the 1960s, so I was using one of those super old fashion cameras that prints the pictures immediately, not using the fancy iPhones that we all have in our pockets nowadays. Not to sound like a boomer. Once my camera finally processed the printed photo, I waited for the blank black film to disintegrate and then finally saw the final product. There in the photo was the beautiful adult White rhino

standing by an Acadia tree, eating its leaves. This is a keeper, I thought. However, right when I was about to slide the pocket-sized photo into my backpack, I noticed something dark and peculiar in the background of the photo. It was probably around fifty meters away behind the White rhino that I focused the camera on. I inspected it closely and to my surprise, I realized that it was a black rhinoceros. I was shocked because black Rhinos are not supposed to live anywhere near where I was. In fact, there hasn't ever been a case of Black Rhinos wandering anywhere close to any of the habitats of the Northern White Rhinoceros. Black Rhinos are supposed to inhabit the far south, while the Northern White Rhino, as its name suggests, is supposed to live up North. It was especially strange because I was currently in the northmost area of where the Northern White Rhinoceros roam.

Maybe it was due to the aperture of the photo, I thought. However, it couldn't be. I compared the lips of the black Rhino with the Northern White rhino, and each of their lips distinguished their distinct species. Black rhinos tend to have noticeable hooked lips similar to the fat lips of niggers, while the Northern White Rhino tends to have square lips.

Next, I thought that maybe the camera didn't capture the colors accurately, so I discarded the photo in the pocket of my backpack and then looked up. Contrary to my latter speculation, the Rhino in the background exhibited every characteristic of a Black Rhino to the finest detail.

"What the fuck?" I said to myself out loud.

The Black Rhino was eating the grass directly below its head, going about its business. Nothing behaviourally out of the ordinary. I was quite tempted to drive the jeep closer or even step out of the car to take a closer in-person look, but I remembered that it wouldn't be a smart idea since Black Rhinos tend to be extremely aggressive, compared to the docile and peaceful Northern White Rhino. This difference in behavior is because Black Rhinos are precisely the rhinoceros equivalent of niggers. Despite living in a comparatively isolated area from local African tribes, they are responsible for fifty percent of rhino-related human deaths, whether they are tourists or said African tribe members. And like I said earlier, Black Rhinos have similar lips to niggers. It is safe to say that Black Rhinos are essentially the black people of the entire rhinoceros family. This is very similar to how Pitbulls are the niggers of the canine family.

I decided not to think much of it because I was under some time constraints since counting specimens is a generally time-consuming process, so I moved on. I started up the jeep as quietly as possible, ensuring I didn't disturb the two rhinos nearby and continued to drive. The rest of that safari was as normal as can be. By the end of the day, I recalled that there was nothing but around twelve hundred accounts of White Rhinos, excluding the majestic elephants and lions that I passed by. I recorded the data then called my travel agent to arrange a flight to the next outpost, which was one a bit more down south; the central African Republic.

Fast forward a couple of hours, I flew there and settled myself at outpost seven twenty-one. I took a quick nap since I was tired from the day-long scout at outpost seven twenty. Once I was reenergized, I took this outpost's jeep and then headed out. Not too long after I began driving, I was surprised to see that I was already seeing Rhinoceros. However, it was not an assortment that I was expecting at all. Just when I thought the anomalous black Rhino that I saw up north was going to be a one-time thing, I saw one here. Not one, a group of them! Coexisting with a pack of Northern White Rhinos! This was bizarre. No way in hell this I am seeing this, I thought. I thought back to my promised commitment to my main task, so I

tried my best to resume my assignment. I continued to focus only on the Northern White Rhinos. I counted three in this area. A below-average figure for sure. Most packs in a given territory consist of around five.

I moved on to the next venue. It was where I would have expected to see the first White Rhinos in this particular central region. However, what I saw next shocked me even more and distracted me so much that it prevented me from being able to continue the journey further. There I saw, another coexisting group of black rhinos and Northern White rhinos. Most of them were full grown, and I noticed a few newborns. For some strange reason, I couldn't tell whether the infants were black or northern white, so I took a closer look at them. However, when I did, I abruptly gasped when I realized why. All of the infant rhinos amongst the group were the resulting offspring of what would happen if a Northern White Rhino were to mate with a black rhino. The rhino hybrid babies looked grotesque as fuck which isn't surprising since this was the equivalent of race-mixing. As we all know, race-mixing is the best way to create fucked up looking genetic messes. No fucking way, I thought. Since when has this been happening? At this point, the line between what constituted a White rhino and a black rhino blurred, making my task of counting Northern White Rhinos significantly more difficult, so I decided to call the assignment quits and report this strange phenomenon to my manager.

When I got back to the main headquarters, I told my manager that I could not complete the task because of what I saw. However, he thought I was just trying to come up with some twisted excuse so that I wouldn't have to finish the assignment, so he temporarily laid me off for a few weeks. It wasn't that big of a deal though because I needed a break from the time-demanding volunteer program anyway.

In the following decades, the rather eerie migration of Black Rhinos to the territory of the Northern White Rhinos continued to persist, and it would show in my regular trips to Africa. The population of the Northern White Rhinoceros exponentially decreased, eventually becoming critically endangered, while the population of the Black Rhino somewhat decreased due to poachers, but not to the extreme degree of the White ones. Throughout the years, I was never able to come up with a reason on why this was happening, so I just shrugged it off to some natural cause that probably has a one in a million chance of happening. Since the twentieth century began, I sort of just forgot about it all.

However, I recently found the real reason why this had been happening. This is the reason why I am writing this. It was the year 2020. My manager, who was now an old man, announced to us that one of the armed men defending the last specimens of the Northern White Rhinoceros species had been severely injured via a puncture in the stomach last night. It was unclear whether it was caused by one of the White Rhinos he was defending or some unknown outsider since it was too dark for him to see clearly. It all happened in the snap of a finger apparently. I was called to investigate to determine who or what injured him. I am a world-renowned rhino expert after all, so I was the perfect candidate for doing this sort of thing, as weird as it sounds.

I was dropped off at Kenya's Ol Pejeta Conservancy, where the incident happened. I walked towards the two last remaining Northern White Rhinos, who were protected by a different set of armed guards. I went up to the guards for some questioning.

"Do you guys happen to have any information regarding the last guard's injury?" I asked them politely.

"We have no clue man," one of them replied. "We are glad you are here to investigate this though."

"Yeah, anytime."

Just then, I heard a rough breathing sound on the back of my neck.

The armed guards looked behind me wide-eyed and then they all said in unison, "What the fuck is that?"

I gradually noticed a sour smell which I recognized to be a mix of KFC nigger breath and rhino breath.

I slowly turned back, to see one of the ugliest beings in my life. It was an anthronigger dressed up in a rhino costume. For those of you who don't know, anthroniggers are nigger furies. Furies are extremely degenerate, so seeing a nigger being a furry almost made my eyes bleed. I did notice that the costume he was wearing didn't look like the traditional cartoonish furry costume. It appeared to be designed to look hyperrealistic.

"Ooga booga, I am Rhino Floyd, y'all mains better get outta mah way coz I need to eliminate them Cracka Rhinos," the nigger furry said.

"Freeze right there," the guards said. "You better not hurt them!"

"Hehehe, y'all can't stop me."

Rhino Floyd went into a charging position and then ran at the armed guards. They instantly considered him a threat, so they opened fire. However, the bullets were somehow bouncing off Rhino Floyd, as if his fursuit was made out of solid steel. Rhino Floyd used his horn to do this super quick ricochet charge attack on all the guards, which instantly killed all of them.

"Hehehe. I am unstoppable," Rhino Floyd said.

"Okay nigger furry, what the fuck do you want?" I asked angrily. "And why do you want to get rid of the last remaining two Northern White Rhinos?"

"You see main, I have been responsible for the endangerment of them cracka rhinos. I am the ancient black rhino king, and I am sick of yo crackas being the superior race to us niggies, so I wanted to take action by eliminating the cracka rhino race, so I commanded all teh Black Rhinos around the globe to migrate to the country of the White Rhinos and slowly destroy you guys race. Hehehe, looks like my plan is working."

I didn't buy any of what this so-called Rhino Floyd said.

"Okay nigger furry, I don't know what you are smoking, but you need to get out now. This is the preservation center of the last two remaining White rhinos on the planet and it is illegal to poach them. You got some twisted fantasies dude."

"Nah I ain't listening to you main, I am going to kill them. Also, I ain't a furry. I am Rhino Floyd!"

Rhino Floyd then started to charge at the two White Rhinos. I could not let it happen, so with my racist chad strength, I tackled him before he could land a hit on them. He was surprisingly robust, but I managed to body slam him to the floor.

"Ouch main, you ruined my plan!" Rhino Floyd cried.

"I am not going to let you do this," I said. "I am going to unmask you so I could see the nigger behind the costume of yours."

I tugged my fingers to the rear flap of the rhino mask, and then attempted to rip it off the niggers face. However, it wouldn't budge. I again tried to rip it off a second time, this time with two hands, but despite my ability to bench seven hundred pounds, I didn't come close to unmasking him.

“Hehehe main, I told ya I’m not a furry, I am da real deal god of da nigga Rhinos.”

To my horror, I realized that it wasn’t actually a furry costume. Whatever I was trying to unmask was not actually a nigger furry, but some half rhino half nigger bipedal hybrid.

“What? What the fuck are you!” I stammered.

“I already told ya main, I am Rhino Floyd.”

I had enough of this nigger rhino’s bullshit, so I grabbed his horn, and pulled it, until I successfully pried it off. Where his horn was supposed to be was a large circular hole that seemed to be connected to his nasal cavity.

“Ah shit main, I can’t breathe because all the air I inhale is escaping through mah horn socket!” Rhino Floyd cried.

“Haha, get poached nigger rhino!” I laughed.

Using his stubby hands, Rhino Floyd tried to cover his horn socket to be able to breathe again. He looked me right in the eye in anger and said, “I’ll be back main. Mah horn will grow back eventually,” and then ran away until I could no longer see him in the distance.

I am now typing this in fear. Given his monstrous nature, I believed what Rhino Floyd said when he claimed he is the one responsible for the endangerment of the Northern White Rhinos. He acknowledged the inferiority of the nigger race, so he decided that his last resort is to erase the White rhino race to project his anger. I don’t know how long it will take for his horn to grow back, but when it does, we need to prevent him from hurting the remaining White rhino specimens at all cost.

Moral of the story, race-mixing is the ultimate reason why the Northern White Rhinoceros population is almost dead. Same thing applies to humans as well. Do... not... race... mix.

Minecraft Has Fentanyl Golems

By Gorg Floydson

One day I was playing Minecraft. I have spent over 5000 hours on my world, building giant structures such as mansions, red stone machines and flying islands. And before you call me a no life fag who needs to touch some grass and hit the gym, I am a **based** chad who spent majority of the time in Minecraft trolling tranny dream stans and making them commit a McNutt.

After 5000 hours, there was basically nothing left for me to do in the world. I had killed the ender dragon and wither over 10,000 times at this point. I decided it was finally time to incorporate some mods into my world. If you didn’t know, a mod is an independent, user-made modification to the video game Minecraft. Tens of thousands of these mods exist, and users can download them from the internet for free. The most popular mods among **based** racist chads include the Ronnie McNutt mod, George Floyd mod and Schizocraft. Utilizing additional software, several mods are typically able to be used at the same time in order to enhance gameplay.

I was browsing a site that a friend had recommended called Niggercraft mods as we are **based** racist chads so the first mod that I would install would obviously be something racist. After scrolling through a bit, I found a mod that drew my attention. It was called the fentanyl golem mod.

The image provided was a modified iron golem which had its face replaced with the face of George Floyd. The golem was also pointing a gun at the belly of a pregnant villager. It looked like an interesting mod so I read the description. The fentanyl golem is a hybrid of the iron golem created from the remains of George Floyd. It is a large and strong mob, however unlike the iron golem, the fentanyl golem is a hostile mob that attacks any pregnant mob on sight just like the violent George Floyd when he was alive. They can spawn in Jew villages but the player can also create them by making a T shape with blocks of fentanyl and placing the head of George Floyd on top. Due to the rarity of fentanyl ore, it is often difficult to get enough materials without cheating.

After reading through the description, I thought this mod would be perfect for a person like me so I downloaded it. When the download finished, I immediately noticed some changes with the game. The splash text which is the little yellow text that appears next to the title screen which was randomly generated now reads "Give me belly pics or else." I had never seen that specific message before even after 5000 hours of Minecraft.

Looking back, I should have quit and deleted the mod the moment I saw that text. When my world loaded, I was spawned into a village. I noticed that the heads-up display was changed. Besides the health and hunger bars, there was also the oxygen bar which should only appear if you are drowning. The first thing I did was raid the Jew village looking for anything useful. I went to the blacksmith's chest and found an iron pickaxe along with 2 blocks of fentanyl. I needed at least 4 blocks of fentanyl as well as the head of George Floyd to summon the fentanyl golem. Now I had no idea where to get blocks of fentanyl or fentanyl ore so I started exploring the world.

I made my way to a swamp where I found a witch hut, however something was off. There was a sign outside of the hut that read "Property of the Floyd Witch!" I cautiously approached the hut when the door opened. What came out made my blood run cold. It was the Floyd Witch!

A chat message popped up that read "How dare you trespass on my property mayne!" "

If you do not leave then I will steal yo air and corrupt yo world!" Luckily I had crafted an iron sword along with a shield before I came across the witch hut so I managed to kill the Floyd Witch by hitting it in the neck. A new message popped up that read

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!"

An achievement popped up, "Achievement unlocked! Kill a nigger!" The Floyd witch dropped some items upon death which included fentanyl ore, a potion of fentanyl

and the head of George Floyd. These were all the required materials needed to make the fentanyl golem. I rejoiced and returned to the village that I had spawned in to create the fentanyl golem. When I arrived, I used a furnace to smelt the fentanyl ore into fentanyl ingots which can then be crafted into blocks of fentanyl on a crafting table. Once I had 4 blocks of fentanyl, I placed them down in a T shape and finally placed the head of George Floyd onto it. Suddenly, the blocks of fentanyl began to move and created the fentanyl golem, I also got an achievement.

It said "Achievement Unlocked! Spawned a nigger golem!"

Upon first glance, the fentanyl golem was a hideous creature that the pictures of it on the mod website did not do it justice. A message popped up that said

"Thank yo mayne, I can finally breathe now!"

As I read the message, a pregnant jew villager walked by the fentanyl golem and I. The fentanyl golem immediately launched the pregnant villager up into the air which killed it along with its unborn baby once they hit the ground. Another message popped up, this one read

"Ah shit pregnant bitch, it'd be a shame if someone were to kill yo baby n shiet!"

The fentanyl golem made its way into the village killing every pregnant villager that it saw. Once it was over, all the pregnant villagers were dead. The fentanyl golem made its way out of the village probably looking for other pregnant villagers in different villages. I tried to kill it to prevent it from causing more nigga monkey bullshit however the fentanyl golem was fast despite it being built like Breonna Taylor. I followed the fentanyl golem closely behind as it killed every pregnant mob it saw which included pregnant cows, pigs and even zombies and creepers.

Eventually the fentanyl golem made its way to a new village however the village was unlike anything I had ever seen. Instead of the typical villager buildings, this village had tall urban skyscrapers as well as stores and cars. Instead of the typical villager with their big jew noses, the inhabitants of this new village all looked like the player albeit they had nigger skin. There was a sign outside the city that read Minneapolis. As the fentanyl golem and I passed through the streets of Minneapolis, I saw that many of the nigger inhabitants were lying on the floor with syringes stuck in their arms. A pregnant nigger bitch was in front of the fentanyl golem. Suddenly the fentanyl golem pulled out a gun and shot the pregnant nigger character. A message popped up that said

"Hehehe bitch, you better give me belly pics next time!"

The fentanyl golem ran into a store that had a sign that said "Cup Foods." I needed to find a way to stop the fentanyl golem before it targets me after it has killed every pregnant being in this world. I walked into a nearby shop which had a sign that read KFC. I got a bucket of KFC chicken along with some gravel blocks to kill the fentanyl golem. When I left the KFC, I noticed a police car parked on the sidewalk beside the Cup Foods. Two characters with police uniforms walked out, they both had player names which shouldn't be possible as I had turned off multiplayer. The player

names were Alexander Kueng and Thomas Lane. I followed Thomas Lane and Alexander Kueng to the back of Cup Foods where we found the fentanyl golem beating up a pregnant woman.

“Stop right there nigger,” a message from Thomas Lane said.

“OOGA BOOGA I be da fentanyl golem, yo crackas can’t stop me!” A message from the fentanyl golem said.

Another police vehicle parked beside us, two more characters walked out with player names that read Derek Chauvin and Tou Thao. A new message popped up from the fentanyl golem,

“Ah shit officers, I dindu nuffin wrong mayne.”

Alexander Kueng, Thomas Lane and Tou Thao jumped the fentanyl golem which Chauvin and I watched.

“OOGA BOOGA ooh ooh ahh ahh, shiet officers, I innocent n shiet, ah fuck mayne, they gonna kill me!”

The fentanyl golem cried. I noticed that the oxygen bar of the three officers began to decrease.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe!”

Three new pop up messages said.

“Hehehe mayne, I be taking all yo airs n shiet!”

Derek Chauvin who appeared to be the most built and powerful of the four officers finally made his move. Chauvin walked up to the fentanyl golem who was still pinned to the floor by the other three officers. Chauvin then put his knee on the fentanyl golem’s neck like it were a knee pillow.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe!” The fentanyl golem cried. “Mama, mama, I love ya mama, shiet yung generation clearly lost mayne, clearly lost, ma neck hurt, ma stomach hurt, everything hurt, ah shit!”

The fentanyl golem said before dying. A new achievement popped up, “Achievement unlocked! Nigger slayer!” Upon death, the fentanyl golem dropped the four blocks of fentanyl as well as the head of George Floyd. I thanked Derek Chauvin as well as the other three officers for their heroic deeds. Derek Chauvin dropped an item on the floor which looked identical to diamond leggings. When I picked up the diamond leggings, it read nigger neck destroyer in my HUD. A chat message said,

“Use this to knee all those useless niggers to death!”

I equipped the nigger neck destroyer and tested it out on a little niglet who was nearby, upon placing my knee on the niglet's neck, a pop up message said

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!"

The niglet died and dropped a KFC drumstick along with some fentanyl. After this wild event, I sat back on my chair and departed into deep thought. After thinking it through, I decided it was time to quit Minecraft. 5000 hours is more than enough time poured into a video game. But before I logged off completely, I just had to troll one more tranny dream stan. After around 10 hours later, the tranny went live on instagram where she went up to the roof of her building and jumped off. After laughing about another day of epic trolling, I finally uninstalled Minecraft and got a membership for a local gym.

Moral of the story, always check whatever modifications or add-ons you are planning to add beforehand, it might be spyware or a virus by some pajeet hacker. But the worst case scenario is you downloading a Floydian virus onto your software. Even though George Floyd has been dead for over a year, that nigger's ghost is still causing nigga mischief and mayhem all around the world. Fuck niggers!

Joji Floyd

By Toast Man

Rap. That awful genre of "music" that the man-apes of Africa produced with the help of the International Jew. Invented in the '70s and popularized in the '80s and '90s, the jungle beats of the American Primate Population have permeated and corrupted almost all of Western media. The lyrics of rap music focus on niggers selling drugs, having lots of sex, and murdering each other in the streets over petty turf wars. There isn't even a melody to the unga bunga trash that is rap, so that can't be commented on. Even though I detest almost everything that spews from the mouth of the lying, Zionist manlet warmonger Ben Shapiro, I do agree with his assertion that rap music is not music. Every rap song by a black artist is an assortment of chimpanzee noises and jungle drum beats chucked into a synthesizer and sold to unsuspecting low IQ Zoomers. The foul, pitch-black taint of rap music can corrupt even those who we considered to be paragons of internet culture. Here is one story of how that happened.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Bravis Tickle. I'm a twenty-six year old U.S. army veteran who fought in Afghanistan and now drives an Uber to keep myself from becoming homeless. I don't have any time for

hobbies because I have to drive for over thirteen hours a day to keep up rent for an apartment that I don't even spend any time in except to sleep and eat breakfast. The job is pretty awful, but it's the only job a straight White guy can get nowadays since all affirmative action does is help the rich kids of niggers and Mexicans get into good colleges while leaving poor White guys like myself in the dust. Wonderful country, America.

Anyway, my story begins with me driving around New York City at night as usual, waiting for a passenger to get in. It had been a slow day for me since the only "people" that wanted to get into my car were niggers. From my four-year experience of driving for Uber, I have not had a single good experience with a nigger. I have been mugged at gunpoint three times by those monkeys and, when they aren't trying to rob me, they vomit or shit in the car and while never leaving tips. Although I don't openly discriminate against them because if I did Uber would terminate my contract, I always make sure to ignore requests from passengers with black sounding names like Laquarius or DeShawn.

After driving around for thirty minutes in the fading twilight of New York, I finally got a request from a guy named Jeffrey Jameson, which was a name that sounded White enough for me to go and pick him up. I drove out to his place, which was a small, dingy-looking apartment complex in a gentrified area of the city. When I arrived, I was relieved to see that it was, as I had hoped, a skinny White guy in his early twenties. To my slight dismay though, I saw that he was holding hands with an Asian woman. During my stint in NYC, I had seen White guys with Asian wives and girlfriends one too many times. At first I tolerated it, but eventually I came to hate how disgusting it all was. It was by far the most common form of race mixing that I saw in this city full of mulattoes and mystery meat mongrels, so common in fact that I have come to consider Asian women as the greatest threat to the genetic integrity of the White race. And yes, that includes niggers, since only the worst and least genetically fit Whites would ever consider mixing with a jungle monkey while plenty of relatively healthy White men would wife up an ching-chong chinker.

In spite of how disgusting they were together, I let them into by Uber because I knew that they weren't criminally inclined like niggers or prone to scamming me like pajeets.

"Where to?" I asked the White guy. "And what music do you want me to play?"

"Yo man, this ride be bussin'," the White kid said. "Take me to the Joji concert bro. He's at a concert hall. Find it through Google Maps or

whatever. And while we're on the way, play me some of his music man. I'm tryna vibe out with Julia here."

He wrapped his arm around the Asian. She smiled, revealing giant, oversized teeth; each individual tooth was shaped like a goddamn shovel.

"Oh , I rub you Boon Goon!" she said as they began to make out in the back of my van. The sound of the two of them slobbering over each other made me want to pull a Patrick Bateman on them, but I controlled my urge to commit an act of violence by focusing on pulling up the music that the White guy had requested. Although I had heard of Joji before, I had never listened to him and was excited to do so because my White customers usually had great taste in music, and listening to what they listened to was one of the few joys in my life. In fact, listening to and learning about what music my White passengers like is one of the few things that is keeping me from blowing my face off with a rifle like one of my squad mates had done on a livestream. From my time as an Uber driver, I have come to learn that White people are the race where every individual has a unique taste in music. There are some who like classical, others who like country and bluegrass, and yet others who like newfangled stuff like Vaporwave. I had even driven around a chubby guy named Sven once who could sing every Metallica song from heart, and he sang pretty damn well too. Meanwhile, every other racial group had this very fixed, bland preference for music. All Indians would listen to were songs from Bollywood movies. Hispanics listened solely to hip-hop music sung in Spanish. And Asians only listened to K-pop or songs from anime. It may sound pretty ironic when I say this, but White people are the only race on Earth that has a rich and diverse taste in music, so I was excited to see what this Joji character had to offer.

However, as the music began to play, I couldn't have been more disappointed.

"...When I'm around slow dancing in the dark, don't follow me, you'll end up in my arms..."

The melody was very soft, with a slow tempo, all of which was acceptable. But what I really disliked was the singer's voice. It was incredibly soft and raspy, the lyrics mumbled instead of sung. It wasn't an absolute affront to my ears, but it was still mediocre at best. However, I couldn't help but think that I had heard it somewhere else before, but I didn't know where.

"So uh," I said, trying to strike up a conversation. "What's this song about?"

Jeffrey Jameson, who apparently was going by the nickname Boon Goon, shrugged. "I dunno, it's about finding your love or something like that. Joji's lyrics are just so deep man. They vibe so hard with me and my girl."

I shook my head as I heard that reply. "Our young generation is clearly lost, clearly lost," I muttered under my breath.

I saw in the rear view mirror that Boon Goon and his Asian girlfriend Julia were now in each other's arms.

"I rub you soooooo muchu Boon Goon." Julia said.

Boon Goon smiled. "When we have kids, I hope they turn out like Joji. He's just so freaking cool man."

Hearing that comment made a switch go off in my head. "Wait wait wait, does Joji happen to be half-Japanese?" I asked.

"Well yeah, duh. I thought everybody knew that about him lol," Boon Goon said. "I mean Julia here is a Vietnamese-American, but I'm sure that if we have kids together we could raise them to be as awesome as Joji, amirite babe?"

"Yes, yes! I have many babies for you Boon Goon!" the Vietnamese chick said. "Much rub for you!"

Hearing that made me so nauseous that it made me pull out my e-cigarette and start puffing on it to calm my nerves. I had been free of nicotine for over six weeks but this couple was too much. Having them slobbering over each other like two dogs, both from a separate breed, was revolting. However, as the nicotine flooded through my system, I remembered the question that I was about to ask the White guy.

"Hey, Mr. Jameson or Boon Goon or whatever you wanna be called, was Joji ever famous for something else? You know, before his rap career?"

"Well duh, he used to be Filthy Frank," he responded. "Big Papa Franku."

"Hah!" I laughed aloud as I took another puff on my e-cig. I felt a tear run down my eye as I recalled all the good memories I had of watching Filthy Frank all those years ago. Sleeping over at a friend's house and watching videos of him cooking rats and chasing school girls down the street into the early hours of the morning, all of it made me nostalgic. Even though I was still in my twenties it made me feel like an old man.

However, this wave of wonderful nostalgia was quickly quashed when I heard what came on the speaker next.

“Hey yo mayne dis is Big Joji here mayne, and I’m ‘boutta play some tunes for y’all and shieet.”

It was Joji’s voice, but he was not speaking like a normal human being. No, he was speaking like a nigger, and a really stupid one at that.

“So dis is to muh yung fans mayne, cuz you yung keeds gotta be saved from all da violence on da streets and shieet,” he said, then began to rap. What came out of the car speaker was absolutely awful: a desynchronized collection of primate mating calls, gunshot sound effects, and swear words that were then fed through a cheap synthesizer and then autotuned.

“Uh, this doesn’t sound like Joji,” I commented. “Neither that Slow Dancing song or his earlier Filthy Frank songs.”

However, both of my passengers were jamming out to it just the same. In fact, on a second examination of the rearview mirror, I saw that the Asian chick had bent over and was now giving the White guy a blowjob synchronized to the beat of the music.

“Yeah babe, right there, right there,” he said, patting her head.

I was revolted at the sight, but I also saw that I was nearing the Joji concert hall, so I got an idea. I slowly accelerated until I was going forty miles an hour, even though I was within city limits. And as I rolled up to the Joji concert hall, I slammed on the breaks.

Boon Goon shrieked as the Vietnamese chick chomped down on his cock with her beaver teeth. “Holy shieet! You just bit it!”

He clasped his crotch as blood seeped from between his fingers. “What the hell man? Why did you slam on the breaks like that? The hell?”

I shrugged. “Well, sir, why were you having sex in my car? You know that I can dial up the cops right now and have you explain why you were doing that to them, right?”

“It’s cuz of Joji’s new music,” Julia the Vietnamese chick said, spitting Boon Goon’s blood out of her mouth. “I don’t know, but it just makes you so horny.”

“What?” I said, dumbfounded and unconvinced by her explanation. “Well that’s strange. I don’t feel like that.”

Julia blushed. “Well, I don’t know how to put this, but it only makes you horny for, uh, people from different races. Like brack and latino and

arab. Almost everybody who goes to Joji's concerts nowadays has a partner of a different race."

Now that comment got my attention. "Tell me more."

"I'll tell you more if you give me a band-aid or something for my bleeding cock," Boon Goon pleaded. "Please man, I'm sorry about having sex in your car."

"I will, but on one condition," I said, scratching my head. That Joji music that had been playing at the end was pretty awfully degenerate, and was much closer to African jungle gangster rap than anything I'd expect out of a non-nigger. Add to that, the news that this music made you want to race-mix was concerning. "Both of you, give me your tickets to the concert. If you do, I won't call the cops on you and I'll give Boon Goon some raw milk mixed with Monster Energy Zero Ultra and raw egg yolks to heal his now-doubly circumcised penis."

"Aw c'mon man, what the hell are you talking about? Raw milk? Monster Energy? How can that help me?" Boon Goon complained like a little baby.

"Just shut the hell up and give me your tickets or I call the cops. I have a camera record so they'll side with me," I said, which finally made the two of them relent and hand over their tickets. In return, I gave Boon Goon a sip of raw milk mixed with Monster Energy Zero Ultra and raw egg yolks. As soon as it had touched his lips, he jumped up in shock.

"Hot damn!" he exclaimed, looking down at his crotch. "It's fixed and, wait did this also heal my foreskin?"

I nodded. "Yeah. I've discovered that raw milk and raw egg yolks mixed together with Monster Energy Ultra Zero serves as the ultimate healing agent for White people because it stimulates our inner spiritual Aryan cells. It's so powerful that it can even heal wounds that the Jew inflicted on you as a baby, when they stole your foreskin. Now get out of my car."

Boon Goon and Julia got out of my vehicle, then Julia asked, "Wait, how are we gonna get back?"

"No idea. Not my problem," I said as I geared up to go inside the Joji concert. I had a seriously bad feeling about what was going on inside, so I armed myself with the Astra Constable that I kept in my trunk as well as the tiny Smith and Wesson Model 61 revolver that I kept on my person at all times for self-defense. In order to protect myself from the race-mix brainwashing music that was playing inside, I put in my earbuds and began

to play music that I liked. I grinned as I heard the beat drop on the Jin-Roh Wolf Brigade OST.

“But-but it’s super dark outside...” Julia said. “And when it’s dark, well, you know, they come out.”

“You mean niggers?” I said as I filled up my water bottle with the Monster Energy Ultra mixture. “Yeah, if you had any more sense you’d have made sure not to be out in the city when it’s dark out. But, well, if you had better sense you wouldn’t be in this situation so-.”

I waved to the two of them as I walked inside the concert hall. “Bye.”

Inside the hall, I saw hundreds, no, thousands of Zoomers. And to my great dismay, I saw that every single one of them was with another Zoomer of a different race. It was truly disgusting as I waded through the crowd of filthy race-mixers and towards the stage, where Joji was performing. The entire place reeked of cheap weed and cotton candy vape, making me cough. And worst of all was the music. Even through the earbuds, I could hear the unga bunga rap of Joji. However, it didn’t even sound like him anymore. The lyrics were all about how he loved to have sex with pregnant White women and loved using drugs like fentanyl and meth.

And when I finally made it to the stage, it all made sense.

“Ooga booga, lemme see dem pregnant bellies and bling and shieet mayne! Raise dem EBT cards in da air and twerk yo cake biches!”

Joji looked nothing like I remembered. Even though many years had passed since I had last watched Filthy Frank, what I saw before me was a totally different person. Joji’s face looked like a cross between a human, an orangutan, and a pit bull. His skin was as dark as midnight and, even through the scent of the Zoomer’s pot and vape, I could smell the body odor and cheap cologne off of him. However, what defined his face most was his nose. Joji’s nose was a nose that I would recognize anywhere. The shape, the width, the size of those enormous nostrils; there was no doubt that it was the nose of George Floyd.

That was when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around and looked down to see a filthy, grubby-looking fatty with a five o’clock shadow and a beanie.

“Hey goy, I mean guy, why do you have your earbuds in. You’re at my friend’s concert for frucks sake!”

It was Ethan Klein, the Jew who ran H3H3 productions. Immediately, I stepped away from him as I noticed the vial of Palestinian children’s blood

that he had in his shirt pocket. He seemed to have noticed that I had noticed it, because he began to laugh. "Oy vey, you noticed that?" he said as he took the vial out and drained it in a single gulp. "My loving wife got that for me when she helped during a Peacekeeping Mission in the IDF. Some Palestinian kids through some rocks at her tank so she had to crush them under the treads. Now stop looking at me with that funny expression goy, and start enjoying Joji Floyd's music or else I'm going to have security throw you out."

I grimaced, putting my hand on my pistol. "What are you doing to these Zoomers, Klein? Why are you making them race-mix? And what have you done to Joji?"

Ethan Klein began to rub his hands. "Oy veeeey. What are you talking about? They're just enjoying themselves. And who cares who they go out with, it's their individual choice right?"

"Well then, why did you marry a fellow Jew who served in the IDF, which is an organization that ethnically cleanses Palestinians to keep Is Real an ethnically Jewish state?"

Ethan Klein frowned upon hearing that. "Oy gevalt, that is anti-ceramic! Why do you hate Jew so much?" He turned to Joji Floyd. "Joji! Destroy this evil White goy!"

"Ooh ooh ahh ahh. Yes Master Klein, anything for you and Is Real!" Joji Floyd said, then jumped down from the stage and into the crowd of Zoomers. They all cheered because they thought he was going to shake their hands or something, but instead he just pushed his way through, trampling a couple of them under his feet.

"Eeeet Eeeet! Imma destroy you cracka!" Floyd said, then began to scream into his mic. Horrible, unbearable sound waves began to emanate from the speakers. "Dis here be Big Floyd's big muhfuggin album beaches!" he said, beginning to go into a fast rap. "So you put da banana and da mayo into da sandwich and eat and shieet! Den ya throw da poo poo at da cracka pregnant beaches belly and shieet cuz you got no basketball scholarship and you broke and shieet!"

I watched in horror as all the non-nigger Zoomers fainted, blood gushing from their ears upon hearing the god awful sound. Even I started to feel like I was going crazy as my ear buds began to break from the strength of the vibrations.

“Hee hee hee hee,” Ethan Klein said, rubbing his hands together. “With the power of Joji Floyd, I shall turn all the gentile Zoomers into race mixers! And there is nothing you can do to stop me, goy! Nothing!”

As I clasped my hands around my ears, dropping to the ground, I got an idea that I knew was my only chance out of this situation. I took out both my guns, cocked them, and discharged into the air while holding them right next to my ears. I felt dizzy and disorientated as I got to my feet. I saw that Joji Floyd was still singing and that Ethan Klein’s fat Jewish lips were moving, but I didn’t hear anything.

I grinned and said, “Never underestimate the power of Aryan man, Klein.”

I then brought my Astra Constable to bear on Joji Floyd. With pinpoint accuracy, I shot his mic, destroying it. Joji Floyd reeled back, roaring in ape-like anger.

I knew it was my chance. I took out the bottle full of Monster Energy Ultra Zero Mixture and, running over to Joji Floyd, poured it down his fat lips. I force fed Joji Floyd with the mixture until he began to choke and couldn’t breathe.

I watched as Joji Floyd writhed on the ground, the one hundred percent White power of the monster energy, raw egg yolks and raw milk purifying his body. I took a swig of the mixture to heal my shattered eardrums now that Joji Floyd couldn’t breathe and, therefore, couldn’t rap.

I watched as something dark and ominous emerged from Joji Floyd’s mouth. It was the soul of George Floyd.

“Awww shieet mayne,” the soul of George Floyd said, looking down at Joji’s body. “Awww shieet, why couldn’t a cracka like you just let a homie like me pursue muh dreams as a rapper? I just wanted a good life mayne. All I wanted was to become famous and hab all dem beaches and shieet mayne.”

I then grabbed the soul of George Floyd, which was tangible because of how evil and sinister he had been while he was alive. “Well George, maybe you should stop trying to leech off of other people’s hard work, but I guess that’s impossible for an African nigger like you.” I said, then squeezed George Floyd’s soul.

“Ahhh shieet mayne! Even though I don’t have lungs as a soul you’re making it impossible for me to breathe mayne. I can’t breathe even though I’m just a soul mayne, I can’t breathe! Mama please, I can’t choke, I can’t breathe!”

George Floyd's soul then exploded into a pile of black pus. I then squatted down to check and see if Joji, who had now returned to his normal self, was alive. He was, which brought me great relief because even though he was non-white, he was a victim of a nigger and a Jew.

Ethan Klein, seeing that his pet nigger rapper had been defeated, began to run away. Fleeing from the scene of their crimes is typical behavior for the Jew, as they will always tell you what happened to them but never why it happened to them. However, since Ethan Klein is a fat Jew with a beer belly, manboobs and stubby legs, I easily walked over to him and tripped him. He fell and then began clutching at his leg as if I had shot him.

"Oy vey, what have you done goy? You've killed an innocent black man for no reason whatsoever. You racist!" Ethan Klein screeched. "You will be hearing from my lawyer, who also happens to be my cousin, about this!"

"Just chill for a moment, Klein." I said, taking a puff on my e-cigarette and blowing it into his face.

However, as the vapor reached his nose, he began to cough. "Oh gawd! Is that propylene glycol and glycerin in that e-cigarette vapor! That isn't oxygen! Oh gawd you're gassing me, gassing me!"

And then Ethan Klein died of a heart attack. I later learned that he had developed myocarditis and multiple other heart problems from having taken four COVID vaccines, not to mention just how morbidly fat and disgusting that Jew was. I also learned that Joji is back to giving concerts, having retracted all the albums he had released while being possessed by the spirit of George Floyd.

I am now on the run in my Uber, writing this as I flee to Mexico. Although I, like a certain aspiring artist-architect in mid-century Germany, didn't do anything wrong, I am still being persecuted by the Jewish media. However, I know I did the right thing because I later got a message from Boon Goon that he had broken up with that Vietnamese chick and had even gotten her deported to her jungle Asian homeland even though the beach technically had American citizenship. The moral of the story is that rap music is garbage and is manufactured by the International Jew to corrupt the youth, and that even though you might think that e-celebs from your youth like H3H3 and Filthy Frank are still cool, they really aren't. Anyway, goodbye for now and, remember, fuck niggers.

Do Not Wear the George Floyd Hoodie

By Gorg Floydson and Jordan Cleeman

My name is Nick Gurr. I live in Minneapolis, a dangerous city with a crime rate of 57 per 1000 residents.

This is mainly due to the overwhelming number of nigger monkeys living in the city. If you thought the crime rate was already bad, well do I have something to tell you. Ever since the death of that fentanyl loving nigga monkey George Floyd died of an overdose. The crime rate skyrocketed to 98 for every 1000 residents.

I am a cashier at Cup Foods, the same **based** corner store that called the police on George Floyd the day he paid for a banana with a counterfeit bill. Ever since then the store has been at the centre of many Black Lives Matter riots.

Because of the rioters and looters, the store hasn't seen profit in over a year. And now it is that time of year again where it is getting cold as fuck down in Minneapolis. As a **based** chad, I would only ever wear a shirt and shorts during even the coldest winters. Unfortunately this year the cold was getting so bad that my balls were frozen together. I decided it was time to buy a hoodie.

I was scrolling through Kohl's to find a good hoodie to buy. After looking around a bit, I stumbled upon a very familiar looking charcoal hoodie by urban pipeline. I tried to remember where I had seen this hoodie. That's when it hit me, this was the same hoodie worn by George Floyd in that famous picture of him standing in front of a brick wall. The website listed the price, \$20 which makes sense as that's all a poor ass nigger like George Floyd could afford. I don't make much from working at Cup Foods but \$20 is like pocket change to me.

I completed the order and went on about my day as usual. Shouting slurs at trannies and niggers. Friday came and I received a package. When I opened it, I saw that it was the George Floyd hoodie. It was a poorly made hoodie that definitely couldn't help me withstand the cold air of Minneapolis. My shift starts in 30 minutes so I was late on time. If I arrive late my boss will deduct even more money from my paycheque.

I put the hoodie on and bolted to work. I was surprised as I arrived earlier than I had any other time I ran. I brushed it off as I gained calf muscles from the previous runs to work.

My shift went on as usual with niggers trying to steal or pay with fake bills. At 5, another BLM protest happened outside the store. I recognized the nigger in charge of the protest. It was Bridgett Floyd, the sister of George Floyd. I could tell from even afar she had the same monstrously big nose. I walked outside get the fuck outta here nigga, I said. That only riled up the monkeys even more as they began to chimp out and loot the store.

Usually when a riot happens, I use my chad strength to beat all the niggers. But something strange happened this time. When I went to punch Bridgett Floyd's big fat nose, my body stopped. "

Ayo mane why u tryna punch me sis nigga," I said.

I was shocked as I had never spoken in a nigger accent unironically.

"OOGA BOOGA mane give me pregnant belly pics sis."

Bridgett Floyd with a confused look on her ape face said "George?!"

I noticed that my right arm was beginning to turn a dark nigger black. I ran back inside the store to check my face. I saw that I had grown a massive nose. The same nose of George Floyd. I now resembled the White George Floyd edit I had seen on the internet. I tried to take off the George Floyd hoodie but it wouldn't budge as if it had been gorilla glued onto my body.

"Ouch mane, I can't breathe with you strangling ma neck."

That's when I realized where the initial voice had come from. It wasn't me who said that to Bridgett Floyd, it was the hoodie.

"Ayo mane when are we going out to rob pregnant woman," the hoodie said.

I watched in horror as my hair began to fall off and my face had began to turn dark. I screamed and pulled on the hoodie hard.

"Stop resisting me mane, soon we will become one," the hoodie said.

"It is only a matter of time before you reincarnate into George Floyd mane."

I gave up as the last of my body became George Floyd. Now the voice stopped coming from the hoodie and now from my mouth.

"Ah it feels so good to breathe again mane."

"Damn I am hungry mane, I need to consume fentanyl and fetuses OOGA BOOGA."

Despite being turned into a newly reanimated George Floyd, I was still able to observe what was happening outside. I watched as George Floyd approached a pregnant woman and began to lick her belly.

"Hey what the fuck are you doing to my wife, nigger." A man said as he kicked George Floyd in the balls.

"Ah shit mane my balls can't breathe," George Floyd yelled.

Whoever did that to George Floyd was a **based** chad but unfortunately I felt everything that George Floyd felt. The nigger Floyd next moved on to some nigger drug dealers by an alley.

"Ayo mane pass me some of dat fentanyl," George Floyd said.

The two niglets drug dealers looked stunned when they saw George Floyd.

"Ayo its dat nigga who wuz killed by police violence said one of the niglets."

"I'm yo biggest fan mane," said the other.

"That's cool and all mane but you better give me some of dat sweet fentanyl or I will shoot your belly," George Floyd said.

The other nigger was too poor to own his fentanyl though. He fished his pockets to show nothing was in it. George Floyd had no mercy for him, so George Floyd shot him in the belly with perfect aim for a monkey.

"Ah sheet mane, why you shoot me," he said.

Unfortunately for George Floyd, there were two witnesses. One of them being a cop who happened to not be jew controlled. He yelled out "Freeze!" to George Floyd, whilst pointing a gun at George Floyd's head. With his instinct, George Floyd looked at the cop like a deer in headlights, and ran away.

The cop's aim was not able to keep up with his nigger speed though. George Floyd was zig zagging the sidewalk, looking like he was doing a potty monkey dance, until he came across a sewer entrance. The cop was gaining on him, so George Floyd lifted up the lid of the sewer hole and jumped in.

It smelled like dogshit inside the sewage system. However, with George Floyd's extremely limited ability to breathe, it wasn't too bad compared to a man who has normal breathing skills. George Floyd sealed the lid shut, locking himself in.

Initially, I thought this was very problematic, since it seemed that George Floyd's animalistic instincts in turn trapped me underground. However, what happened next changed my mind. As nasty as the sewers are, there are wonders in there that can really get you out of a shitty situation.

A group of giant spiders emerged from the murky water, to look at George Floyd. Judging by their facial expressions, they looked hungry. But not hungry for George Floyd of course. Niggers are toxic to eat for any animal. The spiders were instead hungry for the George Floyd sweater. Turns out they were silk eating spiders, because they latched onto the hoodie and began consuming it.

Not too long after, the George Floyd hoodie was all gone, and I was turning back to normal. My skin went from the color of poop, to my original beautiful White skin. My IQ skyrocketed, and I no longer craved fentanyl. I was extremely relieved by this,

since I had the strong urge to Ronnie McNutt myself because being black felt like shit.

However, the celebration did not last very long. Two things. I was still stuck underground in the sewers, and I had to deal with the spiders. Why the spiders?, you may ask. Well, something had to happen to them when they consumed the George Floyd hoodie.

Suddenly, a strange sound came from the group of spiders. I turned to face them, to see they were growing in size rapidly, their exoskeletons no longer looked like exoskeletons. They became leathery in nature and their legs grew hands. But the scariest part was their faces. In replacement of their eyes, they each grew eight nigger noses. Holy shit, I thought. But I still felt my feet plant into the ground because I was too busy trying to comprehend all of this to even consider running away. The spiders then developed giant sacs on their backs which are meant to act as biological fentanyl storage reserves.

They were so overfilled with the white substance, that some of the sacs leaked. Finally, they grew to an outstanding height of eight feet tall. All of them barely fit within the sewer corridors. I nearly puked, and that was what scared me to run in the opposite direction as fast as I could. I heard the George Floyd Spider's bone chilling hisses as they breathed hard trying to catch up to me.

But that didn't mean they were unathletic, because they were gaining on me very fast. A spider's speed genetics combined with that of a nigger's is fucking terrifying. But I used my smaller size to an advantage. I was able to sneak under some obstacles which the George Floyd spiders could not fit in. However, that was not the be all and end all.

Just when I thought I had finally outran them, one of the George Floyd spiders did this squirmy battle position and squirted out fentanyl infused webs, that came from it's fentanyl sacs. A piece of it managed to land onto my left arm and it stung like a bitch. It felt as if my arm had the pins and needles feeling whenever I'd sleep on it, but I knew it was because my arm couldn't breathe. I then thought of an obvious weakness of the George Floyd spiders. I realized that since they no longer had developed exoskeletons as a result of the George Floyd hoodie evolution, they are as vulnerable as normal sized spiders. I noticed a large broken pipe to my side and used it as my one and only weapon.

With my exceptional aim that I developed from shooting down niggers in my front yard every night, I threw the pipe into the air, when then landed on all of the George Floyd spiders necks so perfectly.

They hissed in a way where I could tell they said, "I can't breathe," in spider language.

I didn't care to watch their slow and painful deaths though. I looked for the nearest sewer exit and used the last of my adrenaline strength to push it up. I lifted myself up to the upper world and closed it.

Moral of the story, the George Floyd hoodie is as dangerous as it looks like an ugly Christmas sweater that your grandmother would buy you. Do not wear it, or else you will turn into George Floyd. And keep it away from animals at all costs.

Fentanyl Games

By Mason Collins

Hello to the person who finds this. By now, I am probably dead or captured somewhere waiting to be executed or worse. This is my story on how I won the Fentanyl Games. The story begins on draft day, where 1 male and 1 female are selected from 48 Districts, then forced to kill each other for sport on national television. That is bad within itself and the draftees are ages 12 to 18 years old, which makes it even viler than negroes fucking a dog.

I was waking up and getting ready to go hunting, which I need to do secretly because I will get my tongue cut off by capital order and there are 48 Districts. Mine is copper District which is District 48. This place is like a 3rd world country because we are the last District in order, which means we need to poach or win the Fentanyl Games to get the spoils. Since most people here are malnourished, we always lose.

While I was thinking about drafting day, I heard a blood-curdling scream from my younger brother's room. I ran over there as fast as I could and he hugged me. He said that he got drafted for the Fentanyl Games, and I then said, "Nobody gets drafted the first time," since he turned 12, making him eligible to be drafted. I proceeded to give him a Derek Chauvin toy before he went back to bed, then I went outside to go hunting.

I proceeded to sneak through a hole in the fence which had a sign that said, "WARNING District Boundary, Do Not Cross."

After sneaking through the fence, I went into the woods where I proceeded to grab my bow and arrow that were hidden inside a tree trunk. The reason is that if I shot a rifle, the capitol would know I'm there.

I went deeper into the forest and since I came here to hunt, I knew all the routes. After 20 minutes of shooting squirrels, there was a deer. When I took aim, I heard someone yell, "YO WHATS UP MY NIGGA," scaring the deer off. I proceeded to shoot a hail mary at it which missed by a foot.

"Damn it, Tyrone, that was the first deer I've seen in 5 years you shit skinned asshole," I said.

"Dude, drafting is in like 3 hours my nigga, we need to get going," Tyrone said back.

We proceeded to go to a clear spot that's in the boundary and talked shit about President Floyd.

Since I am White, I must treat negroes as if they were God, and that law was made by President Floyd himself. Tyrone doesn't like that concept because he wants to do actual work and not just be tended to by White people, and he cant talk about it because he could get executed for it, since its a "non nigga" move.

"I am not going to have kids," I said.

Tyrone asked why, and I proceeded to explain that since the Fentanyl Games require children to kill each other, I might as well not have any children at all.

Tyrone and I split off so that I could get dressed and he could too. I grabbed my younger brother and we started heading for the town square where they took a sample of our blood and made us write our names down on a piece of paper. We waited.

After 20 minutes, a rainbow-haired tranny came up the stage and proceeded to give a speech.

"Happy Fentanyl Games boys and girls. This one is very special since it is the 74th, which means that two of your darlings will come along and hopefully win the prize of 2600 pounds of food and nominee of the year, and we have a very very special video straight from the capital," she said with enthusiasm, then started up the video.

"Hello to all 48 Districts for the 74th annual Fentanyl Games, the reason why we have these games is for payment to the 50 District war, where 48 were captured and 2 were destroyed. This ties us closer than we are and may the odds ever be in your favor."

"What a bunch of bullshit," I said to myself.

The tranny continued to speak. "Now then let's get to drafting. Ladies first!" she said as the NBA draft jingle played.

The girl chosen was "Bianca," and then some e-slut proceeded to skip to the stage and shook hands with the tranny.

"Now for the boys," she said, and the person drawn was my younger brother, who I will call Nuck Figgers.

"Nuck Figgers," she yelled.

He came out of the crowd, sobbing. That was when I yelled, "I volunteer as tribute!"

Everyone stopped and looked at me. I told Nuck Figgers to go find mom, which he refused to do, so Tyrone carried him away.

I was escorted onto the stage by 4 Antifa agents, and the tranny then proceeded to say, "It looks like we have our first volunteer. What is your name?"

"Nmash Siggers," I said.

"Can we have a big round of applause for our first volunteer tribute of District 48?"

Instead of clapping, everyone raised their right arm with 3 fingers out, which is commonly used in funerals when someone dies in our District.

The tranny was shocked at the sight of the crowd's act, so she started screaming at them about how we were all racist pigs and shit. Eventually, she regained her composure and said, "Happy 74th Fentanyl Games and may the odds ever be in your favor," before Bianca and I were forced inside the building where we said our final goodbyes to our family and friends before leaving for the capital.

We boarded a train and then the tranny told us about our mentor, called "Big O." As if it were a movie, the door slammed open and what looked like a 7-foot tall gorilla barged in.

He was actually a big ass negro. He won the games 25 years ago and he had a polar pop cup filled with lean to the top, and it looked like he had gone through a lot of trauma and didn't want to get close to us because he feared that we would die just like the others.

I said, "Look, I will not die under your guidance," which he agreed to.

Bianca stormed off, pissed off that she won't get any advice on how to survive since she's an arrogant bitch.

Big O proceeded to tell me a couple of things, such as, "Keep yourself as much distance away from the others as possible," and "Don't light a campfire at night."

"And also do your homework," big o said.

As we neared the capitol, the city started to appear bigger and bigger, like bigger than Texas. I was in awe and as the train neared the station, it stopped.

There was a huge crowd of people and I started waving with Bianca. We then began getting ready for the chariot parade, where every tribute from each District is shown off to the country.

I met with my stylist, a black bitch, called "Big Dick Bitch."

She started showering me down and then slowly but surely added clothing after taking some photos of me naked. Bianca and I then got on the chariot, where we were dressed with copper plating and knives.

President Floyd started calling out Districts, going, "District 1, District 2", then finally "District 48."

We started riding out, twirling knives left hand to right hand, and then we locked our knives and hands and raised them. The crowd went wild, throwing roses, gold bars, white power cards, and bouquets of flowers. It made me feel powerful since I won the whole crowd over in one singular night.

Tomorrow was the first day of training, where we were gathered into a room. A black woman walked in front of the crowd of tributes, then proceeded to explain the rules in the training phase.

I proceeded to start training, and a career tribute watched me. He walked over to where I was. After doing my 100th rep, he asked, "You wanna train in fighting?"

"Alright," I said back to him.

We walked to the other side and he gave me a training sword, and one for himself.

"Let's begin," the career tribute said, and started swinging it at me which I easily dodged.

I swung at his sword, knocking it out of his hands before throwing him onto the ground and pointing the training sword at his neck.

"Good game," I said before returning to bench pressing and doing physical and survival exercises. It caught the sponsor's eyes, and then President Floyd stepped in and wanted to watch. I grabbed a bow and arrow, then shot the target dead center.

I shot at it a second time, splitting the arrow I shot earlier, impressing all 93 tributes. That was when Bianca came up and tried to bitch slap me, which I easily blocked.

We all cleared out of there for the games to begin. I couldn't sleep that night, thinking of what will happen in the games because anything can happen.

Night eventually turned to dawn. That morning, Big O gave me one final piece of advice: "don't go to the cornucopia," before I left the tribute center to board an aircraft. Before we took off, a White woman told me to give her my arm, which I did. She took out a syringe then injected something weird.

"What did you put in my arm?" I said.

"A tracking device," she replied.

The aircraft started lifting off to the deaths of 93 people. I made some small talk with the career tribute who I sparred with earlier, and he said that I should join him in an alliance.

I accepted his offer and told him where I would be at.

Once it landed, we proceeded to get off of said aircraft, where then I was escorted into a room with big dick bitch, who was holding a coat and a tube that could fit one person.

She put the coat on me then gave me a hug and said, "Good luck mothafucka," before I went into the tube. It led upwards into the arena.

The tube came to an end when a bright light hit me. I found myself in a forested area, and there was a big cornucopia shaped structure with spears, supply bags, swords, bows and arrows, knives, hatchets, and a chain whip.

A loud voice started counting down from 50. In 10 seconds, I got ready to dart into the forest. When the countdown hit 0, a loud gunshot indicated the start of the Fentanyl Games. I ran into the forest as fast as I could, creating as much distance as I could from the other tributes and then I proceeded to rest temporarily at a tree. I heard the code word that I made with the career tribute earlier, and I reply with my part. He appeared with 7 other tributes, then I jumped down from the tree introducing myself to the others, as they wondered why I did not run into the cornucopia. I explained my reasons, and we started searching the area for other tributes. Suddenly, we heard a loud boom.

"It's a cannon," I said. "That means a dead tribute."

As we were discussing ideas, an arrow came flying, hitting one of the tributes in the eye killing her instantly. I proceeded to throw the knife they gave me, hitting a girl in the stomach. She fell from the tree while screaming in pain and saying every curse word in the book. She got up as I rushed her. She pulled the knife out and stabbed my shoulder, and I broke her negroe back over my knee and then stomped her head. A cannon went off roughly five seconds later, indicating that she died. I took the knife out of my shoulder and then made a fire, cauterizing the wound so that it doesn't get infected.

We went to a different area to settle in for the night. We talked about the girl with the bow who shot one of ours and that epic kill I made and how we were lucky that I managed to be their ally, otherwise, they would've been dropping like flies.

Massive trumpets started playing and a screen of the fallen popped into view, showing District numbers, 10,5,25,27,47,33,23,45,33,44,9, etc, and also the bitch I killed.

I decided to keep watch overnight. Suddenly, I heard a snap, and then a small fire started blooming, so we proceeded to ambush the 15-year-old girl who was there, killing her with an arrow to the head. The cannon fired once again, stirring everyone awake. Eventually, dawn neared which was an indication that we have survived the first 24 hours of the Fentanyl Games. We continued looking for more tributes to finish off. We saw another group and they immediately yelled, "This is blood turf my niggas!" before we heard a woman screaming.

A cannon went off, then a boy from District 11 said, "Climb up the tree and see what's going on."

I proceeded to climb up the tree and saw what looked like a troop of chimpanzees. Just then, they found the other 6 tributes since one went foraging for berries. I heard their screams as the 3 cannons went off so I took aim and shot at their leader, hitting him.

"Ah sheet mane, who the fuck shot me?" he said in pain, before collapsing.

The other negroes scattered like chimps, howling at the baboon.

We decided to interrogate the negroe, so we hung him upside down on a tree and then woke him up.

"Nigga what the fuck is this!" he said as he awakened.

"Your interrogation," I said back to him, before grabbing a bat from the cornucopia then taking a swing at him.

"Where are your friends?"

"Aint telling you nigga," he said back. I cut a piece of his skin off and left him there to die, open for others to kill him.

As the night neared, a cannon went off.

We did not know who died yet and we waited for the fallen to begin. Just like a cue, the music started playing and it showed the numbers 33,42,48,23,13.

"Shit Bianca's dead," I said to myself.

I heard screaming behind me. I turned, to see it was a negroe. I grabbed the sword and then decapitated him. He looked like the Bianca death photos which made me chuckle a little bit. I shortly realized that I was the only one left in the group, which made me stop and come up with plans. As dawn neared, I went back to the cornucopia, but the bloods took everything out and made a tower with all the goods, so I proceeded to shoot a bag of apples which caused a massive explosion, killing all the negroes there. I picked off the other ones who were running to see what happened. In a matter of 10 minutes, I killed all the bloods, leaving 10 tributes left in the game.

That day went slowly for me, as I hunted for squirrels and other small animals. I heard a thud, followed by a cannon. It was some ginger girl and she ate some cyanide berries.

I thought it was suicide because she did not want to get brutally killed or worse. A loud voice boomed all across the arena. The man said, "Ayo crackas there will be a feast at the cornucopia tomorrow so be there, there is some good sheet."

Morning arrived, where I got ready just in case someone tried to ambush me. I neared the cornucopia and then some fat black guy took all of them and tried to run, but fell, causing an earthquake because of his fat negroe ass. Since he was defenseless, I ran up to him and stabbed his spine, and then finished him off with a curb stomp where I grabbed my bag and ran for it.

That was when some girl threw a knife at me and managed to pin me down, where I proceeded to grab an arrow and stuffed it down her throat, killing her. Her boyfriend then tried to stab me, but I grabbed my sword and then cut his right arm off. I finished him off by cutting his jugular vein open, and as 7 cannons went off in the distance, it was just me and 1 other person, who was a ching. He proceeded to do some Kill Bill-like stance and then rushed at me with a katana. I shot him with a bow and arrow, which hit him in the shoulder, and then I threw him to the ground.

"Me got defeated, life over now," he said, before grabbing my knife and slashing his gut open, killing himself.

Where then, the games ended and I came out as victor for the 74th annual Fentanyl Games. I got onto a train and headed home and hugged my younger brother. He was happy that I stayed alive.

Nigger Venom

By Gorg Floydson

Space, a vast ocean of the unknown where many dangers lurk. My name is Dominico, I am an astronaut working at the Nigger Foundation. The Nigger Foundation was founded after the dismantle of NASA since it is run by filthy jews and nigger lovers. On the surface, the Nigger Foundation seems to be an ordinary genetics corporation but we are really just a group of **based** Aryan brothers who fucking wish for the death of all niggers. The founder of the Nigger Foundation is Nate Higgers, the most racist man currently alive. Nate and I have been experimenting on niggers for years trying to find out why they are so violent. One day, I got a call from Nate.

“Dominico, I have exciting news for you!” Nate said.

“What, did all the niggers and jews finally die out?” I said.

“Nope, but we were given a special opportunity for a joint space operation with SpaceX.” Nate announced.

“Apparently, there is a large asteroid currently floating just outside the Asteroid Belt. SpaceX’s satellite near Mars detected heat signatures.”

“Ok, I’m in, when will this operation commence?” I asked.

“In a few days, once the paperwork is done,” Nate said.

That night, I laid down in bed not able to sleep. The idea of finally the chance to see extraterrestrials was upon us. Once we establish a bond with the aliens and show them the behaviour of niggers, even they will have to think that niggers are inferior mud men, I thought. When the day came, I was handed paperwork detailing the length of the trip as well as who I would be working with. The first thing I did was check the race of the fellow astronauts on the mission. The first astronaut, an Iraqi veteran named Ronnie McNutt was thankfully white. I looked below that to see the second member, a former police officer, Derek Chauvin, another White male. However the last member stood out the most, not only by race but also by name. The last member was a nigger, his name was George Floyd. It was George Floyd!

“What the fuck is this?! I shouted angrily.

“How is George Floyd still alive and why is he an astronaut?” I demanded answers.

"We brought him back thanks to a new regeneration machine developed by Elon Musk himself which repaired Mr. Floyd's damaged lungs so he can breathe again," A SpaceX employee said.

"George Floyd is a criminal nigger who doesn't have the brains to even cook let alone manage a spacecraft!" I said.

"Take it or leave it sir, this is part of our new diversity program," The SpaceX employee said.

I looked over and finally got a good look at the employee, it was a female tranny. I ran up and punched the tranny in the face which knocked him out. The pay was \$400 million which was enough to continue paying off my \$1 billion mansion so I took the job. I went to the lounge where the other astronauts were. When I arrived, I saw a man with a beard and glasses sitting by a couch watching porn. The man looked up and noticed me,

"Hey I'm Ronald but my friends call me Ronnie," the man said.

"Oh you must be private McNutt," I said.

Suddenly, a tall dark figure walked into the room, despite the room being very well lit, it was almost impossible to make out the features of the tall figure, it was like he was a shadow.

"Sup maynes, I be George Floyd n shit, nice to meet y'all crackas," The shadow said.

As the figure came closer into the light, his facial features became much clearer. He was a tall 6 foot 5 nigger with an ugly mushroom shaped nose that extended to the edges of his face, his lips were as thick as an eggplant. The nigger wore a shirt that read "Landlord" along with a cap that read "Breathing is the greatest pleasure in life" a quote by Giovanni Papini.

"Shit maynes, I know I ain't supposed to ask dis on da job but do any of y'all got the fent?" George Floyd asked.

"What?" Ronnie and I said.

"You know, da good shit, da shit that make a niggie go wild, da shit dat make yo lungs not working, you know da fentanyl n shit," George Floyd said.

"You aren't allowed fentanyl here!" A voice boomed.

The last astronaut, Derek Chauvin said as he walked in. Just by his presence and aura alone, I could tell his body radiated the hatred of niggers and particularly the hatred towards George Floyd.

"Who da fuck is you?" George Floyd said angrily.

"I am the destroyer of necks, the knee of justice, former Minneapolis police officer Derek Chauvin at your service!"

"Oh shit niggie, it be dat racist ass cracka who stole ma breath!" George Floyd exclaimed.

"I'm not here for confrontation, I am above that, let's put our differences aside for now and just focus on the mission," Chauvin said.

"Shiet cracka, whatever you say."

After we left the meeting room, mission control was ready for take off. It took longer than expected for us to suit up since George Floyd was a dumb bug nigger who didn't know how to suit up in a spacesuit.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" George Floyd yelled as the helmet was suited onto him.

We boarded the spacecraft, a newly designed craft more powerful than anything created previously. It was a joint effort by the Nigger Foundation, Golden Nigger Corp and SpaceX. Mission control gave us the countdown and we launched. This wasn't my first time in space however each time, it was an exhilarating rush seeing the stars. I have a love hate relationship with space, it is a beautiful, quiet and peaceful sight for ones eyes however the void of space is black which reminded me my hatred of niggers!

"We're approaching the outer rim of the asteroid belt," Ronnie alerted.

I saw hundreds of thousands of rocks floating in the void of space. In the centre of them all was a massive asteroid which dwarfed all the others.

"I'm detecting heat signatures by the big one!" Ronnie said.

I noticed that George Floyd was quiet throughout the entire ride instead of making his usual monkey noises or causing his nigga monkey bullshit, I turned around to check. To my shock, George Floyd was consuming fentanyl!

"How the fuck did you manage to sneak that onboard?!" I said furiously.

"We can't have any fuck ups, it's way too dangerous!"

"Shiet mayne, lighten up n shit, have sum of dat fentanyl n shit," George Floyd said while making monkey noises.

"2 minutes until contact!" Ronnie warned, however Derek and I didn't notice since we were berating the fentanyl ape.

"You fucking jigaboo, I've just about had it with your nigger baboon shenanigans!" Chauvin said angrily.

"1 minute until contact!"

"I will throw you out right now into the vacuum of space where you won't be able to breathe forever unless you stop this bullshit!" I said.

Suddenly, the craft crashed onto a rough surface creating a hole in the haul. Chauvin, George Floyd and I were sucked out of the ship while Ronnie died immediately upon impact. Luckily, Chauvin and I were already wearing our space suits and we took little damage because we are racist chads.

"Oh shit, oh shit!" I said panicking.

"How will we get back home now!?"

"We'll have to patch it up," Chauvin said as we walked to the damaged ship.

It was a gruesome sight due to how Ronnie's blood and gore covered the entire craft. We found Ronnie or what was left of him, his face was entirely gone, it was like it was never there to begin with. What was left was only what I could describe as an exploded watermelon. Derek and I searched around the ship looking for the toolbox that Golden Nigger Corp had provided in case something went wrong.

"Thank Jesus and all that is good!" Chauvin said as he fished the toolbox out of a pile of scraps and rubble.

"We can use the liquid nitrogen spray to repair the haul!" Chauvin exclaimed.

While Derek Chauvin was hard at work repairing the craft, I went to investigate since this was the promised asteroid that had alien life on it. As I examined the surface, I noticed George Floyd's body up ahead facing down. I ran up and examined his body. George Floyd's visor was cracked open, exposing his massive nose which took up the majority of his helmet. This meant that he couldn't breathe and therefore was dead. I walked back to the ship where Derek had just finished repairing the craft.

"That nigger George Floyd is dead," I informed Chauvin.

"Good," Chauvin responded.

"Anyways, I'm done repairing the ship, we can leave at any moment," Chauvin informed.

"Ok," I said.

"Should we bring their bodies back?"

“Ronnie’s body is too fucked up but you might as well bring Floyd’s, once his family sees his body, they’ll chimp out which is something I look forward to seeing.” Chauvin said.

I dragged George Floyd’s body and threw it into the garbage. We left the asteroid afterwards and returned to Earth. Once we arrived back on Earth, Derek and I gave a report to Nate Higgers and also informed mission control about the deaths of Ronnie McNutt and George Floyd.

“Where is Floyd’s body?” Nate asked.

“We kept it in the garbage compactor since niggers are human garbage,” I said.

“Haha, good one,” Nate chuckled.

When I opened the garbage compactor, I was surprised to see no body.

“Where the fuck is the body, are you playing a prank on me?” Nate asked.

“No, I swear it was here when Derek and I took off,” I said.

“OOGA BOOGA!” A bloodcurdling voice roared behind us.

Nate and I slowly turned around to face what had made that horrible noise. To our shock, it was George Floyd! However something was different about him, his eyes were pitch black, there was also a black goo mass covering the lower half of his body.

“What the fuck happened to you, Floyd?” Nate asked.

“I am the Fent-eye-oat but you can call me Nigger Venom!” The creature said.

The creature extended its arm which turned into the shape of a blade and swung at Nate and I. Luckily, both Nate and I managed to duck just in time which led to the space craft behind us being split in half.

“Holy shit, this thing has incredible power!” Nate yelled.

“What’s going on in here!?” A pregnant SpaceX employee said.

Nigger Venom turned to the pregnant woman and grabbed her by the neck with his tendrils.

“Lungs, bellies, fetuses, so many snacks so little time!” Nigger Venom said as he licked the pregnant woman’s belly.

Just then gunshots rang out, I saw that it was the Mexican security guard, Carlos who had unloaded several shots into Nigger Venom however the creature absorbed

all the bullets. Nigger Venom dropped the pregnant woman and bit Carlos's neck off.

"Ah I can finally breathe again, I will eat every lung on the planet to satiate my need for air!" Nigger Venom said.

Nate helped the pregnant woman to her feet as Nigger Venom was monologuing. We ran out of the room and locked the doors behind us.

"This should buy us some time," Nate said.

However Nate was dead wrong as the metal doors broke down almost immediately.

"Where are you going mayne, don't take ma precious fetus away from me, fetuses are ma third favourite snack after fentanyl and lungs!" Nigger Venom said as it made its way out of the room.

Nigger Venom extended its arm once again to grab the pregnant woman however it was quickly cut down.

"Ah shit, dat hurt mama!" Nigger Venom winced in pain.

I turned around to see Derek Chauvin. Much similar to Floyd, he had a slimy substance around his body however this one was white.

"Ah shit, it be ma arch nemesis n shit, Knee-ger Venom!" Nigger Venom said.

Derek Chauvin fully transformed. Unlike Nigger Venom, Chauvin was fully White. Knee-ger Venom stretched his arm out around Nigger Venom's neck.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Nigger Venom cried.

"You black symbiotes are the worst kind, you call yourselves Fent-eye-oats while only making up 13 percent of the population while committing 58 percent of all symbiotic crimes!" Knee-ger Venom said as he tightened his grip around Nigger Venom's neck.

"Ah shit, mama, I love ya mama, I can't breathe mayne!" Nigger Venom said.

Knee-ger Venom grabbed the body of Nigger Venom which was lifeless now, Knee-ger Venom dragged Nigger Venom to a puddle and began to drown him.

"Ah shit, water ma third worst enemy after police brutality and black on black crime!" Nigger Venom yelled before the parasitic symbiote dissolved into nothing. Derek Chauvin reverted back to his normal self.

"Wow this is fucking awesome, I can kill niggers without getting blamed for it!" Chauvin said happily.

Moral of the story, niggers should never be allowed to work as astronauts!

Mysterio Floyd

By Gorg Floydson

Special effects, they've always blew my mind as a child similar to Ronnie McNutt's suicide. If you didn't know, Special effects often abbreviated as VFX are illusions or visual tricks used in the theatre, film, television, video game, and simulator industries to simulate the imagined events in a story or virtual world.

I go to an arts school full of liberals where I take a 3D animation program. Since I am the only normal sane person in the entire school, I have no friends and I'm perfectly fine with that.

There's no way I'd be friends with one of those trannies who would McNutt themselves by the end of the first semester. Anyways, enough about my hatred of trannies, I will now explain my spooky encounter with George Floyd as most creepy pastas do.

One day, my professor, Reginald Weibe, was handing out forms for an upcoming field trip to meet one of the greatest special effects wizards alive.

"We'll depart on Monday to meet Mister Floyd at the set of one of his upcoming movies," Reginald Weibe said.

"Um, what are some of Mister Floyd's previous works?" A dirty pajeet named Baljeet asked in his unbearable curry accent.

"Mister Floyd has worked on great movies such as Candy Man, Buck Breaking and Man of Fentanyl." Reginald Weibe said.

I chuckled at the last movie mentioned since Man of Fentanyl is a movie enjoyed by **based** racist chads due to the fact that Breonna Taylor the fat nigga whale was actually shot on set. I decided to go on the field trip since I wanted to learn more about VFX. However I was curious about this Mister Floyd the effects wizard, all the movies that Reginald Weibe mentioned besides Man of Fentanyl were pro BLM nigger movies made by filthy jews as are most Hollywood productions.

Monday came and I jumped out of bed. I was the first to arrive in class since all the other liberals are lazy fucks who will contribute absolutely nothing to society like all niggers. Just goes to show that racists aren't bad people. At 10, the other students finally showed up despite Reginald Weibe saying that we need to meet at 9. Reginald Wiebe told us to line up to board the bus. Unfortunately I had to sit next to this BBC whore named Heather Wilcock. I noticed that Heather was constantly coughing and hurling like she was going to vomit. I paid no attention to this as I had

my AirPods Pro with noise cancelation and phone to keep me occupied. I decided to play some black lives splatter mobile edition while Heather kept making noises throughout the ride.

2 hours later, we arrived at our destination, the set of a new movie called "Pregnant Bellies: The Movie."

"Alright, you guys will split up into groups of 3 and we'll meet back at the main entrance at 4," Reginald Weibe said.

I was stuck with Heather and Baljeet the pajeet. We walked around the massive hall where many special effects wizards were showing off their skills. However none looked as good as these holographic projections I saw near the end of the hall. I ran up to the end where I saw that the holograms were coming from a strange looking drone. Heather and Baljeet the pajeet caught up to me to see what I was looking at.

"Hey man, we're supposed to stick together," Baljeet the pajeet said.

I ignored him and continued to look at the holograms, the holograms were all pregnant women which was a bit weird however they looked real as fuck. Suddenly, a tall nigger jumped up from the stand scaring the life out of the 3 of us.

"Sup maynes, I see y'all be interested in ma drones n shit," the tall nigger said.

"Um who the fuck are you, nigger?" I said.

I felt a slap on the back from behind me, it was Heather Wilcock.

"You racist!" She said quietly.

"I be Big Floyd the special effects wizard from da Houston Projects and dis be ma special effects drones that I stole err I mean built," the nigger said.

"Anyways mayne, I'll show y'all ma drones and how good they be n shit," the nigger said as he put on a pair of glasses that were controlling the drones.

The drones flew up and projected a pregnant White woman being robbed by a tall nigger in a ski mask. I was utterly stunned as to why the stupid nigger would project something this disturbing. The pregnant woman was struggling as the nigger grabbed her. The pregnant woman grabbed the nigger's ski mask and managed to pull it off. That's when my heart skipped a beat. The nigger's face from the drone projection was the same face as Big Floyd the effects wizard. The big fat nose and large lips were unmistakable.

"Um nigger, why the fuck are you projecting such a fucked up video for everyone to see?" I said angrily.

"Ah shiet cracka, lighten up n shiet, dis be a projection of ma previous robbery with ma niggas, pregnant bitch got what she deserved for not giving me the belly pics!" Big Floyd said.

The nigger then walked away from his stand and walked to the centre of the room where he began to project more of his past robberies. Everyone else seemed to be stunned by how real the effects looked despite the fact that they were effects of a woman being robbed.

"Wow, black VFX artists are as amazing as ever," Heather Wilcock said.

While the nigger was distracted, I took the chance to walk over to the back of his stand where I found a large box that was full of documents. There were parole documents along with a clear plastic bag with a white powder in it. Along with the bag, there was an arrest warrant for someone named George Perry Floyd for stealing technology from a company called Golden Nigger Corp. The warrant had a picture and to my surprise, it was that same nigger.

"Big Floyd The Effects Wizard is really George Floyd?!" I said out loud.

I thought about this for a good minute and that's when it all added up. Only a nigger like George Floyd would be that attracted to pregnant women. Only a nigger like George Floyd could have a nose and lips of that size. Under the box of documents, there was what appeared to be a suit of some kind. It had a fishbowl helmet which made it look like an astronaut suit but it also had a cape. Suddenly, something grabbed the hood of my sweater and threw me up into the air despite me being a 300 pound built chad. I landed on a wooden table causing it to break upon impact. Luckily, I wasn't badly hurt and only came out with some scratches as I am a shredded chad. I looked up and noticed a cloud of white smoke which made it very hard to see. I began to cough which made me realize, this was fentanyl smoke. I heard coughs all around me along with some jews yelling "I'm being gassed!" When the fentanyl smoke cleared, I was shocked to see George Floyd who was suited up along with an army of drones.

"Shiet mayne, it be a shame that you figured out ma real identity, I be Mysterio Floyd n shit! "

"So it looks like that I have to kill everyone in this room!" Mysterio Floyd said.

Mysterio Floyd then put the fish bowl over his face and began shooting white beams around the room, luckily they didn't hit anyone since he has trash aim.

"What, what's going on here?!" Reginald Weibe said.

Mysterio Floyd immediately turned around and fired a beam at Reginald Weibe.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe!" Reginald Weibe the liberal professor said as he dropped dead.

That shouldn't be possible, those are just supposed to be special effects, I thought. I noticed that everyone else including the art hoe students were passed out from the fentanyl smoke except Heather and Baljeet the pajeet. Baljeet the pajeet looked up to see Mysterio Floyd the criminal nigger blasting his white fentanyl beams everywhere. Baljeet grabbed a broken piece of the wooden table and threw it right into the white beam. The beam was cut in half revealing a drone masked by it.

"Ah shiet, looks like you figured out how ma drones work n shit!" Mysterio Floyd said.

While Baljeet the pajeet was throwing objects at the drones, breaking them. I noticed a cable connected to the back of Mysterio Floyd's fishbowl helmet. That must be supplying him air otherwise he wouldn't be able to breathe, I thought. I ran over to the cable which was connected to a machine labelled breathing machine. I began to pull at the cable with all my strength which was fuelled by adrenaline and my hatred towards niggers. I managed to unplug the cable.

"Ah shit mayne, I can't breathe ma fuggin shiet!" Mysterio Floyd yelled in pain.

Without the constant air flowing into the fish bowl now Mysterio Floyd couldn't breathe. He launched himself into a wall to try and break the helmet.

"Shiet mama, ah fuck mayne!"

Mysterio Floyd continued to bang the helmet at the wall to which it began to crack. Eventually the fish bowl fully cracked which was able to let Mysterio Floyd's fat ugly nose protrude from the crack.

"Ah dats better mayne, I can breathe, it was all a big misunderstanding!" Mysterio Floyd said as he inhaled and exhaled.

"Oh shit, oh shit!" Baljeet the pajeet said as he was flung back 10 feet at high speed into a wall causing his body to splatter into gore and blood resembling the face of Ronnie McNutt.

"Now no one will stop me mayne!" Mysterio Floyd said as another cloud of fentanyl smoke engulfed the room.

I heard coughing followed by "Ah I can't breathe," coming from Heather Wilcock.

"Hehehe bitch, dats what you get for not owning me ma fentanyl!" Mysterio Floyd said.

That meant Mysterio Floyd was near Heather. I made my way through the smoke covering my mouth and nose to where I had heard both Heather and Mysterio Floyd. I heard more coughing from Heather followed by a noise I can only describe as when you try to spit out the phlegm in your throat when you're sick. Suddenly the fentanyl smoke cleared revealing what had happened. There I saw Heather Wilcock

who was no longer coughing, beside her was Mysterio Floyd who had some white gooey substance around his nose and mouth.

“Oh god, I should have never swallowed Jayesh’s load last night, it messed my throat up,” Heather said.

I cringed in disgust upon hearing those words. That meant Jayesh’s seed was in Mysterio Floyd’s nose and mouth.

“Ah shit, I can’t breathe with cum in ma lungs!” Mysterio Floyd said.

Mysterio Floyd then choked on the cum and died. Everything after that was a blur. The next thing I remember was waking up in the hospital. The rest of my liberal arts classmates somehow managed to survive despite being gassed by fentanyl. I had to remain in the hospital for over 2 weeks because of the fentanyl that had gotten into my system. The drones that George Floyd stole from Golden Nigger Corp were returned to its rightful owners.

Moral of the story, always make sure to keep your belongings in a safe place where a nigger won’t steal it. Black lives splatter!

Candy Floyd

By Gorg Floydson

Minneapolis, a shit hole city filled with shit hole people. I am of course talking about the nigger rioters and looters who contribute nothing to society. For many years, I’ve worked and studied in Minneapolis, to try and learn what makes niggers so inherently violent. I am a researcher of urban legends who works for the University of Tomasso.

Urban legends among the black community is more prevalent than for any other racial groups such as White people, Asians or spics. The only group that rivals niggers with their urban legends are native Americans because they are paranoid as fuck about people stealing their “land.”

Recently, I’ve come across an urban legend in the Cabrini-Green projects that caught my interest. A nigger spirit with a hook for a hand who kills anyone who says fentanyl five times in front of a mirror. The legend of Candy Floyd! But before I begin, I must provide some context. One day, my negro guide Daniel Robitaille was guiding me through the projects avoiding the nigger gangs that inhabit the area. The most notorious and feared gang in these parts call themselves “The Floyd Alliance.” Many older negroes know well to stay away from the criminal niggers,

however the young negroes often join the lower ranks of the Floyd Alliance to sell fentanyl and other deadly drugs to pregnant sheboons.

“Das rite there ol’mista, dat be where Anne-Marie McCoy were killed by a stab through the neck with a hook!” Daniel Robitaille explained while pointing to the Cabrini-Green projects.

“Can I take a closer look and step into the buildings?” I asked.

“Dat not safe sir, dat be where dem gangs and wild negroes be living, and if they see someone of yo skin, dem niggers won’t be happy!” Daniel Robitaille said as he took a few steps back.

I ignored Daniel Robitaille and walked towards the projects. As I made my way to the entrance, three niggers dressed in purple jumpsuits stopped me.

“Cracka, ya better turn around and go da other way,” a short bug nigger said.

“Das rite, one of our own just bit da dust so we don’t want no outsiders entering our place, cracka,” a tall lanky nigger said.

Not looking for trouble, I walked away but unbeknownst to the three stooges, I walked to the back of the building and entered through there. When I entered, I noticed a little niglet child staring at me,

“Hey cracka what you do doing in a place like dis n shiet?” The niglet asked.

“Oh I’m just here to investigate the recent killing and why do all you niggers talk like fucking monkeys?” I said.

“Anyways who are you niglet?” I asked.

“I be Sherman Fields ‘n shiet,” the niglet said.

“And if you looking for recent killing, you must be talking bout Anne-Marie McCoy,” the niglet said.

“Yes actually, so do you know what happened to her?” I asked.

“She wuz gots by Candy Floyd!” Sherman said.

“What?” “What the fuck are you talking about?” I said.

“Come n see mayne,” the niglet said.

I followed Sherman up to the 10th floor, there was a little hole in a wall which Sherman walked through. Now I was a little skeptical thinking it was a trap but the niglet insisted.

“Dis where candy Floyd n shiet,” Sherman said.

I bent down and walked through the hole, I was shocked by what was on the other side. There was a mural of a giant face with its mouth open, it was the face of a nigger. It had hideous features like a big fat nose and large lips. There was graffiti everywhere that all read “I can’t breathe” and “da landlord.” I snapped a few pictures.

“Hey kid, what happened to Anne-Marie McCoy anyway?” I asked.

“Days before Anne-Marie was killed, she had just recently given birth to a baby dat da popo’s didn’t find when they investigated her death,” Sherman said.

“Few days before she gave birth, she heard a voice say “Hey bitch, it’d be a shame if someone were to kill yo baby but I will take him!”” Sherman said.

I made my way out the hole and that’s when I noticed blood stains on the floor.

“So who’s Candy Floyd?” I asked.

“Candy Floyd be a supernatural creature ‘n shiet, many years ago, there were a nigga named Floyd who gave candy out to the kids of Cabrini-Green but once da parents realized that there were fentanyl in da candy, they called da popo on Floyd, he were kneed to death by a police officer.” Sherman explained.

“But instead of moving on, Floyd’s spirit remained here and can be summoned if you say fentanyl in a mirror five times,” Sherman said.

I thanked the niglet for the info and left Cabrini-Green. On my way home, I ran into Daniel Robitaille who was hitting a bong in an alley.

“Ayo ol’mista, how yo research be going n shiet?” Daniel Robitaille asked.

“It’s going well,” I said.

“Say ol’mista, you mind giving me sum money for food, I spent it on all da weed n purple drank n shiet?” Daniel Robitaille asked.

I knew the negro was probably going to spend the money on more drugs but I decided to give him \$10 anyway since I felt bad for the homeless nigger. Daniel Robitaille and I both went to a Burger King to get some food, Daniel Robitaille was devouring his whopper and fries like if he were a wild chimp while I just bought a coffee and Burger King crowns.

“So ol’mista, did ya hear about the legend of candy Floyd?” Daniel Robitaille asked.

“Yeah but it sounds just like your regular urban legend,” I said.

“Oh no ol’mista, Candy Floyd real alright, he’ll gonna get ya if you’re a pregnant bitch or a racist cracka!” Daniel Robitaille said.

“This whole thing is just retarded nigger bullshit,” I said angrily.

“Damn rite mayne!” Daniel Robitaille said but he was clearly high.

In his state, Daniel Robitaille waltzed around the Burger King, saying candy Floyd 5 times, unknowingly in front of a window. Suddenly Daniel Robitaille’s body floated up into the air!

“Ah shit mayne, what the fuck is happening?!”

But before he could say another word, he was stabbed through the neck by an invisible object. I looked at Daniel Robitaille’s reflection through a window and saw *him*—it was Candy Floyd! There was a hook in place of his right hand which was the object that had stabbed Daniel Robitaille.

“Hehehe mayne, dats what a niggie gets fo saying fentanyl five times in a mirror ya hear?!” Candy Floyd said.

“Don’t say dat or else, I’ll come fo you next, racist cracka!” Candy Floyd warned.

He shortly disappeared after that and dropped the body of Daniel Robitaille on the floor.

“Ah shit mama, I can’t breathe!” Daniel Robitaille yelled as blood gushed out from his neck like a fountain.

There wasn’t anything I could do to save the negro, so I simply asked the staff to call the police and made my way out of the restaurant. Even though Robitaille was a dumb bug nigger, I still felt that his death was my fault for dragging him into the whole candy Floyd incident. I decided to go back to Tomasso to find out more details on Candy Floyd. Tomasso has a large archive of urban legends in their

library. I checked out every book related to Candy Floyd and other nigger urban legends. Other nigger urban legend creatures besides candy Floyd included Gorilla Floyd, Krampus Floyd and Wilcock ness monster. I found an old book near the end of the section which detailed how Minneapolis was founded.

"1842, my name is Tobias Minneapolis. I am a proud owner of Floyd's Seed and Feed Plantation where I make niggers work themselves to the bone. One of my most prized possessions was a buck negro of outstanding height who was specifically bred as a farm tool, his name was George Floyd. However my worst nightmare came true, I found out that my daughter Helen who was no more than 17 years old was raped by that nigger George Floyd. When I found that out, I informed our little town which was only comprised of fair skinned nigger haters. When Floyd realized that we had formed a posse to lynch him, he ran out of town screaming

"Shiet mayne, I'm not dat typa guy mayne!"

Along with other incomprehensible chimpanzee noises. Although, he was fast like the average nigger, he eventually ran out of steam and our posse had caught up to him near the outskirts of town. After beating him up for a bit, I sawed off Floyd's right hand which made him cry like a baboon. We then smeared honey all over his neck which attracted a horde of bees. The bees stung him over and over in the neck and by the end, his neck no longer resembled a neck. It only looked like an enlarged grotesque red tumour.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe mama!" Floyd said as he coughed up blood before shortly dying from his wounds.

Once it was over, we burned his body in the centre of town to set an example for all the other nigger slaves. I was shocked after reading and I noticed that I was out of breath. However this along with Sherman Fields' explanation of Candy Floyd was not adding up. Sherman's Candy Floyd was a nigger who gave kids fentanyl candy, however this Candy Floyd was a nigger slave who raped a White girl. The only thing they had in common was their names. George Floyd and Floyd. I needed answers. I returned to Cabrini-Green, to the Candy Floyd mural on the 10th floor. I noticed a light coming from the hole in the wall. I saw that there were candles everywhere that were not present when I first came here. I also heard the faint sound of a crying baby. I walked towards the centre of the room where I saw a baby nigger in what looked like a poorly made altar that some suicidal goth chick would make."

"OOGA BOOGA mayne, I knew you'd show up here!" A voice said.

I turned around to see Candy Floyd in the flesh.

"Nigger, how and why the fuck are you here?"

"I didn't even say fentanyl in the mirror 5 times!" I said.

"I've become more powerful than ever thanks to you mayne, you be da reason why ma soul has returned to this state of power!" Candy Floyd said.

"It be you wit yo dumbass investigation of me that gave me power, White boy, you was da one who relit ma spark, cuz of you, the people believe in me once again!"

"A mere urban legend that spread like wildfire just because some cracka decided to look into ma history n shit," Candy Floyd laughed.

"Hehehe mayne, thanks to you, I can once again rob and rape da White women n shiet!"

"But first, I must smoke ma first new victim, I found out that Anne-Marie McCoy wuz a cousin of me n shit, dat means her baby is ma nephew n shit!"

"I will smoke him, in order to bring fear back to this city, ma city!" Candy Floyd said.

"See mayne, I be telling you my origins n shit, once dem racist ass crackas lynched me, they buried ma body in the centre of their settlement which would later become da city of Minneapolis!"

"However, ma soul did not pass on up to heaven."

"Don't you mean down to hell, you dumb nigger?" I said cutting Candy Floyd off.

"Shiet cracka, I'll smoke you once I be done telling my motherfuckin story, anyways, ma soul roamed this city for hundreds of years, possessing different niggies that all be named George Floyd, dat why there be more than one Candy Floyd!" Candy Floyd explained.

Candy Floyd made his way towards me, opening his coat revealing his exposed ribcage which housed a horde of bees. It was gross as fuck, almost as gross as Ronnie McNutt's face after his suicide and speaking of Ronnie McNutt, I had a replica of his shotgun in my bag for self defense against niggers or if I just felt like going on a nigger slaughtering rampage. I pulled the shotgun out and shot Candy Floyd's neck which pushed him back a few feet.

"Ouch mayne, dat ma fuggin hurt n shiet!" Candy Floyd said.

I was shocked seeing that he was still perfectly fine.

"You be forgetting dat I already be dead n shit, you can't kill a ghost dumbass cracka hehehe!" Candy Floyd chastised me.

"I be back after I smoke ma nephew mayne," Candy Floyd said as he grabbed the niglet and disappeared.

I was shitting bricks at this point, being killed by a nigger ghost was not how I wanted to die. I looked up to see the mural of Candy Floyd. Rage overtook my fear. The fear of being killed by Candy Floyd was nothing compared to my rage and hatred towards the ugly mural. I walked towards it and started vandalizing the mural like what I had done to many George Floyd murals in the past. After drawing dicks all over the mural, I got the idea to pull out my shotgun and shot the mural's big fat nose creating a hole in the wall. Just then, I heard a voice come from behind me.

"Ah shit, I can't breathe with my nose gone!"

I looked and saw Candy Floyd with a hole where his nose should have been along with hundreds of dick drawings on his face. That's when I had a lightbulb moment! Whatever happens to the mural is reflected onto the actual Candy Floyd. I unloaded round after round into the mural until I ran out of shells. Candy Floyd dropped to the floor,

"Why mayne, why wouldn't you let me smoke ma own kin?"

"I thought that's what you racist crackas wanted," Candy Floyd said.

"Well, I certainly don't give a rat's ass about that niglet, however I do not want him dead," I said.

"Do you know who gets blamed for the death of one of your niglets, White people, do you know who has to pay for his death, White people!"

"Ah shiet mama," Candy Floyd said before he disappeared into a swarm of bees.

I walked out of Cabrini-Green, I noticed a large pile of trash in the parking lot where I heard a faint crying. I walked over to see Anne-Marie McCoy's niglet offspring near the top. Even though, I was tired as fuck after just battling Candy Floyd, I decided to climb the pile and retrieved the crying niglet. I walked to the main entrance of Cabrini-Green where I saw a nigger couple standing outside. When they saw me holding the niglet, they immediately rushed over to me.

"Hey, get yo hands off ma cousins baby cracka!" A fat she boon whale said.

"Who the fuck are you, nigger?" I said.

The male bug nigger walked towards me.

"I be Derrick Delane n shiet and dis be ma baby mama, we wuz da relatives of Anne-Marie McCoy," the bug nigger said.

"I bet you didn't even know that your relative existed or the fact that she had a child, you're just here to start a go fund me and profit off her death like all niggers do," I said as I walked away, the two niggers chimping and shouting at me as I did.

After this bone chilling event, I decided not to do my urban legend report on Candy Floyd and instead wrote a 2 page 5000 word report on the Jewish Moth Man instead.

Moral of the story, niggers are heartless subhumans who only pretend to care about the death of their own to profit off their death and make White people feel guilty. This is why niggers are always the first to chimp out when they are being "attacked" however when a nigger is behind an attack, they blame it on White people. Fuck niggers and black lives splatter!

George Floyd Tried To Destroy the Canadian Truckers' Freedom Convoy

By Toast Man

Beginning in early 2020, the COVID-19 pandemic has been used by the Jews to knee on the necks of White people for over two years at the time of this writing. But in 2022, a brave coalition of over 50000 Canadian truckers decided to take a stand against their evil scheme by driving into Ottawa, the capital city of Canada, all at once in protest against the vaccine mandate. By parking their trucks all around the city while honking their horns in unison, they caused such a ruckus that it made the cuckold president of Cucknada, Justin Trudeau, flee the city.

However, the Jewish media has covered up parts of the truth behind this incident. This is because if they let the truth about what happened during the Freedom Convoy of 2022 get out, their entire narrative surrounding not only COVID-19, but Black Lives Matter would collapse. And that is why, dear reader, I am here to tell you the truth.

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Buck Sneed, and I am a truck driver who specializes in delivering shipments of animal fodder and grain from the U.S. heartland to Canada. You may say that I am an expert in the transportation of feed and seed, but I digress. I was one of the leaders behind the organization of the

Freedom Convoy, which was created with the expressed intent of preventing us from getting the COVID-19 vaccine. This is because the vaccines are ineffective, cause girls to miss the periods, and make men develop myocarditis so bad that it makes their hearts look like that of a buck nigger who abused steroids, Newport Menthols, malt liquor, and fentanyl for two decades.

And yes, I just said nigger. That is because, during the course of the COVID-19 fiasco, I went from a humble libertarian who was fine with coexisting with blacks to a full blown National Socialist who hates niggers and Jews. I became a racist anti-Semite during the scamdemic because that's precisely what it was: a scam that was used to destroy White people. If you recall the BLM riots of 2020, niggers and nigger lives matter protestors were allowed to run rampant after that drugged up darkie, George Floyd, died from ODing on fent and meth. They looted, marched in the streets, and burned down entire cities while breaking quarantine and not wearing masks. And when the vaccines were rolled out, niggers weren't forced into taking that poison by their employers because most of them either live off welfare or are in prison, both of which are paid for by the taxes of White people.

Meanwhile, Jews control the media that is blaming the unvaccinated for spreading the virus, even though they have come out and admitted that the vaccine doesn't stop transmission or even prevent death from COVID, but oh, it could give you heart attacks. Also the CEO of Pfizer, Albert Bourla, is a Jew who has made millions for himself and his fellow kikes by selling those leaky vaccines and closing down local small businesses while propping up massive corporations like Amazon and Jewgle.

Anyway, enough about my hatred of heebz and nigga monkeys, and on with my story. It was January 30th, and I was busy honking my horn in a wealthy neighborhood filled with White libtards, Jews, and Chinese investors. Over the past day, I had had eleven residents come out and tell me to cut it out, but I told them that I would keep on honking forward until my enemies were destroyed. One yenta told me that my honking had caused her husband to have a heart attack, a fact that I promptly laughed off when she told me that her husband had been quadruple vaccinated. There was also this one ugly White bitch named Equinox something who came out to try and bribe me with sex, but I rejected her offer because I am a **based** racist chad that is dedicated to my cause and belief in God. And besides, she probably had multiple STDs from being a mudshark since she had a little niglet kid.

However, after staying up for over 36 hours straight honking my horn while sustaining myself solely on Werewolfbrew from Jotunheim Nutrition mixed with raspberry Mountain Dew, even my six foot seven, 300 pound racist chad body was beginning to give out. So with dreary eyes, I called up my fellow trucker, a guy named Bubba Chuck.

"Hello? Who's this?" Bubba asked as he picked up.

“Hey Bubba, this is Buck. I’ve been out here for o’er a day and a half, and I’m on the verge of blackin’ out. Can you and yer guys send me some back-up truckers?” I asked.

“Well of course Mister Sneed. Which street are ya on?”

I checked the street sign. “I’m on 110 Exodus Avenue. And please hurry with the back-up, I feel as nauseous as that one time a guy spammed Nikocado Avocado’s OnlyFans content into a Telegram chat.”

“Right on, Mister Sneed. George is right on his way and should be there within thirty minutes,” Bubba Chuck said, then hung up.

I felt a slight uneasiness as I heard the name ‘George’, but I couldn’t tell why. I told myself that I was just getting the jitters from having stayed up for so long while consuming as much caffeine as I had, but that didn’t quell the concern that lurked within me like a nigger lurking the streets on a moonless night.

And, when George the trucker arrived, my fears were vindicated. His truck showed up two hours later than Bubba Chuck had promised, knocking down the fence of one of the Asian houses as he swerved onto 109 Exodus Avenue. I watched as a pack of dogs, totalling at least twenty in number, ran off, yelping joyously. A short, slant-eyed Hong Konger dashed out of the house, butcher’s knife in hand.

“All you doggu! Cammu backu! I need you for za dinnah!.” the Hong Kong chink squealed, then began chasing the dogs as fast as his stubby little legs could carry him.

George’s truck pulled to a halt beside mine. The truck was unlike anything I had ever seen before. Whereas most trucks that I saw were driven by humble White men who, at the very most, discreetly put a Confederate flag bumper sticker somewhere on there, this truck was the polar opposite of that. It had a glossy purple paint job, tinted windows, and a cheap-looking chrome finish. The words “Big Floyd” were spray painted onto the doors in big, white letters.

And when George got out, I groaned as I saw who he (or should I say it) was. It was a nigger, and a fuckin’ big one at that. He only stood two inches shorter than myself and had a fair bit of muscle on his frame. His massive nostrils were like two blackholes, both flared like those of a bull seeing red, and the color of his skin was the color of literal bullshit. And if you want an image of what that nigger’s lips looked like, well, visualize two fat mealworms then fuse them together with gorilla glue. In short, George fit the definition of a buck negro; a grotesque, hulking mass of muscle that had been bred with the express purpose of being farm equipment.

I also had this odd feeling that I recognized George's face and name from somewhere, but my brain was mush from sleep deprivation and caffeine abuse, and it took all of my willpower just to stay awake.

"Ayo mane, you be Buck Sneed and shieet?" George said, giving me his hand. "I be George Floyd, but you can call me Big Floyd. Know what I'm sayin?"

Reluctantly, I took his hand and shook it once. "Yes," I said curtly, then nearly gagged as George's odor penetrated my nostrils.

Now as a trucker, some of us admittedly can have a bit of B.O. because of just how long we have to stay on the road; it's an inevitable consequence of the job. But this nigger's stench was on a whole different level. If the unwashed, smegma-covered pussy of your average Tinder date was a seven on the smelliness scale, this nigger was undoubtably a ten.

"So, uh, you're unvaxxed?" I asked George, trying to follow the COVID rule for once and maintain 'social distance' from that ape.

George bobbed his head up and down. "Das rite nigguh. I be unvaxxed. I only shoot up dat fentanyl into muh veins mayne."

I grimaced as I heard this nigger openly confess to using hard drugs. As most guys know, being a trucker means staying clean of all substances, hell, I knew many guys who had gotten banned from the industry for life because they had smoked a little weed for their back pain which was caused by sitting all day. But of course niggers were allowed to get away with using stuff like fent because no company in their right mind would try to fire one of those simian unga bungas out of fear of a Jewish law firm filing a civil rights case against them.

"Well uh, good for you I guess," I said, feeling the drowsiness creeping up on me. I wanted to sleep just about as much as your average tranny wants to commit suicide, but I just couldn't because an age old saying kept playing in my head on repeat:

"Around blacks, never relax. Around blacks, never relax. Around blacks, never relax."

George grinned. "So cracka, I thought ya hadda ta go to sleep or sum shieet. Don't worry about da honkin' ov da horn an stuff mane. I'm here fo you muh nigga. Go ahead and take a little nap mane."

I sighed, my head bursting with pain as I thought of a non-racist way to tell George that I didn't trust him. "George, you see, I, uh, can't trust anybody who isn't a Christian. So I think I'm going to stay awake until Bubba Chuck sends another guy who is a Christian." It was a stupid excuse, but it was the best one I could come up with.

However, that was when George pulled off his shirt, revealing a collection of faded tattoos. "You see dis one here mane? Dis tattoo Ah got for muhself cuz Ah believe in God and Jesus and shieet. It cuz one day it's gonna be you and him, know what I'm sayin'? And besides, Bubba wouldn't have trusted me in da first place if I wasn't uh Christian mane."

Upon hearing that, I began telling myself: *"Hey, maybe George isn't that bad. Bubba is a civic nationalist boomer who thinks that religion matters more than race, but he still trusted George enough to allow him to participate in the Freedom Convoy. And he says that he's a Christian."*

I felt my eyelids close against my conscious will. I had to sleep. "Alright, George, I'm trusting you to keep up the honking of the horn."

"Yeah mayne, no worries mayne," George said.

I gave him a thumbs up, putting on my headphones and my favorite ASMR track, a ten-hour compilation of trannies talking about how they had ruined their bodies, relationships with family, and lives in general by transitioning that was set to a lo-fi remix of Signs by Metatryptic. I dozed off with a smile as I heard the neck of a self-admitted child rapist snapping as he hung himself.

This mistake, showing weakness and trusting a nigger, not only nearly cost me my life, but almost led to the end of the Freedom Convoy as a strike.

I woke up nearly twelve hours later, and what I saw when I first opened my eyes made me think that I was having a nightmare. Outside, I saw that there was fire all around me. My heart was pounding as I exited the truck. All around me, the neighborhood was up in flames, but that wasn't what my eyes were drawn to. The houses that hadn't yet burned down had crooked swastikas painted on them, the lawns were defaced with signs that read "Hail Trump" and "Trust in QAnon", and copies of James Mason's Siege lay strewn everywhere.

That was when I spotted somebody in a Ku Klux Klan robe spray painting "White power 14/88" on what I recognized to be the drive-way of a rabbi, only that all the words were misspelled and the letters were so poorly formed that Koko the Gorilla could've done a better job.

My racist chad body was fully recharged, so I snuck up on the suspicious figure and tackled him to the ground.

“Aw shieet, what did you has to do dat fo mayne?” the guy in the Klan robe said, struggling against my racist muscles but failing to escape.

Although I knew what was underneath the hood, I reached down and tore it off anyway. The soulless, psychopathic eyes of a bug black stared back at me. “You dumbass cracka, whadda fuck do you think you be doin’ mane?”

I punched the nigger in the face, breaking his fetal alcohol syndrome nose. “Better question is, what the fuck are *you* doing you primate, wearing those robes and making it look as if White nationalists destroyed this neighborhood?”

“Ah ain’t gunna tell you shieet cracka,” the bug black chimped. “I’m only doin’ what Big Floyd told me ta do, and he be doin’ what da Canadian gubbament told him ta do!.”

I let out a brief chuckle as the dumb nigger accidentally told me everything I needed to know. I punched the bug black in the jaw to knock him out, then took a photo of him so that I could notify my fellow truckers about what the Canadian government was trying to do.

Once I was finished notifying all the leaders of the Freedom Convoy about how they were trying to frame us for being White supremacist terrorists when we were only peacefully protesting, I searched the bug black for his phone and used his fingerprint to unlock it.

I scrolled through hundreds of notifications about unpaid child support until I finally found a text from a user that was named “Big Floyd.” Although it was almost unreadable, this was what I was able to make out.

“Hey y’all niggas it be Big Floyd here and shieet. I be speakin’ ta y’all cuz da cracka husband of muh girlfriend, Justin Trudeau, is askin’ me to ask all y’all niggahs ta burn down dis town but make it look like da rayciss crackas did it. If you do dis Justin Trudeau told me dat he gib all y’all free purple drank for a year dat is paid for by whitey’s taxes, know what I’m sayin’? Anyway dat was Big Floyd, now signin’ off.”

After reading that, I knew that I had to go and personally confront the Prime Minister of Canada, Justin Trudeau. He was trying to frame the Freedom Convoy as being White supremacist terrorists instead of the authentic, working class reaction of truckers to his vaccine bullshit.

I turned to inspect my truck. To my surprise, it was unharmed, but that made sense since they were trying to pin the blame for the damage and violence on me and my fellow truckers. I knew that I had very little time, so I hopped in, revved up the engine, and began racing towards 24 Sussex Drive, which is the official residence of the Prime Minister of Canada.

Since I was driving a truck, the other truckers let me past the blockade. I smiled and waved to them. All of them were good, honest, working class White men who had been screwed over by a Jew-run system that privileged niggers and other mudskins while bringing the boot down on White people. I recognized a few of them from the crowd. There was Tim Horton, who was having problems getting Insulin for his Type 1 Diabetes because he wasn't a nigger and he wasn't vaccinated. There was an American trucker named Bill Conte, whose daughter had gotten hooked on oxys produced by the Jewish Sackler family after she broke her leg in a car crash, and was now being denied access to rehab because she wasn't vaccinated. And I knew that there were millions more like them, and knowing this filled me with righteous fury. My rage burned so blazingly hot that, if crematoria ovens burned with the same intensity as my rage, the Holocaust could have conceivably happened.

After a few minutes more of driving, I finally arrived at Justin Trudeau's residence. I smashed my fist down on the horn, the sound blaring like a Stuka siren. A minute of me holding down the horn passed until three people exited the house.

It was Justin Trudeau, his wife Sophie Trudeau, and who I now knew to be George Floyd. I didn't know how that nigger had come back to life, but there was no doubt that it was him. All of them were in their underwear, and what looked like semen stains were on Sophie Trudeau's panties.

"Hey, can you stop disturbing Sophie and George's lovemaking? I'm trying to make sure that Sophie is pregnant with his beautiful, black baby," Justin Trudeau shouted. "It's really difficult for the three of us to enjoy our open relationship together when you're making all that noise."

"I've come to stop you, you disgusting, limp-wristed cuckold," I said, stepping out of my truck. "I will not allow you to harm anymore White people with your leaky, heart-attack inducing vaccines and I will not allow you to frame White people as terrorists for opposing said vaccine."

Justin Trudeau began to laugh. "Hah! A pasty chud like you is no match for George Floyd," he said, pointing to the Monkey of Minneapolis.

Floyd snarled at me like an angry orangutan. "Ooga booga, your cracka ass ain't gunna stop me from habin da sex wit da White woman."

I cracked my knuckles. “Yeah and about that. How did you bring him back to life? Talmudic rituals?”

Justin Trudeau grinned. “After Mister Saint George Floyd died, my wife told me that she would only feel satisfied if she could have sex with Saint George. And since I am a proud male feminist and anti-racist activist, I decided to help fulfil her desires by cloning him. He’s now been genetically enhanced and is more powerful than ever. There’s no way that a redneck hillbilly chud like yourself could beat him!.”

I tore off my shirt, revealing my **based** racist chad physique. I saw Sophie Trudeau’s eyes sparkle as she saw my bulging muscles, which made me puke a little in my mouth because the idea that I was being sought after by a nigger-loving whore was enough to make my stomach turn. I took out a cigar and lit it up.

“Lemme guess, you used White people’s taxes to pay for that clone?” I said, taking a puff. “Well, lemme just say this before I destroy it. You’re going to regret everything you’ve done to degrade this country, you cuck.”

Justin Trudeau, feeling threatened by my racist chad aura, turned to Floyd. “George, destroy that trucker chud!. If you do I’ll let you fuck my wife in the ass!.”

“Ooh la la, sex wit a pregnant White woman. I need dat thicc pregnant cake!.” George Floyd screamed, then rushed towards me at full speed.

Normally, I would have no trouble dodging a nigger’s erratic assault because niggers have no technique, but this time it was different. Justin Trudeau wasn’t lying when he said that this clone of George Floyd had been genetically modified because he was as strong as the black crime rate was high, his blows doing massive damage to me whenever they connected.

I felt my ribs shatter when he punched me in the torso; if I were a pregnant woman I would’ve certainly lost the baby right then and there.

And when I tried to mount an assault back at that nigger, he dodged all of my strikes with the same efficiency that he had dodged child support. The clone of George Floyd was as elusive as the lies of a Jew.

After only a minute of fighting, I was lying on the pavement, blood seeping from my broken nose and my lips busted open. Every single cell in my body was shrieking with agony after the beating that the Floyd clone had given me.

Justin Trudeau was hollering with laughter. “You’re no match for a strong, independent black man like George Floyd. Don’t you know that, after the Jews, the

African race is the greatest in the world?" he said as he rubbed his wife's belly. "And soon, Sophie shall be pregnant with his seed!."

George Floyd picked me up by the scruff of the neck. "Any last words you wanna spit out befo I smoke yo cracka ass muhfugga?."

I spat in that nigger's ugly face. "Go back to the jungle, you parasitic, verminous ape."

Then, right as George Floyd was about to crush my windpipe, I heard the honking of truck horns behind me.

"Buck Sneed alone might not be a match for you, criminal," A familiar voice from a megaphone boomed. "But you will never, *ever* be a match for all of us when we are united!."

I glanced around and saw hundreds of trucks approaching. They were led by Bubba Chuck, Tim Horton, and Bill Conte. I couldn't believe my eyes since, while all of them were anti-vaccine, they weren't racists.

"We got your message Buck," Bubba Chuck said through his megaphone. "We know that our cuckold of a Prime Minister used that black to infiltrate and frame us, so we came to pay him a visit."

"You stupid, uneducated chuds!. No matter how many of you come, you will never be able to stop the greatest, most breathtakingly beautiful black man of the 21st century," Justin Trudeau said.

Upon seeing all those trucks and hearing what Justin Trudeau said, an idea popped into my head. "Y'all, crank your engines up to the max!. Do it now!." I shouted at the truckers.

"Hey, what you tryin' ta do cracka?" George Floyd said, shaking me violently. "Why you tellin' dem ta turn dem motors up and shieet?"

Bubba and the other truckers did as I said, their engines roaring in unison. I smiled at the sound, and mumbled, "You'll see nigger."

Suddenly, the air reeked of the powerful, bitter odor of auto-exhaust fumes.

"Ah shieet, dem be auto-exhaust fumes," George Floyd said, letting go of me as he grabbed his throat. "I can't choke, I can't breathe!. Mama, pleeeze. I can't breathe!. Tell ma kids I love dem. Mamaaaaa!."

Seeing my opportunity, I brought my knee down on the neck of George Floyd, driving him to the ground. Using the full force of my Aryan physique, I crushed that nigger monkey's neck.

"Ah shiieeeet!. You're killin' me mayne, killin' me!. Mama please I can't breathe!." George Floyd screamed, then died.

Justin Trudeau stood there, mortified at what he had just seen. He fell to his knees, sobbing. "Oh my goodness, you've killed the one man who could sexually satisfy my wife!. What am I going to do as a proud male feminist?"

Justin Trudeau then took out a shotgun that he had been hiding and brought it to his face. "Hey guys, I guess that's it." Justin Trudeau pulled the trigger, transforming his face into a mound of flesh that looked like the sauce you dip mozzarella sticks in. He did it completely of his own accord. All of us, including his wife Sophie Trudeau, laughed our asses off as that cuck's body crumpled. We then sent Sophie Trudeau off to a nunnery so that she could repent for the sins of race-mixing and whoredom.

Later that day, all of the truckers celebrated our victory over Justin Trudeau, the George Floyd clone, and the vaccine mandate. The moral of the story is that when White men work together in opposition against the Jew, cuckold, and nigger controlled system, we will always win. Also, since the cloning technology has already been developed by the Canadian government when they cloned George Floyd, when Justin Trudeau reappears from his sudden disappearance, please know that it is a clone of Justin. That is the case because the real, original Justin Trudeau has already killed himself after knowing that his wife wouldn't be able to get railed by George Floyd any longer.

Anyway, remember to work together against the system. Unite, dedicate your hearts, and reclaim Canada!.